Dec. 30, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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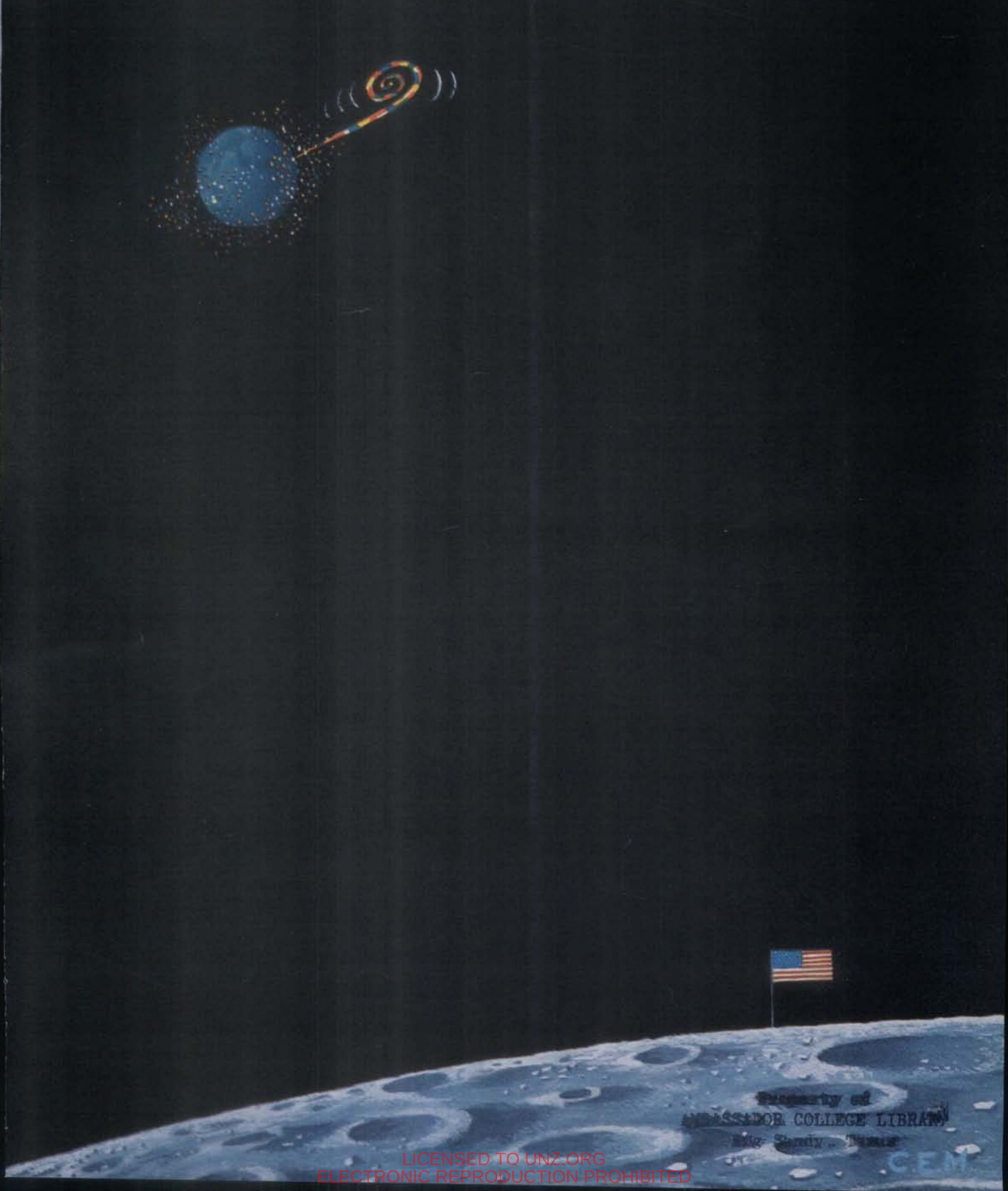

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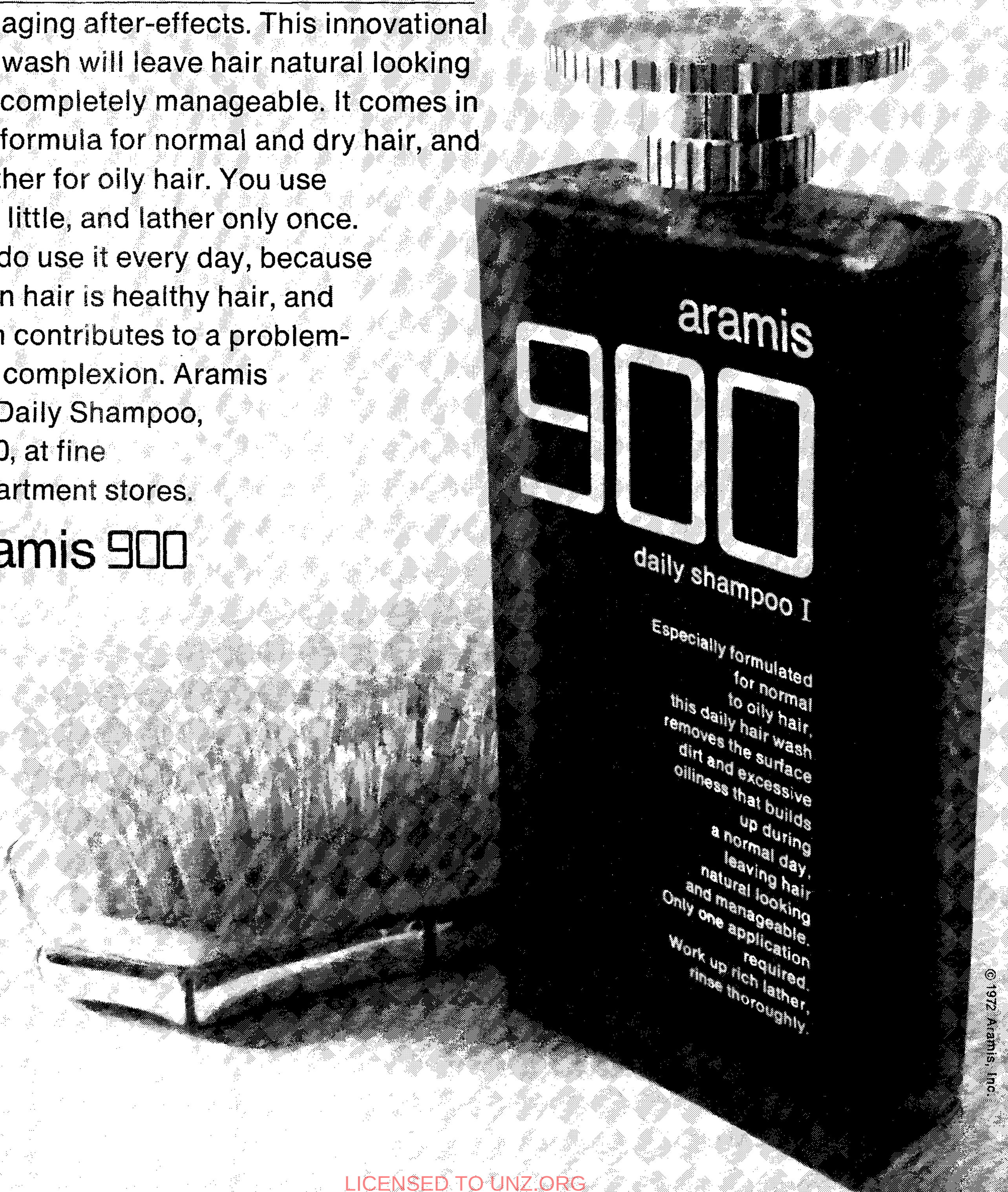
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Bar That Never Closes—A musical with a book by Louisa Rose, lyrics by Miss Rose and John Braswell, and music by Tom Mandel. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writing of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10:30.)

Butley—Alan Bates in the best role of his career, as a deteriorating don whose self-loathing becomes an all-out and often extremely funny attack on the entire human race. Written by Simon Gray, who knows a thing or two. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Children—This mysterious, blurry little play is almost all fantasy. It is about the son, the lover, the daughter, and the husband of a dying woman, none of them especially good company. With Bob Balaban, Terry Kiser, Fern Sloan, and Kevin McCarthy. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40; on New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grand Music Hall of Israel—A company of thirty-six in a revue, with Shoshana Damari and Myron Cohen. Opens Thursday, Jan. 4, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Great God Brown and **Don Juan**—A seven-week engagement of the two plays, presented more or less in alternation by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Paul Hecht in Molière's DON JUAN, adapted and directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 4-5, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2 and 7:30.... ¶ John McMartin in Eugene O'Neill's THE GREAT GOD BROWN, directed by Harold Prince: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2; Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 7:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

Green Julia—A rather silly but lively comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last of Mrs. Lincoln—A tidy, soap-opera version of the widowhood of Mary Todd Lincoln, endowed with charm by Julie Harris and an attractive supporting cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—O'Neill's formidable reworking of the Greek legend in nineteenth-century New England terms is given a superlative production under the direction of Theodore Mann. Colleen Dewhurst and Pamela Payton-Wright head an able cast. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Much Ado About Nothing—High spirits never soared higher. This Shakespeare Festival version of the old comedy is enchanting from first to last. With, among many others, Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays and New Year's Eve at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Purlie—Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo in a

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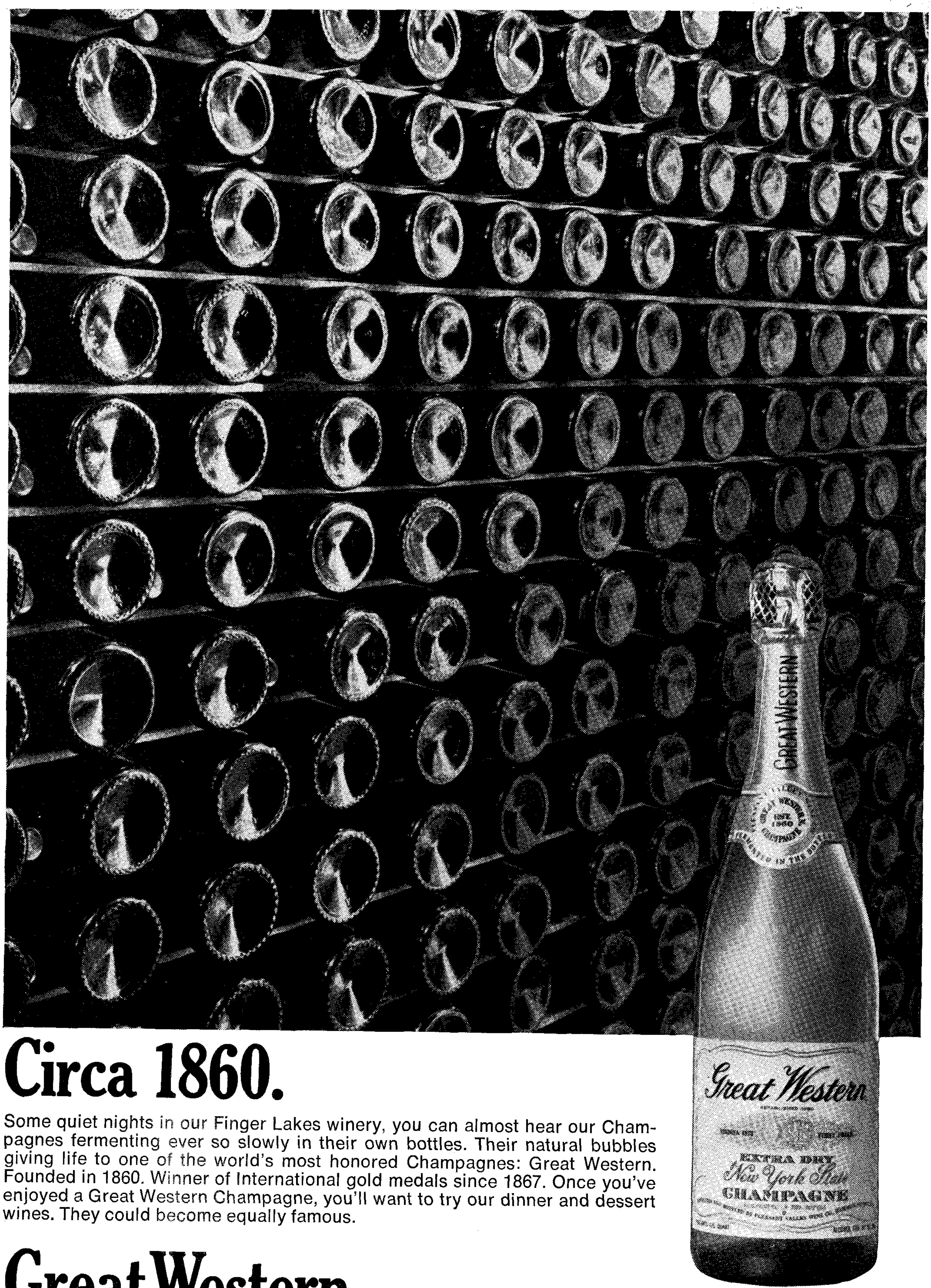
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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TO ALL
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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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five-week return engagement of the musical taken from Ossie Davis's "Purlie Victorious." The music is by Gary Geld, the lyrics by Peter Udell, and the book by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose (who also directed), and Mr. Udell. Preview Wednesday matinée Dec. 27. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 6:45. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Rainbow—A dreadful, fatuous musical (but with a rather pleasant score) by James Rado. The hero is an American soldier dead in Vietnam, and he is supported by, among others, a sissy, mincing Jesus who drifts around the stage in a diaper. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 674-2010. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10:30.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays and New Year's Day at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sean O'Casey's **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**, with Jack MacGowran and Roberta Maxwell. The second in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 3, except Thursday, Dec. 28; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 4, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Trials of OZ—This play was not so much written as assembled by Geoff Robertson. Based on a trial for obscenity that took place in London in 1971, its components include excerpts from testimony, projections of indecent cartoons, and rock songs by various hands. The result is an intermittently entertaining, though cluttered, evening. The acting, with a few exceptions, is only so-so. Mark Ravitz' setting of the Old Bailey, as lighted by Jules Fisher, is wonderful. (Anderson, Second Ave. at 4th St. 260-4940. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Jan. 4, at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,270 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Martha Raye, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Monday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, Jan 1-2, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.) ... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29, at 2; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 2 and 8; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 2-5, at 6; and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Dancers and Musicians of Bali—A sixteen-performance engagement by this company of fifty, including a thirty-member gamelan orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strongmen, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29, at 10:30, 2, and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 10:30, 2, and 8; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1:30 and 5:30; and final performance New Year's Day at 2.)

Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe of China—Forty acrobats and magicians, plus a twelve-piece Chinese stringed orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Benefit performance Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7; for tickets, call 586-2828. Otherwise, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 3-5, at 7:30, and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 10 A.M.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies from nine to three. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Jim Dawson will remain through Sunday, Dec. 31. The Persuasions, an a-cappella group, *will arrive on Wednesday, Jan. 3.* Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Drummer Omar Clay will be in charge of a trio on Wednesday, Dec. 27. The Cedar Walton trio will play Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 28-31, with saxophonist Clifford Jordan sitting in on New Year's Eve. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 2-3, pianist Andy Bey and a bassist will do a gig, and the Cedar Walton trio will return on Thursday, Jan. 4. Music from nine to two, except Mondays, when there are soul sessions from eight until two.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Pianist Bobby Leeman will be collaborating with bassist-guitarist Jan Fourie through Sunday, Dec. 31. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed New Year's Day.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—A small world but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. On Tuesday, Jan. 2, the impeccable Marian McPartland will succeed to the keyboard, accompanied by a couple of musical colleagues. Dinner and supper. Closed Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Six nights a week, from eight until one, Teddy Wilson—venerable, swinging, and technically faultless—plays from his old hit parade. Al Bruno helps out on bass. On New Year's Eve, after ten, Mr. Wilson will be joined by jazz pianists Dick Wellstood, Muriel Roberts, and Sammy Price, as well as blues singer Mae Buggs, and the music will run until two. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Jazz guitarist Pat Martino and his foursome and folk singer Bob Martin will perform through Sunday, Dec. 31. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this little spot and—holy moley!—it's a winner. Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. At the moment, guitarist Sam Brown and a bassist are taking turns with jazz-and-classic guitarist David Qualey. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. Another innovation: there are two jazz groups each night. Through Sunday, Dec. 31, a quintet led by tenor saxophonists Zoot Sims and Al Cohn will alternate with the vocal duo of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss, backed by a group called Every Thursday. On Tuesday, Jan. 2, singer Arthur Prysock and the Red Prysock trio will come in, along with Trudy Pitts and Mr. C. (an organ-and-drums duo, who also sing). Music from nine to four. Closed New Year's Day.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve. Nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed New Year's Day.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. Singers—usually folk—are in evidence most nights. Irish singer Liam Clancy and singer-guitarist Rick Roberts (formerly a member of the Flying Burrito Brothers) will be on-stage through Sunday, Dec. 31. On Wednesday, Jan. 3, folk singer Michael Gately will succeed Mr. Roberts. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Tom Rapp's corn-fed Pearls Before Swine will perform through Saturday, Dec. 30. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters. Drinks and snacks. Closed New Year's Eve.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows at ten and midnight each night. . . . ¶ In the **oscar wilde room** (which the Bracknells and Windermeres would find very strange), on the same floor, high-decibel live groups start at ten nightly. Dancing, when the music is suitable.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Stan Freeman plays jazz piano from nine to one. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young jazz pianist, plays with bassist Perry Lind Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—This is the room that used to house the Half Note—which recently moved to midtown—and, under its new management, it looks and sounds about as it always did. (It's congenial, but be prepared for deserted streets and minimal illumination.) Lee Konitz, that Tristano-influenced alto saxophonist, is currently on deck with a quartet. Jazz singer Sheila Jordan will be added Friday through Sunday, Dec. 29-31. Closed Mondays. Music from nine.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer is chanting her words to the wise, supported by the piano of Jimmy Lyon. Closes after Sunday, Dec. 31, for several weeks.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—This Greek-French restaurant has just opened a new upstairs jazz club, featuring guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and vocalist Marlene VerPlanck. Their hours are nine-thirty to two (New Year's Eve from eight). Dinner and supper. No music Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small, attractive, and with a pianoforte whose quality does not come up to that of the musicians. Drummer Al Dreares will lead a trio Friday through Sunday, Dec. 29-31. Flutist and saxophonist Richard Clay will head a quartet Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6. Music from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Another jazz club, formerly called the Five Spot, is back in business, with music provided by vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, guitarist Joe Puma, and bassist Midge Pike. Ten to two every night but New Year's Eve, when things get going at nine. Italian food.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who gets a lot of notes into each number, is conducting his trio six nights a week. On Thursday, Dec. 28, and Wednesday, Jan. 3, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman will also be on hand. The rest of the time, an accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine-thirty, and goes on to play between sets by other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Buzzy Linhart, who sings in a sabre-sharp voice about some of life's difficulties, will be visible through Sunday, Dec. 31. On Monday, Jan. 1, Gil Evans will present his fifteen-piece band.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a reed virtuoso, will be at the head of his exploratory quintet through Sunday, Dec. 31. Drummer Elvin Jones will turn up with his quintet on Friday, Jan. 5. Closed Monday through Thursday, Jan. 1-4.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Mondays through Thursdays and by Jim Roberts and Carl Pruitt Fridays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speech-making starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. D. will be away on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, and the club will be closed Monday through Thursday, Jan. 1-4. Steaks and such as well.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Through Sunday, Dec. 31, singer John C. Attle will share the stage with comic Donnie Brooke. Comedian Morty Storm and vocalist Frankie 13 will come in on Tuesday, Jan. 2. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? On New Year's Eve, in addition to the usual entertainment, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis quartet will play for both listening and dancing. Closed New Year's Day.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature revue, is on tap at nine and eleven. Closed New Year's Day.

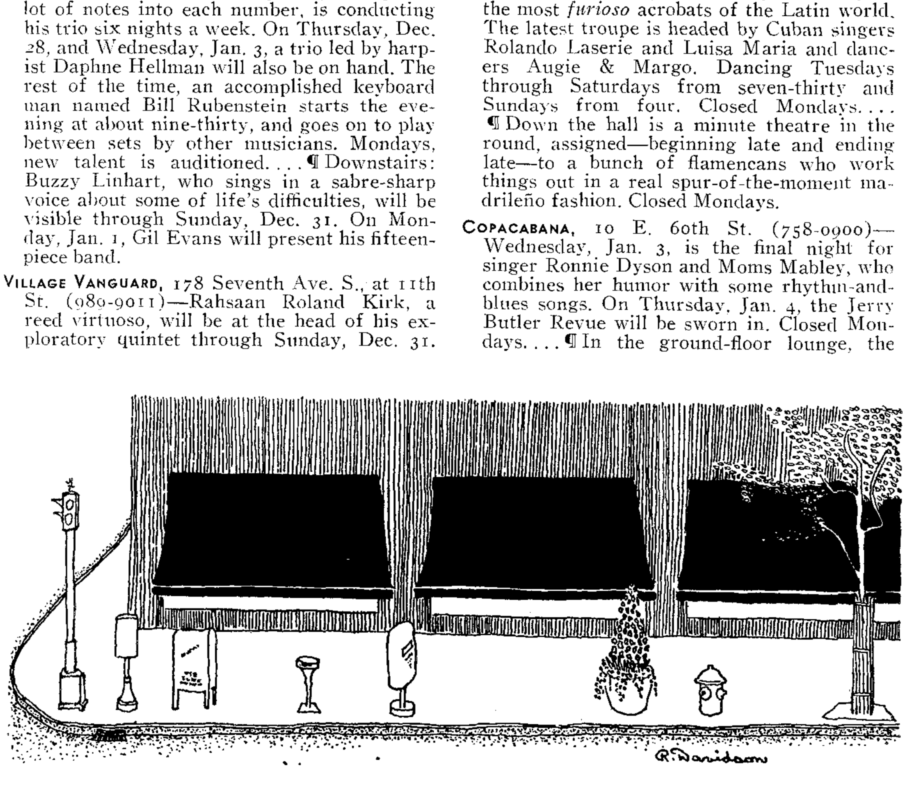
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The port of entry for many of the most *furioso* acrobats of the Latin world. The latest troupe is headed by Cuban singers Rolando Laserie and Luisa Maria and dancers Augie & Margo. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Jan. 3, is the final night for singer Ronnie Dyson and Moms Mabley, who combines her humor with some rhythm-and-blues songs. On Thursday, Jan. 4, the Jerry Butler Revue will be sworn in. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the



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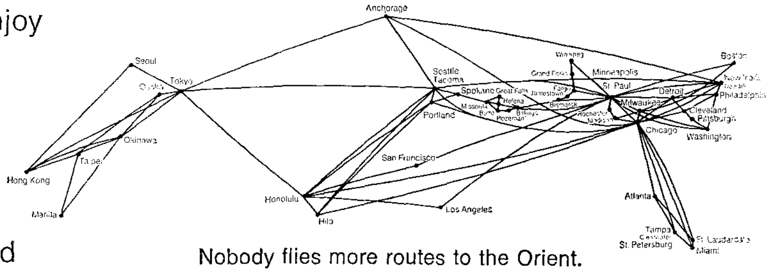
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **la forêt** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio during dinner and to some English, French, and American discs during supper. On New Year's Eve, the bands will play until two, followed by discothèque music. No music Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **café,** Herb Winner's dance threesome will be around through Saturday, Dec. 30, seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio will play Sunday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 6.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **persian room** has a new format this season. Fledgling singers and musicians (a group called the Westwood is the present act) are being presented twice nightly (three times on Friday and Saturday). On New Year's Eve, there will be just one show at midnight, after which the room will close for a week. Dancing. . . . ¶ On New Year's Eve, Peter Duchin and his dance orchestra will play in the **grand ballroom** from ten until two. Black tie. . . . ¶ In the **green tulip,** two musicians tiptoe through the tulips from five until ten. Discothèque dancing after ten. New Year's Eve, Joan St. James' trio will play for dancing from ten to two. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. Schoen's Society Orchestra will provide dance music on New Year's Eve, from ten to two. . . . ¶ The **oak room** will also get into the act on New Year's Eve, with Nick D'Amico's strolling musicians from ten to two.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Duke Ellington orchestra, no less, is presenting music for listening at dinner and supper. On New Year's Eve, the Duke will play for dancing between and after the shows; other nights, discothèque music commences at seven. Tuesday, Jan. 2, is opening night for singer Don Stewart and comedian Dick Brooks.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette** is a sounding board, at dinner and supper, for the Muddy Waters Blues Band and the Sy Oliver orchestra. The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. On New Year's Eve, the dinner and supper shows will be eliminated, and dancing will prevail all evening to the music of the Oliver and Terini bands; black tie. After New Year's Eve, the room will be dark for a few weeks.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Invincible custom dictates that on New Year's Eve the **grand ballroom** house the orchestra of Guy Lombardo. The principal singers will be Gloria Loring and Doug Crossley. Black tie.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Closed New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Reopens Wednesday, Jan. 3. Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Sunday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **paul revere's tavern,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): The old silversmith might flip on finding that his tavern has gone Gaelic. Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan are doing Irish ballads on Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Tuesdays, Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn do the job, and on Wednesdays and Thursdays they join the other duo. Music from seven to midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from eight to one Fridays and Saturdays. On New Year's Eve, Arnold Elder and the Brandon Sheridan trio will provide music for both dancing and entertainment. The menu is in accord with the music.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
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SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St: (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. . . . **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **jack delaney,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **la bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. New Year's Eve, music of the nineteen-fifties will be resurrected by two bands called Bitter Suite and Family and Friends; dancing. . . . **carlton bar-restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **camel driver,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Reopens Tuesday, Jan. 2. Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. Every night but Monday, from five to nine and ten to one, Beau Bergersen knowingly plies the piano. Robert Poitevin will replace Mr. Bergersen on Tuesday, Jan. 2. . . . **rembrandt room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. On New Year's Eve, the music will run until three. No music Mondays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **nirvana,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Gazing out at the Park, one might almost ignore the particolored interior—but one should not. Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, represents Bangladesh.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES

John Altoon (1925-69)—Drawings in several mediums of erotic subjects handled with fantasy and fun; through Jan. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Large canvases that incorporate words; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Edward Avedisian—Expressionist paintings on wood that emphasize texture; through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Natalie Bieser / Joseph Raffael—Sculptures of sticks, cord, and beads. / Landscapes with detailed surfaces. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through Thursday, Jan. 4. Closed Mondays.)

Bert Carpenter—Heads and eggs painted close up; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chang Dai-chien—Thirty representative works by a leading painter of the Republic of China; through Jan. 7. (Chinese Information Service, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

Lucien Day—City and country landscapes; through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

José de Creeft—Figurative sculptures in stone and polished brass; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract bronzes and related drawings; starting Tuesday, Jan. 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors by a pioneer American abstractionist; through Jan. 19. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Portraits and figure paintings, also still-lifes in watercolor by a New Realist; starting Tuesday, Jan. 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sam Francis—Works on paper by this first-generation Abstract Expressionist, in a show that is running simultaneously with the one at the Whitney Museum: through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—The first sculptures shown by the artist, in addition to works on paper; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Stephen Greene—Figurative and abstract drawings in an Expressionist mood; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Red Grooms—A backdrop and painted animations done for one of his films by this Pop "naïf," plus several painted cutout caricatures; through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)

Robert Indiana—A series of emblematic paintings, two sculptures of LOVE and two of ART; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Jagger—Works showing the imprints, in plaster and paint, of figures in motion; starting Tuesday, Jan. 2. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Kawashima—Abstract stone sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)

William King—Two large cutout figures in aluminum, and some smaller constructions of blue canvas on armatures; starting Tuesday, Jan. 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Posters and prints from the twenties and thirties by a socially conscious Expressionist; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kuehn—Poured-paint canvases by a sculptor; through Friday, Dec. 29. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St.)

Robert Kulicke—Forty-two tiny landscapes, some circular in format; through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Noel Mahaffey—Realistic paintings of city scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Claudio Marzollo—Sculptures in glass boxes, with subtly changing colors; through Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday through Monday, Dec. 27-Jan. 1.)

Clement Meadmore—Abstract steel sculptures; through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two works, one consisting of seven painted panels representing the rehearsal of a dance company being painted by the artist, the other comprising two panels depicting family life; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Lucas Samaras—Chicken-wire boxes in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)

Fred Sandback—Constructions in colored elastic cord; through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Shirlann Smith / Alan Finkel—Paintings of textures with superimposed irregular abstract figures. / Three large floor pieces of plastic with steel rods. (55 Mercer Street. Through Wednesday, Jan. 3. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings based on the motif of the ellipse; starting Tuesday, Jan. 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Jo Warner—Wall pieces of assembled materials mounted on plywood; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Arthur Weyhe—Assemblages of long weatherbeaten poles held in place by ropes and pulleys; through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Navajo blankets, pre-Columbian gold ornaments, and painted and sculpted Mayan ceramics; through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: American nineteenth-century still-lifes; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporary paintings of birds of North America; through Friday, Dec. 29.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes, individual and group portraits, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Works in several mediums by a large group of artists, among them Bonnard, Dubuffet, Korbel, Ernst, and Oldenburg; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, now the Guggenheim; through Jan. 20. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit of highlights of the career of Marcel Breuer, including photomurals, models and plans of buildings, furniture, tapestries, and full-scale mockups of elements of projects (the columns of the I.B.M. Research Center in France and the tree columns from the library at St. John's Abbey and University, in Minnesota); through Jan. 14.... ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28.... ¶ Ninety-three drawings and watercolors, most of them never before shown in the United States, by leading German artists of the nineteenth century; through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. ... ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7.... ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25.... ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21.... ¶ Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 27. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (ending Wednesday, Jan. 3)... ¶ A hundred and fifty paintings done between 1947 and the present, constituting a retrospective of the work of Sam Francis, an early Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 14. A complementary show is at the Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (ending Wednesday, Jan. 3)... ¶ Lithographs from 1923 to the present by Louis Lozowick, the well-known New York printmaker; through Monday, Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4.... ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, except Dec. 31, from 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; through Jan. 21.... ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Jan. 21. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Mondays, except New Year's Day, through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 30.... ¶ Twenty-three brilliantly col-

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ored illuminations from a fourteenth-century choir book, recently linked together and attributed to a Florentine abbot; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About sixty paintings, many of them illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped," "The Last of the Mohicans," and other books, by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the celebrated American illustrator who was the father of Andrew Wyeth; through Sunday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ About sixty paintings by thirty-one artists constituting a survey of nineteenth-century Italian painting; through Sunday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures representing various types of current realism in the United States; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 27: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and William Walker; conducted by Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 28: "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 29: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, William Lewis, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 30: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Forst, Nicolai Gedda, Matteo Manuguerra, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 30: "Madame Butterfly," with Atsuko Azuma, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 31: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 1: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 2: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, William Lewis, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 3: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and William Walker; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 4: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Irene Dalis, Franco Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 5: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, William Lewis, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 6: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Atsuko Azuma, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a week's vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, with Pierre Boulez conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30, with Lorne Munroe, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 5, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30, all with André Watts, piano.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Peter Serkin, piano; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Theimer directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday and Monday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 2.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—The second of two concerts of Advent and Epiphany music of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 3. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison, flute; William Masselos, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Tim Hardin, Dave Van Ronk, Eric Kaz—With Tracey Nelson & Mother Earth. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

Ragtime Concert—Joshua Rifkin, Bill Bolcom, Eubie Blake, Avon Long, the Red Back Book Ensemble, and the Gail August Dancers. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8 and 11.)

J. Geils Band, B.B. King, and Marc Benno—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Bette Midler—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11.

Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, and Mose Allison—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8.

Eric Andersen—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Thursday, Dec. 28, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Baltimore, Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:05.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Randy Neumann, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 5. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden**: Rangers vs. Buffalo, Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. New England, Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis, Sunday, Dec. 31, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Jan. 3, at

7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Ottawa, Thursday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 1:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:05.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 1. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Tuesday, Jan. 2, through Friday, March 16.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, Jan. 3, through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **NEW YORK LYRIC OPERA COMPANY:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 3. For information about tickets, call 595-8410.). . . **VIENNA CHOIR BOYS:** Uwe Theimer directing. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1, at 2.). . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Saturday, Jan. 6, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Emmett Kelly, Jr., All Star Circus—With Mr. Kelly as star clown, along with such animal celebrities as Clarence, Jr., the Cross-Eyed Lion; Gentle Ben; the "Daktari" chimps; and Tony, the Wonder Horse. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29, at 2:30 and 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 2 and 5.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-30, at 1 and 3:30 and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2:30.). . . **KING'S PLAYERS:** "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-30, at 2.). . . **LITTLE THEATRE OF THE DEAF:** "The Giving Tree." (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 27-31, at 11 and 1:30.). . . **STAGE 73:** "Who Am I?" (321 E. 73rd St. 988-2047. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 27-31, at 11 and 2.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Mr. Popper's Penguins," Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Friday, Dec. 29, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of Christmas." Starting Thursday, Jan. 4, there will be a new show, "The Invisible Universe." (Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"As Sixth Graders See American History," a showing of twenty-five paintings, selected from entries submitted by schools throughout the country; through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Movies—At **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): "The Snow Queen," a full-length Russian cartoon with an English dialogue, Wednesday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," with Danny Kaye, Thursday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ "Prince Valiant," with James Mason and Janet Leigh, Friday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ "The Eagle and the Hawk," narrated by Joanne Woodward, and "Aesop's Fables," with Bill Cosby, Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," with Howard Keel and Jane Powell, Sunday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," with Bing Crosby, Monday, Jan. 1. . . . ¶ "Flight of the Doves," with Ron Moody and Jack Wild, Tuesday, Jan. 2. (Afternoons at 3.). . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," with Howard Keel and Jane Powell, Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Eagle and the Hawk," narrated by Joanne Woodward, and "Aesop's Fables," with Bill Cosby, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29, and New Year's Day, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily. Closed Sunday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 27 at 5:30: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 5:30: "To Go and Come" (1972), in Italian, directed by Giuseppe Bertolucci. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "King Lear" (1971), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kostinev. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2: "Till Monday" (1969), in Russian, directed by Stanislav Rostotsky. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30 and Dec. 30 at noon: "The Crazy Ray" (1923) and "Entr'acte" (1924), both French films, directed by René Clair. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 3: "Till Monday" (1969). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 5:30: "Uncle Vanya" (1971), in Russian, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 12:30 and 3: "Wee Willie Winkie" (1937), directed by John Ford, with Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2: "Uncle Vanya" (1971). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 5:30: "Adam and Heva" (1970), in Russian, directed by Alexei Korenev. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2: "Sparrows Can't Sing" (1963), directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5:30: "Don't Grieve!" (1970), in Russian, directed by Georgi Danelia; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Sparrows Can't Sing" (1963). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Crime and Punishment" (1970), in Russian, directed by Lev Kulijanov. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 27: "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945), directed by Leo McCarey, with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby. . . . ¶ Dec. 28-29: "Heidi" (1937), directed by Allan Dwan, with Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ Dec. 30-31: "The Bishop's Wife" (1947), directed by Henry Koster, with Loretta Young and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Jan. 3-4: "Christmas in Connecticut" (1945), directed by Peter Godfrey, with Dennis Morgan and Barbara Stanwyck. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6; no 6 o'clock showing on Jan. 4. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Jan. 4) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Dec. 27: "Come to Your Senses," directed by Bernard Gunther. . . . ¶ Dec. 28-Jan. 3: "Visual Alchemy," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 4: "American Dreams and Nightmares," a program of six short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on Dec. 27 at 2 and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Healthful Outdoor Living—On New Year's Eve, from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M., a free party will be given by the city's Department of Cultural Affairs at Bethesda Fountain in Central Park; music, balloon sculptures, refreshments (not free), and fireworks are on the agenda. Those wishing to participate in a New Year's Parade, wearing costumes and bringing their own musical instruments, will be met by a brass band at the 60th Street and Fifth Avenue entrance to the Park at 10:30 and led up the Mall to the Fountain.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) “Greaser's Palace.”

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400) Through Dec. 30: “Around the World in 80 Days.” Dec. 31-Jan. 2: “Dinner at Eight” and “The Women.” From Jan. 3: “Silk Stockings” and “Panama Hattie.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510) Through Jan. 2: “Monterey Pop,” “Yellow Submarine,” “Gimme Shelter,” and “Celebration at Big Sur.” From Jan. 3: “Baby Doll” and other features, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) “Sounder.”

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) “The Ruling Class.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652) “The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255) “The Getaway.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) “The Heartbreak Kid.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262) “Avanti!”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030) “Child's Play.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) “Travels with My Aunt.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) “Pete 'n' Tillie.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) “Up the Sandbox.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750) “Last House on the Left.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750) “Hit Man.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022) “Cries and Whispers.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774) “The Effect of Gamma Rays.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670) “Images.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670) “Young Winston.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) “The Poseidon Adventure.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) “Traffic.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) “Jeremiah Johnson.”

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through Jan. 2: “Oliver!” From Jan. 3: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806) “The Biscuit Eater” and “The Sword in the Stone.”

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806) “Across 110th Street.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) “Avanti!”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100) “Fiddler on the Roof.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) “The Getaway.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332) “The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144) “The Great Waltz.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) “Last House on the Left.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932) “Hit Man.”

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) “Fiddler on the Roof.”

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) “A Separate Peace.”

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) “The Sorrow and the Pity.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350) “Deliverance.”

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800) Through Jan. 2: “The Biscuit Eater,” “The Sword in the Stone,” “Fantasia,” “Fillmore,” and “Lady Sings the Blues.” From Jan. 3: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935) Through Dec. 28: “Zero for Conduct” and “L'Atalante.” Dec. 29-Jan. 2: “La Strada” and “Closely Watched Trains.” Jan. 3-4: “Beauty and the Beast” and “King Kong.”

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050) Through Jan. 2 (evening performances only): “Lady Sings the Blues” and “Such Good Friends.” From Jan. 3: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633) “Man of La Mancha.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) “Snoopy, Come Home.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100) “1776.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600) “Sleuth.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323) “Fellini's Roma.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) “Deliverance.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123) “The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.”

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333) “Limelight.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013) “César and Rosalie.”

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070) “The Effect of Gamma Rays.”

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040) “Fiddler on the Roof.”

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700) “Prince Igor.”

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745) “The Ruling Class.”

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717) Through Jan. 2 (evening performances only): “Lady Sings the Blues” and “Such Good Friends.” From Jan. 3: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190) “Deliverance.”

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through Dec. 29: A Jerry Lewis festival. From Dec. 30: “Four Nights of a Dreamer” and “The Clowns.”

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through Dec. 28: “Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex” and “What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?” From Dec. 29: “The Mechanic” and “Fuzz.”

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) Dec. 27: “The Shop on Main Street” and “A Report on the Party and the Guests.” Dec. 28-29: “Blow-Up” and “Alfie.” Dec. 30-Jan. 1: “The Concert for Bangladesh” and “The Panic in Needle Park.” From Jan. 2: “McCabe & Mrs. Miller” and “Klute.”

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) “Across 110th Street.”

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046) “Sounder.”

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128) Through Jan. 2: “Lady Sings the Blues” and “Cool Hand Luke.” From Jan. 3: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Juliet 2 and Riverside.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives a beautifully self-mocking performance as a solemnly promiscuous working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Thalia; Dec. 28-29.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 30.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; through Dec. 28.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th. St.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 3.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 3-4.)

The Biscuit Eater—From the Disney Studios, with Earl Holliman and Patricia Crowley. Directed by Vincent McEveety. (Juliet 1.... ¶ Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 2.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Thalia; Dec. 28-29.)

Celebration at Big Sur (1971)—Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, and a load of others at the 1969 Big Sur Folk Festival at the Esalen Institute. One feels like a fly caught in the works of a hi-fi set, but the scene and the mood are pacifying. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 2.)

César and Rosalie—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Child's Play—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Fine Arts.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more easily recalled than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forebears. In Czech. (Elgin; Dec. 29-Jan. 2.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 30.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden. (Thalia; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Parts are effective—in a hokey, symbol-ridden way. Stuart Rosenberg directed. (Olympia; through Jan. 2.)

Cries and Whispers—The new film by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Anders-

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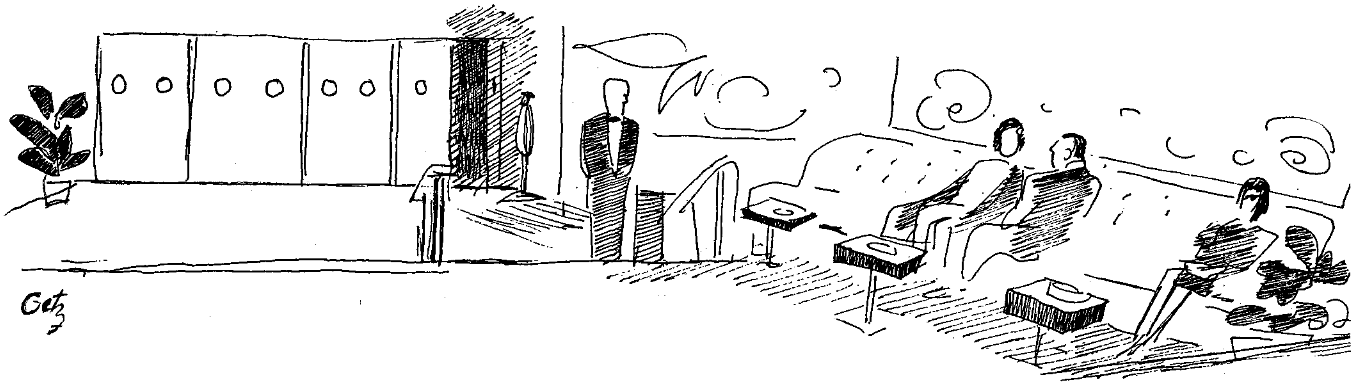

son, and Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Symphony; through Dec. 28.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 2.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U. A. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Quad Cinema 3; through Jan 2.)

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Four Nights of a Dreamer—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture is so lifeless and empty, and so silly, that it borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 30.)

Fuzz—Don't fog your mind with this. (Symphony; starting Dec. 29.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. The audience hoots MacGraw's smirky schoolgirl line readings and applauds when McQueen slaps her around. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 2.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Art.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone, the foremost primitive at work in the musical form. (This is not a compliment.) (86th St. East. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first, besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Hit Man—With Bernie Casey and Pamela Grier, directed by George Armitage. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but seductively shot and edited, and with some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I.)

Jeremiah Johnson—With Robert Redford, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews Tower East.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin; Jan. 3-4.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Thalia; starting Jan. 2.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Quad Cinema 4 and Olympia; through Jan. 2.... ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Jan. 2, evening performances only.)

Last House on the Left—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Jerry Lewis—The final programs in a series of films featuring Mr. Lewis: Dec. 27: "That's My Boy" (1951) and "CinderFella" (1960). Dec. 28: "The Errand Boy" (1962) and "Jumping Jacks" (1952). Dec. 29: "The Patsy" (1964) and "It's Only Money" (1962). (New Yorker.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—With Paul Newman in the title role, directed by John Huston. (Murray Hill and Loews Ciné.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility, which proclaims Chaplin's artistry in the act of asserting another's, is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza / Dulcinea of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian

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opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-30, at 1:30, 4:15, 7, and 9:45; Sunday, Dec. 31, at 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45, and 12:30; New Year's Day at 1:30, 4:15, 7, and 9:45; Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8; and Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8. Reserved seats only.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Thalia; starting Jan. 2.)

The Mechanic—With Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; starting Dec. 29.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 2.)

Oliver! (1968)—Dickens provided a good story, and the director, Carol Reed, supplies a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 2.)

Panama Hattie (1942)—Lena Horne is ravishing and sings like a wicked angel. The Broadway musical (which had starred Ethel Merman) underwent the usual Hollywood bowdlerization; it still has some energy, but only a couple of the Cole Porter songs remain. Ann Sothern is in the Merman role, supported by Ben Blue, Red Skelton, and Rags Ragland, as well as Marsha Hunt and Virginia O'Brien. Norman Z. McLeod directed, for M-G-M. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 3.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Thalia; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—With Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett, directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beekman.)

Prince Igor—Performed by the Kirov opera and ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Regency.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests (1966)—Jan Němec's Czech fable about totalitarianism, starting with an ordinary picnic eerily intruded on by benign-looking strangers who behave as though they were fellow-guests and turn the day into a forced banquet. (Thalia; Dec. 27.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Kips Bay and Embassy 72nd St.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (8th St. Playhouse.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

The Shop on Main Street (1964)—An exceptionally fine film from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (Thalia; Dec. 27.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—Paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical (starring Hildegarde Neff) based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 3.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Snoopy, Come Home—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The farewell set-piece scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Gramercy and Riviera.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 29-Jan. 2.)

Such Good Friends (1971)—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with an atrocious performance by James Coco. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Jan. 2, evening performances only.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 2.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious, film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—With Maggie Smith, directed by George Cukor. (Plaza.)

Up the Sandbox—With Barbra Streisand, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Coronet.)

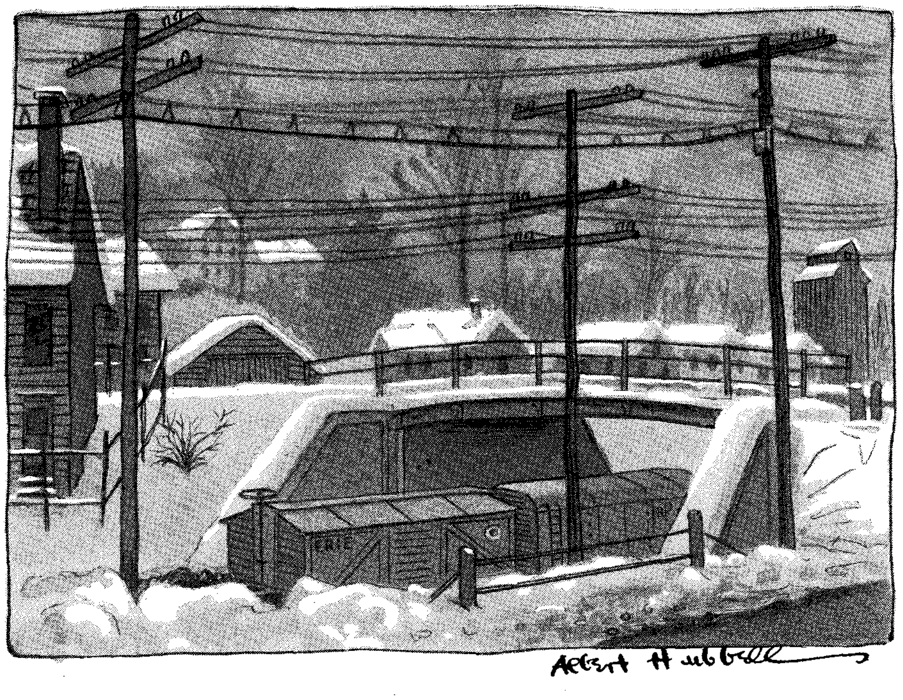
What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? (1970)—An Allen Funt film. (Symphony; through Dec. 28.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (St. Marks Cinema, through Jan. 2.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Wednesday through Monday, Dec. 27-Jan. 1, at 2, 5, and 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 2-4, at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; through Dec. 28.)



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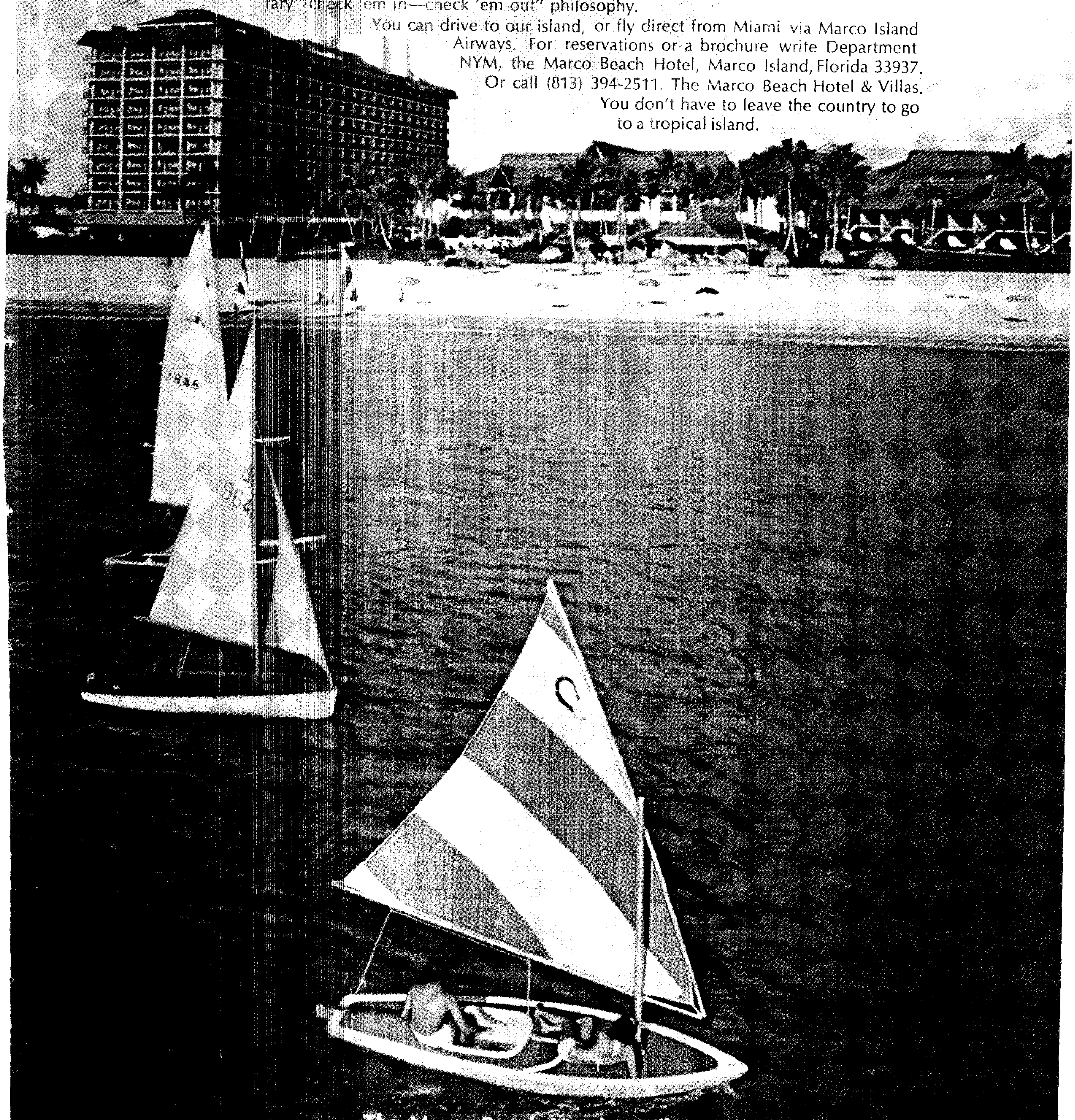

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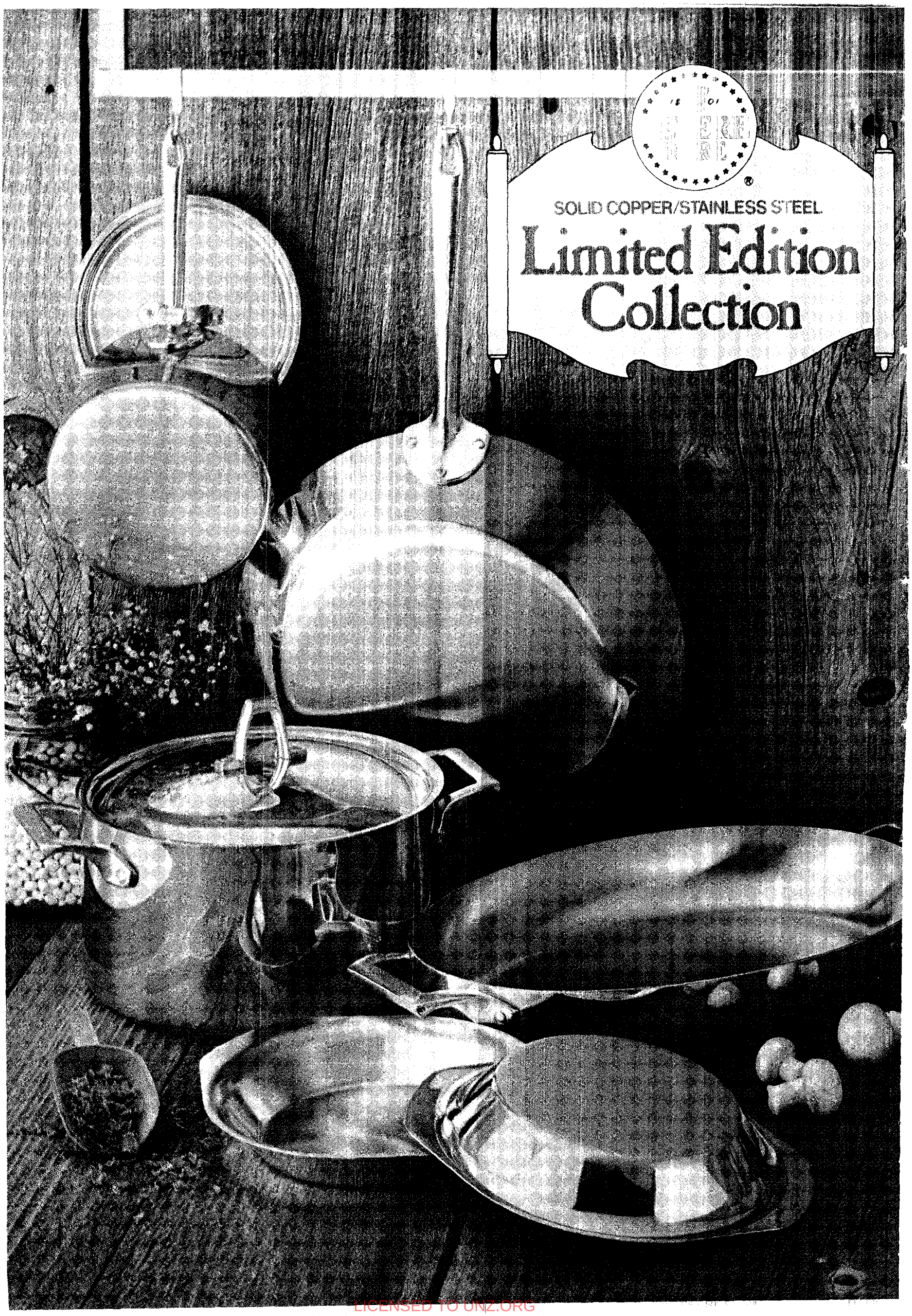
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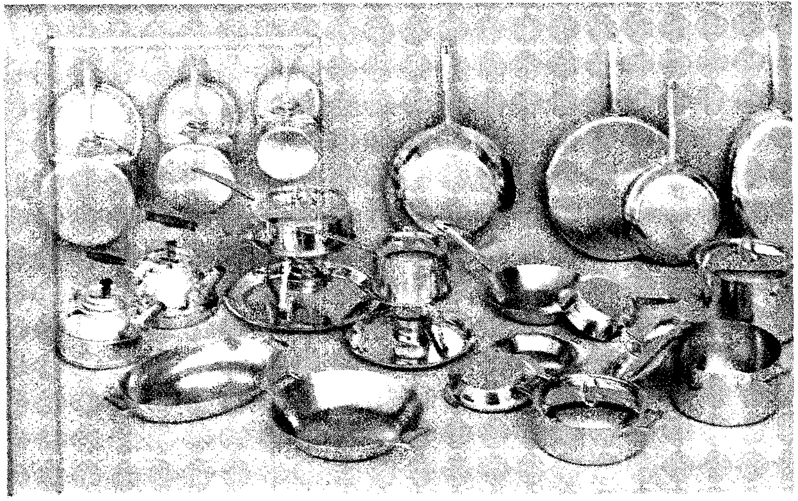

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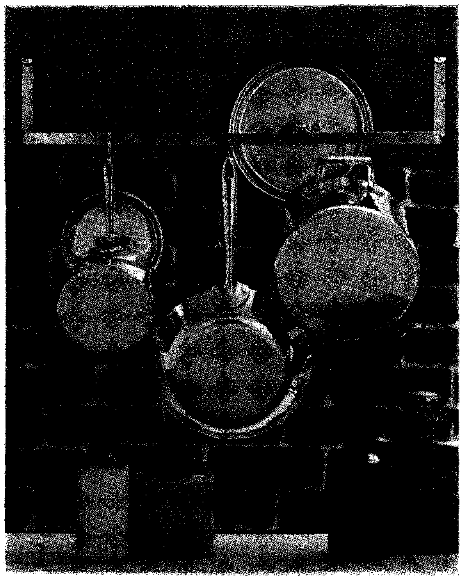

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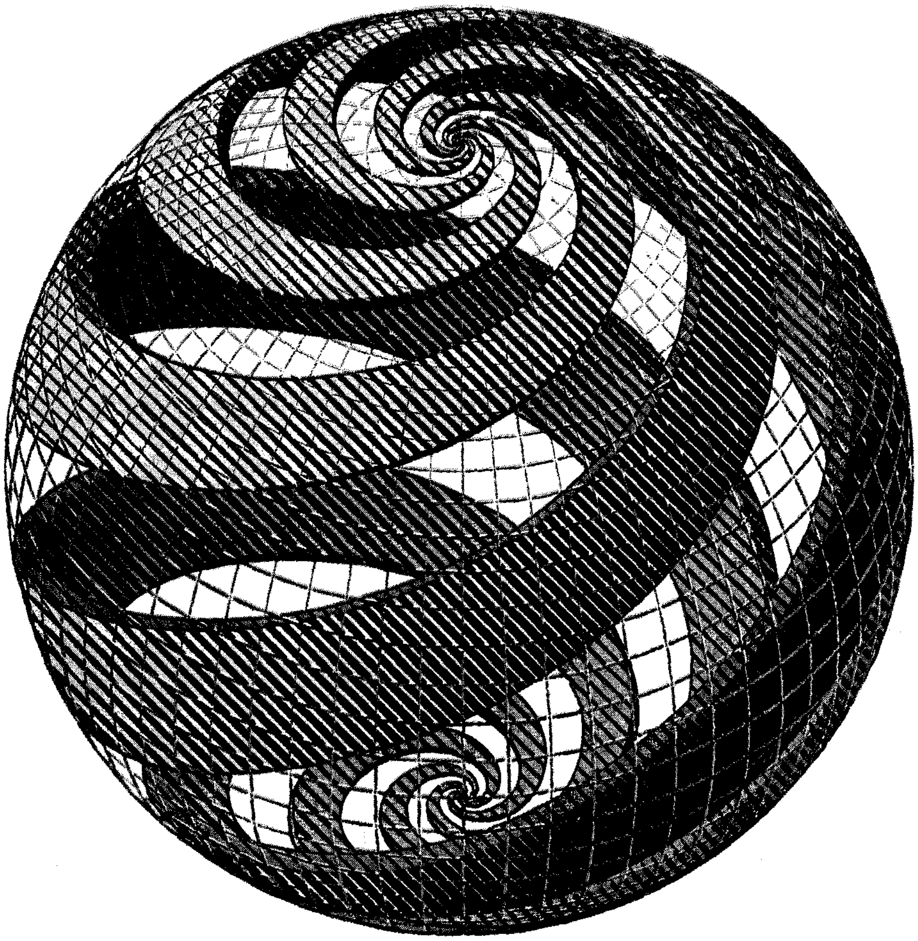
The real

The disparity is shocking; our highways are lined with quick-snack delights, our supermarkets are lined with nutritious gourmet foods, yet the faces of millions are lined with hunger and despair.

There are questions that must be faced. The population of the world will increase by 3½ billion people by the year 2000—can we possibly feed them? Is there a universal nutritious food? Can we farm the sea? Are people willing to eat foods foreign to them in order to survive? Are there ways to ship and store and distribute food to cut down on spoilage? Will it ever be possible to support a constantly expanding worldwide population? Will our world leaders solve these problems in time?

Disturbing questions; but the wrong answers, or no answers at all are even worse.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the peace talks end, and the bombing of the North starts up again at peak intensity, and hope fades, the whole national scene darkens. The headlines make us feel that our mind is slipping. "U.S. RESUMES ALL-OUT AIR WAR." "KISSINGER SAYS TALKS HAVE NOT REACHED 'JUST AND FAIR' AGREEMENT; BLAMES HANOI." These are simply the wrong headlines for the closing of 1972. Not only are they unwelcome in the extreme; they are aberrant. They are unreal, like an "instant replay" on television, or like a recurrent dream. It is as though we might next hear that the new year would be not 1973 but 1963 or 1965 again. Indeed, without the peace the new year can be new in name only. And the news in these headlines is truly news from which we expect to awaken any minute.

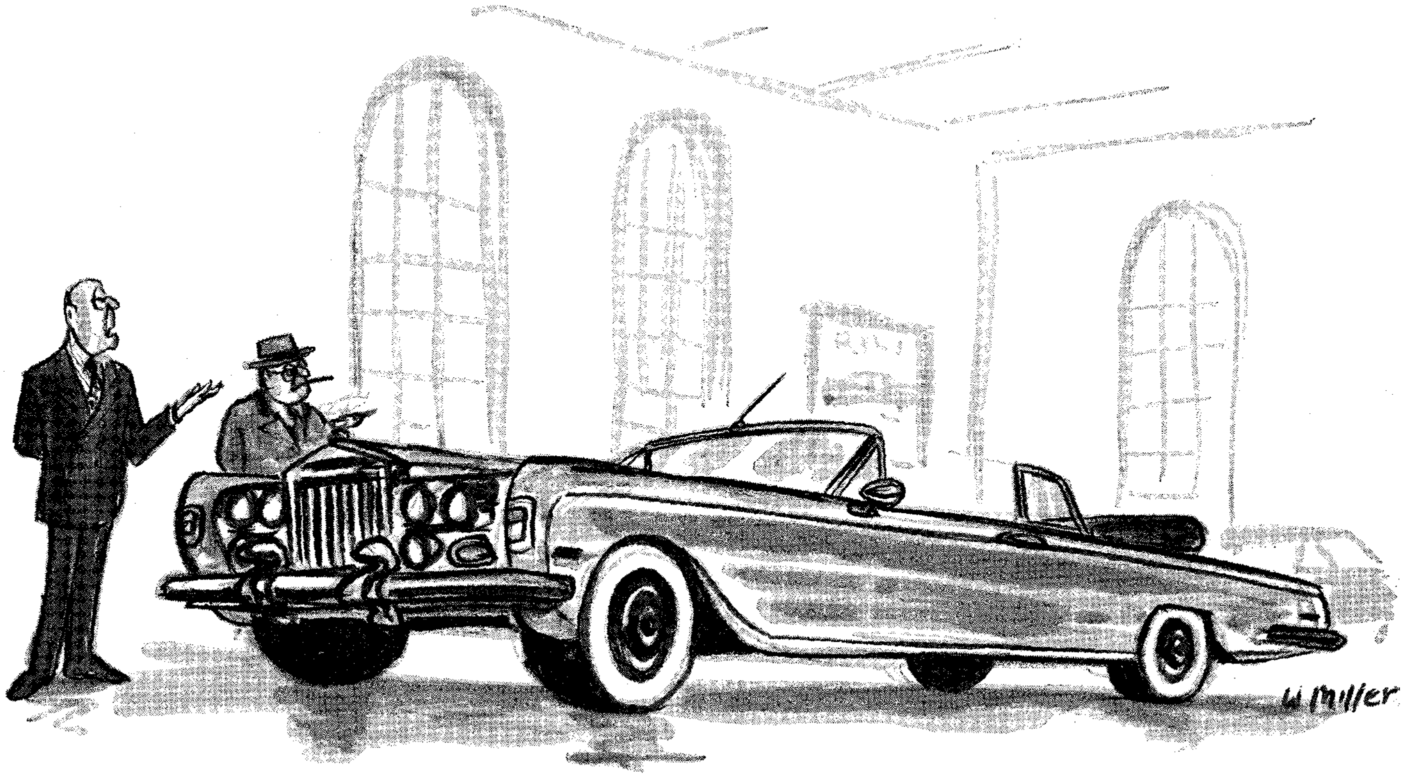
Somehow, the country has been more battered by this war than by any other war in the century, including the world wars. The war has now rooted itself in the lives of Americans as firmly as some venerable institution. It has become part of the heritage of all of us. Instead of our controlling it and ending it, it has adapted us to its needs and bent us to its purposes. It has shouldered aside the needs of our people in order to nourish itself, and has warped our Constitutional system in order to make room for itself. It has devoured a generation of our young people, killing some and embittering others.

Our leaders have often told us they can see the light at the end of the tunnel. They have been wrong about the light, of course, but they have been right about the tunnel, for fighting in Vietnam has been like living in a tunnel. But instead of seeking the light we have been growing used to the tunnel life. The tunnel life has got to our brains and our spirits. Not only have we lost our sense of the way out; we are losing our memory of what life used to be like. Some among us are saying that life has always been like this in America, and that the war has merely allowed us to see it. In their view, there never was any life in the sun for America. Others among us say that we are in as healthy a condition now as we ever were. These are the people who have been telling us for four years that war is peace. But our country *has* changed. We live in semi-darkness. There is murder in the air. The atmosphere is both sluggish and rancorous. Even the Presidential election could not stir up buoyancy and enthusiasm. Life in America has lost its freshness. There used to be in our country—to name a quality that has got a bad name in the last decade—a certain innocence, which allowed for some gaiety here and there in American life. Even adversity could, in some cases, give rise to moments of gaiety. During the world wars, which were so much larger than this one in most measurable ways, there were such moments. But this time it is different. The grimness of this war is pervasive. Perhaps it is because although you can usually find some area of refuge from damage being done to you by others, there is no refuge from damage you do to yourself—and Vietnam is a war in which we are damaging ourselves. It is a war without an adversary, for while we punish North Vietnam at will, North Vietnam cannot touch us. So, untroubled by any acts of hostility from a foe, we are troubled by our own acts, which come back to haunt us. The sense of murder and of guilt clings to everything we do as we go about our seemingly normal daily lives. Everything turns sickly. Every pound of the millions of pounds of bombs we drop on Vietnam every day also explodes silently in the heart of every one of our people. The hidden or unacknowledged crimes we commit eat away at us from within, so although our physical world remains intact, we are secretly being destroyed. With each death in Vietnam, something dies invisibly within each of us. It has been ten years. The historians call ten years an era; the ten years just past will be the Vietnam era, no doubt. For ten years, death has had us in its grip, and now it is we, the killers, who are beginning to die.

Launch

WE have a note from a friend who observed the launch of Apollo 17 from a ship, the Holland-America liner Statendam, which was anchored in the Atlantic off Cape Kennedy:

"The afternoon of the launch, the ship took up its station some seven miles from the rocket. On the horizon, across the water, the great cube of the Vehicle Assembly Building was visible; to its left was the scaffolding, which had been moved clear of the rocket some days before; and to the left of the scaffolding was the rocket. Extend an arm with the thumb and forefinger an inch apart: that is the size the rocket appeared from



"Here is a car that is not the least bit afraid to say, 'I cost plenty.'"

• •

the ship. As night fell, Apollo stood out white amid the murk, for it was lit by powerful xenon lamps, the beams of which slanted from below it, on the right, into the clouds on the upper left. It was easy to imagine that the rocket was illuminated by a beacon from the sky. When the countdown was halted, with thirty seconds to go, I noticed that the top of the Vehicle Assembly Building was shrouded in a coal-black cloud. The technicians at Cape Kennedy set to work correcting a difficulty with the rocket's computer, and, after a delay of two hours and a half, the countdown was resumed. The cloud, by this time, had retreated. The voice of Mission Control was being carried on the ship's loudspeakers, and at the count of eight seconds before lift-off a rectangle of flame appeared at the base of the rocket. An instant later, the rectangle became a fiery upside-down gusher, and its light was suddenly everywhere. The color of the light was an eerie blackish orange; it lit the faces of those who watched from the ship, and it seemed to impart its brilliance to every one of the billions of drops of moisture that hung in the soupy tropical air. A shock wave—folds of air in the shape of expanding parentheses—shot out visibly to either side. The rocket began to rise slowly, and its flame whipped with surprising violence. All this happened in a silence broken only by the crackle of the loudspeaker and the breathy, awed cries of the ship's passengers; at seven miles, it took fully fifty seconds for the sound to reach us. And when the sound came it was astonishingly loud and even more astonishingly deep—a fearsome sound, now steady, now in staccato bursts, now steady again. The sound was felt as well as heard; it fluttered against our faces like hands slapping to bring color to the cheeks. Once out of the beam of the xenon lamps, the rocket was invisible, and only its great fist of flame showed its ascension. Its speed doubled and redoubled, and it moved in a high arc to the left. Filigrees of color, vivid greens and violets, showed up in the hot orange of the flame. The first stage separated with an umbrellalike flash of white, and the engine of the second stage carried the rocket higher and higher, until it was only a point of light in a sky full of stars. At that moment, I saw a sight no camera can capture, since it was caused by the peculiarities of the human retina—the white point of the rocket surrounded by a ghostly blob of green, and the green surrounded by a blob of the purest red."

WE also have a note from another friend, who was about four miles away from Apollo 17 when it was launched:

"A couple of people I know, guys with connections, had secured a sedan pass and a station-wagon pass, which meant we had the right to park our cars behind the Vehicle Assembly Building, only a few hundred yards behind the stands where the Very Important People had seats. This made us Fairly Important People. One of the guys I know got his pass from his lawyer—Nixon's old law firm. The other guy got his pass from *his* lawyer—William Rogers' old law firm. There were maybe a thousand cars parked near us. The Very Important People, we were told, included Vice-President Agnew and a one-hundred-and-thirty-year-old ex-slave who didn't believe men had ever been to the moon. He had been lured aboard a slave ship when he was twelve—let's see, that must have been in 1854—and he probably hasn't taken seriously anything any white man has told him from then till now.

"Our car was parked on an anthill, by the way—a big anthill filled with tiny red ants that bit like tiny branding irons. But, fortunately, the fellow in the next car, a New Yorker, had a can of bug foam, and he very kindly sprayed all our feet and ankles, and we gave him a beer. After that, the ants quieted down.

"There were ten of us altogether, in two cars—a 1972 Chevrolet station wagon with an electric window that went up and an electric rear door that went down, and a 1972 Ford LTD sedan. The cars had been rented in Palm Beach. There were two men, a pair of brothers, in the Ford, and six men, including another pair of brothers, and two women in the wagon. We had a whole lot of equipment, and I think the following list includes everything except wristwatches, which I forgot to tally: 5 prs. eyeglasses; 3 binoculars—an 8x24 Nikon, a 7x35, brand unknown, and a 7x50, with Bausch & Lomb lenses, manufactured by some company that is the nation's largest manufacturer of junction boxes; 2 Rollei cameras with 40-mm. pop-out lenses, one with a Rollei flash battery pack (36 exposures); a 5″ Sony battery-pack TV; a hand-sized AM-FM Sony transistor radio; a gigantic Sony World-Zone radio with short wave, medium wave, long wave, and FM (a total receiver—it has 23 bands); 2 car radios, of course; a Sony cassette-corder with electric condenser microphone; several Pentel pencils and an old-fashioned mechanical pencil; a compass; a Swiss Army knife; a Dispoz-A-Lite; a pair of molded shoes, made to work the feet properly, from T. O. Dey, of New York; 3 broiled chickens; several bags each of carrots, radishes, and celery; a pecan pie from Hamburger Heaven in Palm Beach; 1 case each of Heineken, Miller Highlife ('the champagne of bottle beer'), and Carling's Black Label; 2 Styrofoam coolers filled with some old-fashioned 6½-oz. returnable bottles of Coke, some twist-cap, throw-away bottles of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, a gallon plastic polyethylene jug of spring water, and 4 bottles of Gray Riesling white wine from Wente Bros., of Livermore, Calif.; 6 packs of Camels; 3 packs of Luckies. One of the guys in the Ford LTD had a Honeywell Pentax camera on a tripod matched up with a 7x50 monocular. His brother had driven down from New York in a 300SEL 6.3 Mercedes, the fastest highway car Mercedes has made in recent years, and he said he cruised at 80-120 m.p.h. and was stopped twice by the police. We also had 2 flashlights—a Ray-O-Vac 3-cell Sportsman and a Ray-O-Vac 2-cell Sportsman.

"The area where our cars were parked was called Gate 2. All the cars in Gate 2 were lined up on the grass, and the government had provided ropes to define the area, high-intensity mercury-vapor lights to illuminate it, and a food wagon to service it. All the Gate 2 people were dressed in sports shirts and slacks, a tie and jacket here and there. Families. Kids had sneakers, threw Frisbees, tossed the old football around a bit. Their parents unfolded chairs, unwrapped sandwiches, set up all the extensive equipment they had brought. Movie cameras. Once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Saw one dog. Probably wanted to tell her puppies about the experience. Everyone having a good time. Company picnic, country fair, homecoming weekend, Fourth of July, drag race, Earth Day. 'A very happy occasion,' said one man. 'I hope it doesn't blow up. I think that would spoil the atmosphere.'

"The rocket was three or four inches high, to look at, and bathed in pretty white spotlights. Over its shoulder, flashes of yellow-orange nighttime Florida lightning. A very effective contrast, very satisfying. We ate chicken, and one of the radios said, of the astronauts, 'As mentioned earlier, their dinner consisted of filet mignon, baked potatoes with sour cream or butter, braised carrots, dinner roll, vanilla ice cream, coffee or fruit juices.' We looked around for a place to watch the launch. The transistor radio said, 'When you purchase an Apollo Mobile Home . . .' We found a place—a little ridge, out of the glare of the mercury-vapor lights.

"When the hold came at T minus thirty, everyone was keenly disappointed. We were all keyed up. The wait was very long. Some boredom, walking around, naps. Conversations. Mission Control kept saying that it would probably be twenty minutes. We felt they were just giving us the stall. We watched TV. Walter Cronkite looked worried. We watched the stars. If you lay down on the ground, you could actually see them wheeling in the heavens. A man said, 'I heard some fantastic, interesting snatches of conversation at the Holiday Inn in Cocoa Beach before I came over here. There was a group of people who were talking about being at an atomic-bomb experiment in the desert. This guy said, "We buried the tank and we buried the people, and we were all down there in our holes, and the thing went off." And he said he suddenly popped up and looked around after it had gone off, and he said that all the yucca trees in the desert were on fire, like—like candles, all over. He said it was unbelievable. Can you imagine?'

"Then the rocket went off, at 12:33 A.M. It wasn't quite as bright as the sun, because you could look at it. Everything all around became light orange. When you turned around, you saw light orange behind you. The sound came—I don't know—six to ten seconds later. It was the loudest sound I've ever heard. A loud crackling, vibrating sound. It went right through me again and again, shaking my shoulders back and forth for more than a minute. It was an impressive sound. It was a crude sound—the sound of the biggest *engine* there ever was. The

birds woke up and wheeled around the sky. I'd had no idea it was going to be like that."

•

OVERHEARD at Lord & Taylor, an elaborately turned-out matron to her shopping companion: "It's not that I'm angry, really. It's just that they had exactly what I wanted, so I had *no* choice."

Popov

WE tried to have some cultural exchange last week with Oleg Popov, the clown and star of the Moscow Circus, now at Madison Square Garden. Popov is a charming clown, whose name many circus buffs have recently begun to mention along with the names of Chaplin and Cantinflas. He comes on, in the one-ring, one-clown circus, in between such acts as the trained bears riding bikes, scooters, and motorcycles and the wild Cossack horsemen doing crazy, wild things with their horses. He juggles, performs some mighty beautiful footwork on the slack wire, and dances around, wearing a large, floppy black-and-white checked cap and a black velvet jacket, in little acts of innocent humor that recall simpler and easier times and places, far removed from the Brothers Ringling. All of which we wanted to talk with him about. So we went to lunch, at the Penn Plaza Club at the Garden, with Popov and, of course, with his interpreter, a crisp, slim, authoritative, attractive blonde named Nina Morozova, who is assigned by the Russian government to make conversation possible with the performers of the circus. Popov is round and chubby, with a classic round Russian face, a round nose, round blue eyes, full cheeks, and short, wispy blond hair, which he covers, in his act, with a full reddish-blond wig. He was wearing a Cardinlike chocolate-brown suit, a brown-and-white checked shirt with a fashionably large and pointed collar, and a wide purple tie. Mrs. Morozova had on black slacks and a grayish-blue turtleneck sweater. We all ate the same lunch: hot onion soup, grilled Cheddar-cheese sandwiches, and coffee. With us, also eating onion soup and a grilled cheese sandwich, was the great Bill Doll, who does publicity for the Moscow Circus. He regarded everybody with an expression of pride and happiness, and didn't talk.

We looked Popov straight in the eye and asked, to establish a connection, "Would you try to explain how, in your work, you are different from other clowns?"

Mrs. Morozova translated our question swiftly.

Popov looked us straight in the eye and replied, not very energetically, in a quick burst of Russian, then subsided, looking, we thought, a little weary and sad, and resumed eating his soup.

"Clowns all over world are almost same," Mrs. Morozova said immediately, in that peculiarly urgent yet impersonal tone of the interpreter. "In Soviet Union, our clowns are different. In Soviet Union, clowns put on not too much makeup. Here in America, clowns perform just to make you laugh. Each skit of Russian clown has *idea* behind it."

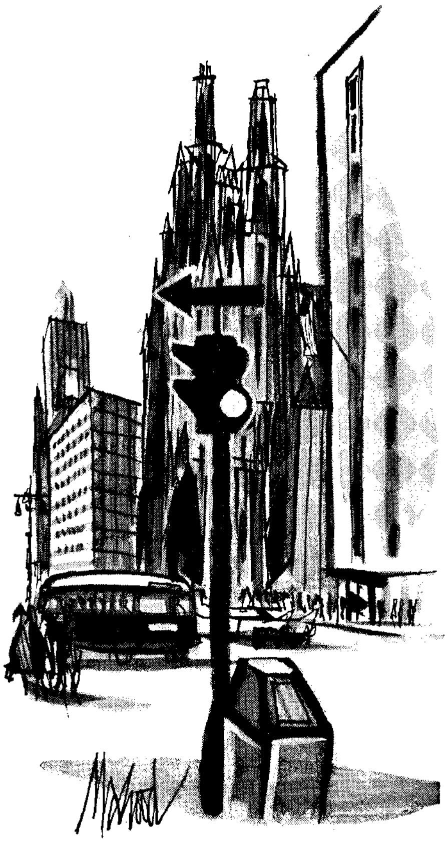
"Do you think you have had some influence on clowning over here?" we asked.

Popov listened deadpan to the translation of the question, and then answered it.

"Clowns here have started putting less makeup on," Mrs. Morozova said. "All clowns come to see him. In 1963, when he came here for first time, one famous clown waited one and half hours to see him and talk to him. One of Ringling Brothers saw Russian program and said to Popov, 'My clowns will repeat your act.' "

"Do you like that?" we asked. "Others imitating you?"

"He believes in exchange of art," Mrs. Morozova translated. "Otherwise, it would not be profession. Exchange is very good thing."



We all finished our onion soup.

"Can you characterize what *you* do as a clown?" we asked.

"You can make people laugh in various ways," Mrs. Morozova said, interpreting. "Three hundred times, box across cheek. Four hundred times, make someone's face soapy. Two hundred times, kick person. Three hundred times, throw water. In Western Germany, critic once said of him, 'Popov makes laughter without hitting or humiliation.' Popov believes that sums it up."

"Do you like being a clown?" we asked.

"In any profession, it is necessary to *love* your profession," Mrs. Morozova translated, not quite communicating the strong passion Popov got into his own statement in Russian.

"But why do you like it?" we asked.

Again, Popov got considerable feeling into his reply.

"Clowning is unlimited genre of art," Mrs. Morozova said. "It is an art without limits. There are *many* possibilities in it, and so it is very gay. All other arts in circus—juggling, acrobatics, animal acts—have limits. But there are *no* limits on clowns. It is not easy to make person laugh. It is easier to make person cry than it is to make person laugh."

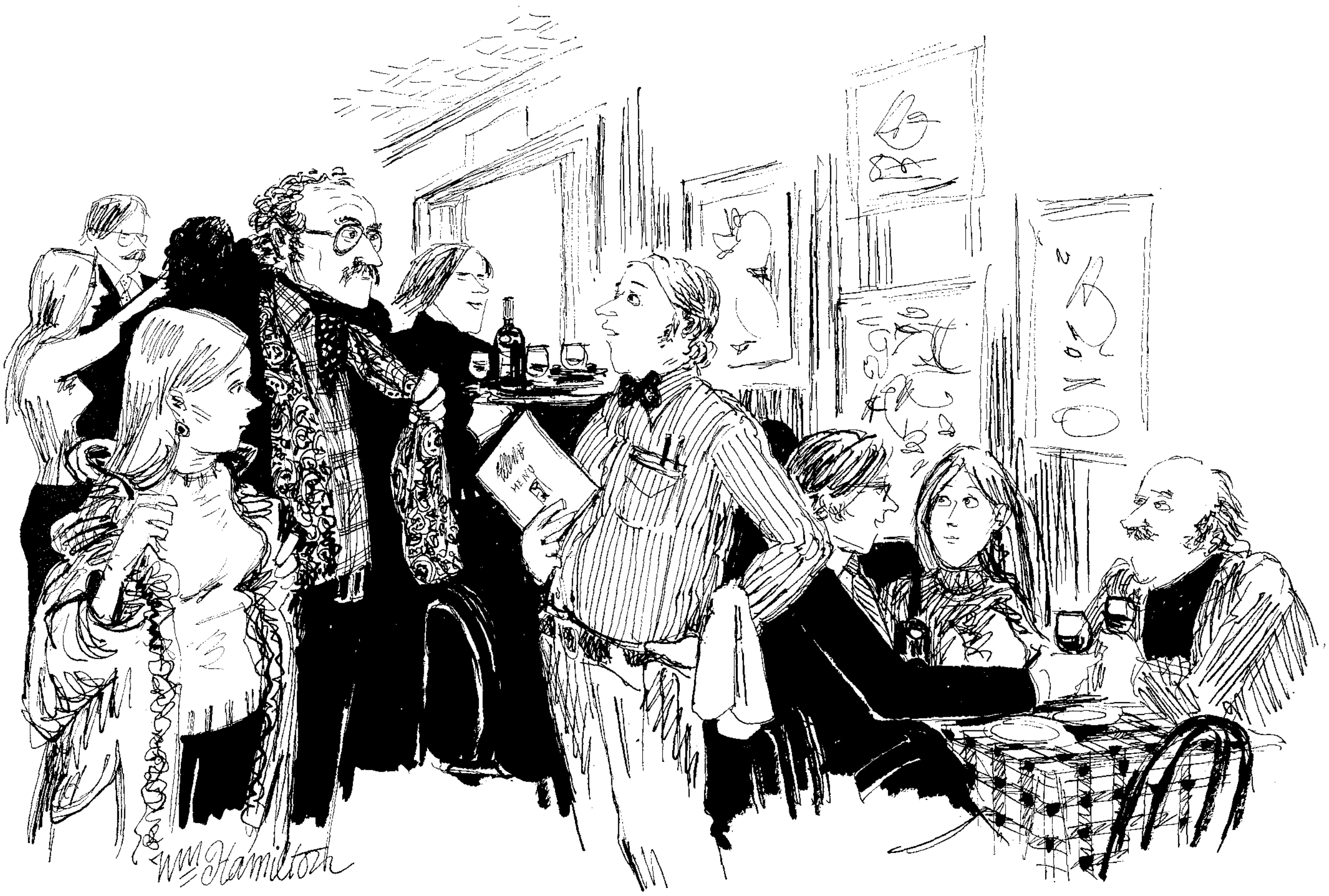
Popov had given a small smile after he stopped talking, but Mrs. Morozova gave quite a generous burst of laughter before translating what he said. "He believes good mood prolongs life. If he makes life longer for people, it gives him pleasure."

Everybody around the table smiled and started eating a grilled Cheddar-cheese sandwich.

We asked Popov to tell us how he happened to become a clown.

Showing some uneasiness at talking about his personal life, he told us the following: He was born in Moscow in 1930, an only child. His father worked in a machinery plant, his mother as a retoucher of photographs. He was nine at the start of the Second World War. His father was killed at the front. He attended school until he was twelve, when a number of schools were closed because of the war. He then went to work repairing machinery in the printing plant of the newspaper *Pravda*. He worked there for about a year and a half. Then:

"We had bombings," Mrs. Morozova translated. "We had death in the streets. We had hunger. When children are deprived of gaiety, they still



"Sorry, old man. Because of the weak imagery, scanty plot, and pedestrian language in your latest, we've turned your table over to Joyce Carol Oates."

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seek gaiety. All over Russia, we have amateur-club circles. For singing, for dance, for music. He belonged to one of these circles, and it was there he met schoolboys from State School of Circus and Variety Show Arts. They told him about their school. He applied, took examination, and he was accepted. He went to school six days a week for five years. He studied dancing, juggling, acrobatics, gymnastics, balancing, music, history of Western theatre, history of Russian theatre, history of circus. He was best in acrobatics. So after graduation he became acrobat, on slack wire."

"Did you look pretty much the way you do now?" we asked.

At last, Popov gave a genuine laugh, and then he gave his answer.

"He was very thin, and he had long hair," Mrs. Morozova translated.

Popov did a little act at the table, in pantomime, demonstrating that he had a very good heart and was very nice, and then he spoke a few more words in Russian.

Again, Mrs. Morozova burst into a big laugh. "He says he is very kind man, and kind men are stout, so he is stout."

"How about your mother?" we asked. "What did she say about your wanting to be in the circus?"

"He did not tell her," the interpreter said. "She wanted him to be doctor or pilot. She found out after one year. And then she scolded him. But after he became famous clown, she came to watch him in circus. And he looked out and saw her. Hers was brightest face in whole audience."

Popov told us a few more facts: After graduating from the circus school, in 1950, he travelled all over the Soviet Union with a company of other young circus artists. He visited all the circuses in the country for five years, performing in them and seeing all the Russian clowns. In 1955, he was sent to perform at the International Youth Festival in Warsaw, and there impresarios from Belgium, England, and France saw the Russians and invited them to appear in their countries. He was mainly an acrobat and juggler until one day, on tour, a clown became ill and Popov went on in his place. Up to fifty years ago, Russian circus artists used to take foreign names for themselves, but then a family of animal trainers named Durov started using their own Russian name. A juggler named Nikitin followed their example. Today, all Russian circus performers have Russian names.

We asked Popov for the names of comic artists he admires. He seemed to rouse himself to a new level of enthusiasm and energy, and said "Charles Chaplin."

"Charles Chaplin is greatest," Mrs. Morozova translated.

"In what way?" we asked.

Popov looked at us as though he thought we were nuts, and muttered something.

"Humanity," Mrs. Morozova translated.

Popov muttered a few additional statements.

"It is an art, like any other art, to be clown," Mrs. Morozova translated. "You cannot learn it. You have to *have* it."

Popov muttered some more.

"He says you have to be a decent person," the interpreter said. "Then you see everything in another light."

Popov made one more terse statement.

The interpreter said, "He says he tries to do everything with love."

A MAN

A FIREMAN woke up one morning to find that his left hand was gone.

My left hand! he thought.

Then he thought: This is going to be damned inconvenient.

The fireman cursed for a while. "God damn it! Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! God damn it to Hell! Bloody Hell! Dumb ass! Christ Almighty! Son of a bitch!"

But the stump is not bad-looking, he reflected. A neat separation. Not offensive to the eye.

He got out of bed and took a shower. Washing his right side, which he customarily did with his left hand, was difficult. It was also difficult to dry himself with one hand. Usually he took a large brown towel in both hands and zipped it back and forth across his back. But he discovered that one cannot zip a towel with one hand. One can only flop a towel with one hand.

Putting on socks with one hand is not easy. Shaving, however, presented no particular problems.

At the firehouse nobody said anything about the hand. Firemen are famously tactful and kind to each other. Harvey read the New York *Times* until there was an alarm. Then he put on his rubber coat and boots and climbed up on the engine in his regular place, second from left, in the back.

"No," the captain said.

"What do you mean, 'No'?"

"You can't go to the fire," the captain said. "You don't have any left hand."

"I can cradle the hose in my arms as one would a baby and pull it in the right direction!"

"Get down off there, Harvey. We're in a hurry."

Harvey stood in the empty firehouse.

My livelihood is threatened! he thought.

My livelihood!

And it wasn't even an on-the-job injury. It was, rather, a "mysterious occurrence." No compensation!

He sat down in a chair. He placed his fireman's hat on top of the New York *Times*.

I must face this problem intelligently. But what is intelligently? Prosthesis? Prosthetic device concealed under black glove? A green glove? A blue glove? The cops wear white gloves when on traffic duty. But a man would be a fool to wear a white glove to a fire. A brown suède driving glove from Abercrombie—the Stirling Moss model? Probably there is such a thing in the world.

He got up and went to the place in the firehouse where the whiskey was hidden and had a shot, neat.

"It was the best Christmas I ever had."

He thought: Why don't we buy better whiskey for the firehouse? This stuff tastes like creosote.

A twelve-year-old girl who hung around the firehouse a lot entered at this moment.

"Harvey," she said. "How come you aren't out on the run with the rest of the men?"

Harvey waved his stump in the air.

"What's with the hand?" the girl asked. "I mean, where is it?"

"It fell off, or something, last night, while I was sleeping."

"What do you mean, *fell off*? Was it in bed with you when you woke up? Or on the floor? Or under the bed?"

"It was just . . . missing."

"Man, that's *strange*," the girl said. "God, I mean that's *weird*. It gives me a funny feeling. Let's talk about something else." Then she paused. "Is there anything I can do? I could go out on your runs with you. Function as your extra hand, as it were." There was a look of childish eagerness in her eyes.

The fireman thought: This child is childish. But a good kid.

"Thank you, Elaine," he said. "But it wouldn't work. There'd be union problems and stuff." Delicately he avoided mentioning that she was a twelve-year-old girl.

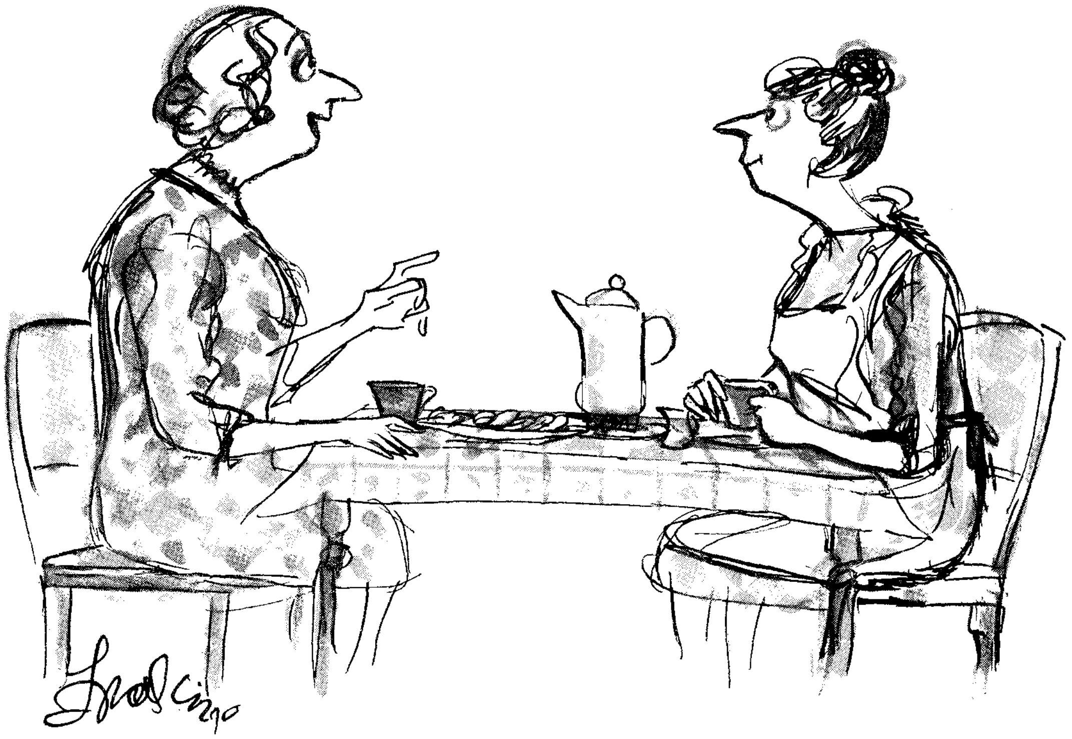
"I've been studying the Civil Service exam for fire lieutenant," Elaine said, producing a study guide to the Civil Service examination for fire lieutenant published by Arco Publishing Co. "I know it backwards and forwards. Ask me anything. Just dip in anywhere and ask me anything. At random. I know the answers."

"Elaine," Harvey said, "would you mind letting me be alone for a little while? I have to think about something."

Silently the little girl withdrew.

A hook? Harvey wondered.

THE next day at the firehouse Harvey was playing chess with his friend Nick Ceci. He consciously made all his moves with his new artificial hand in its black glove. Every time Harvey moved, a lot of the pieces fell off the board. Nick said nothing. He just picked up the pieces



"*And didn't you love 'Rinso White, Rinso Bright, Happy Little Washday Song'? They don't write them like that anymore.*"

• •

off the floor and put them back in their proper places. The alarm bell rang.

Harvey climbed up on the back of the engine, second from left.

"Get down off there, Harvey. For God's sake," the captain said. "This is a serious business we're in, firefighting. Quit screwing around."

"But I have this new hand!"

"Yes, but it's no good," the captain replied. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, Harvey, but that hand is just a piece of junk."

"I paid two hundred and twelve bucks for it!"

"You got taken," the captain said. "I cannot risk the safety of my men on a possibly fallible plastic-and-metal hand which looks to me unsound and junky. I must use my best judgment. That is why I am a captain, because I have good judgment. Now will you get your ass down from there and let us get out of here?"

Harvey hung up his rubber coat and went home to Staten Island. He spent some time looking at a picture of his mother, who was dead. In the picture his mother was reading a book.

I am a finished fireman, he thought. But yet, a human being, I have courage, resiliency—even hope. I will remold myself into something new, by reading a lot of books. I will miss firehouse life, but I know that other lives are possible—useful work in a number of lines, socially desirable activities contributing to the health of the society. . . .

The fireman told himself a lot more garbage of this nature.

Then he told himself some true things:

(1) Women do not like men with one hand as much as they like men with two hands.

(2) His fake hand was a piece of expensive junk, like a gold jewelled bird that could open its mouth and sing, and also tell the time.

(3) He had only $213.09 in the bank, after having paid for the hand.

(4) God had taken his hand away for a reason, because God never does anything mindlessly, appearances notwithstanding.

(5) God's action *in re* the hand could only be regarded as punitive. It could hardly be regarded as a reward or congratulation.

(6) Therefore he, Harvey Samaras, either had done something wrong or, more specifically, *been* something wrong.

(7) His mother was dead. His father was dead. All his grandmothers and grandfathers were dead, as were his uncles, aunts, and cousins.

(8) He had never had the guts to marry anybody, although Sheila had wanted to get married.

(9) No children were his.

(10) Reading a lot of books would solve nothing.

(11) As he had grown older he had become less brave. That time at the P.S. 411 fire . . .

(12) In essence, he had failed to improve. He had failed to become a better man.

(13) There were mitigating circumstances—his very poor education, for example.

(14) Having a gold jewelled bird that could open its mouth and sing and also tell the time was in no sense as good as having an ordinary left hand.

(15) He did not know what he had done wrong. But he knew that a better man would have, somehow, done better.

(16) But how?

(17) How does that arise, that condition of being a better man?

(18) Reading a lot of books?

(19) But to be honest, he did not want to be a better man. All he wanted to do was drink and listen to music.

(20) He did not love anybody, really.

(21) No one loved him, particularly. Nick Ceci was friendly but probably that was just his nature, to be friendly.

(22) We are all replaceable parts, like a bashed-in fender on a Maverick. His left hand was a replaceable part of an organism that was itself replaceable.

(23) His death, his own death, would not be noticed by the world, would not make the slightest difference to the world.

(24) He would live anyhow.

(25) Poorly.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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THE CARS IN CARACAS

The cars in Caracas
create a ruckukus,
a four-wheeled fracacas,
taxaxis and truckes.

Cacaphono-comic,
the tracaffic is farcic;
its weave leads the stomach
to turn Caracarsick.

—JOHN UPDIKE

CASTLING

"IT is the sirocco," someone said, looking very pale on the boat deck, and passing the aspirin.

"No, no," a girl, the owner of a shore boutique, said. "It is the mistral."

"I *think* not," said a deckhand, politely passing Bloody Marys. "It is the tramontana."

"Hangovers," the English horse-racing columnist said, with unusual firmness. "Not weather. Always blame the wind. Depressions."

"In any case," the rich Frenchman said, "I have a *grand cafard*."

A LARGE rat crossed my path last night on Fifty-seventh Street. It came out from under a wooden fence at a vacant lot near Bendel's, paused for traffic, and then streaked across to the uptown sidewalk, sat awhile in the dark, and vanished. It was my second rat this week. The first was in a Greek restaurant where there are lap-height sills under all the windows. The rat ran along the sills, straight toward, then past me.

"See that?" Will said, sipping from his beer glass.

"Large mouse," I said. "Even nice hotels have small mice now, in the bars and lobbies." I had last seen Will in Oakland; before that, in Louisiana. He does law. Then something, perhaps a startled sense of my own peripheral vision, registered on my left, coming toward my face fast. My fork clattered.

"You were all right, there," Will said, grinning, "until you lost your cool."

The second rat, of course, may have been the first rat farther uptown, in which case I am either being followed or the rat keeps the same rounds and hours I do. I think sanity, however, is the most profound moral option of our time. Two rats, then. Cabdrivers can't even hear directions through those new partitions, which don't seem to me really bulletproof, although, of course, I've never checked it. Soundproof. One's fingers jam, certainly, in the new receptacles for money. Well, somebody sold the partitions. Someone bought them. There doesn't seem to be a spirit of the times. When I started to get out of bed at an unlikely early morning hour, Will, who pitches into sleep as violently as his waking life is gentle, said, "Just stay here. *Angst* is common." I did find a cab home, in the rain, outside an armory.

I WAS lying on a Mediterranean boat deck, on a windless day. It was odd that I should be there, but no more odd than my work, or the slums, or the places where people do find themselves as their luck shifts. A girl of eighteen was taking the sun with great seriousness. The rest of our party were swimming, or playing cards below, or drinking hard. The girl was blond, shy, and laconic. After two hours of silence, she spoke. "When you have a tan," she said, "what have you got?"

"TO the Dow-Jones averages," the father said, raising his glass. It was his sixty-eighth birthday. His hair and mustache were silvery.

"Each in his own way," the son said with a little smile. He was not a radical. He had been selling short. They laughed. The entire family—even the grandchildren, at their separate table—drank. The moment passed.

ALONE in the sports car, speeding through the countryside, I sang along with the radio station, tuned way up. Not the happiest of songs, Janis Joplin, not in any terms; but one of the nicest lines. "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose." In a way, I guess.

"THERE are no tears here," the young construction worker said at the funeral, when the ancient union leader, with two strokes, three heart attacks, and a lung condition, died at last.

"True," the priest said, surveying the mourners in the cathedral. "No tears. Either the wake went on too long or he was a hard, hard man."

"The rest are never going to die," a young black politician said with great bitterness. "You see them staggering out of their limousines. All Irish, all senile, all strokes. The union men. Even their *wives* have cardiac conditions. But I know it now. They are never going to die."

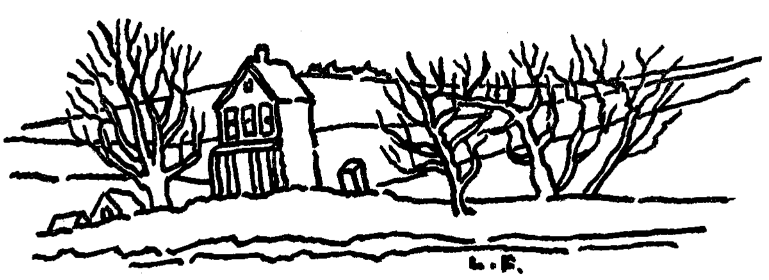
"They'll die, all right," the priest said judiciously. "There's not one of them under seventy-six. You'll see. Your time will come."

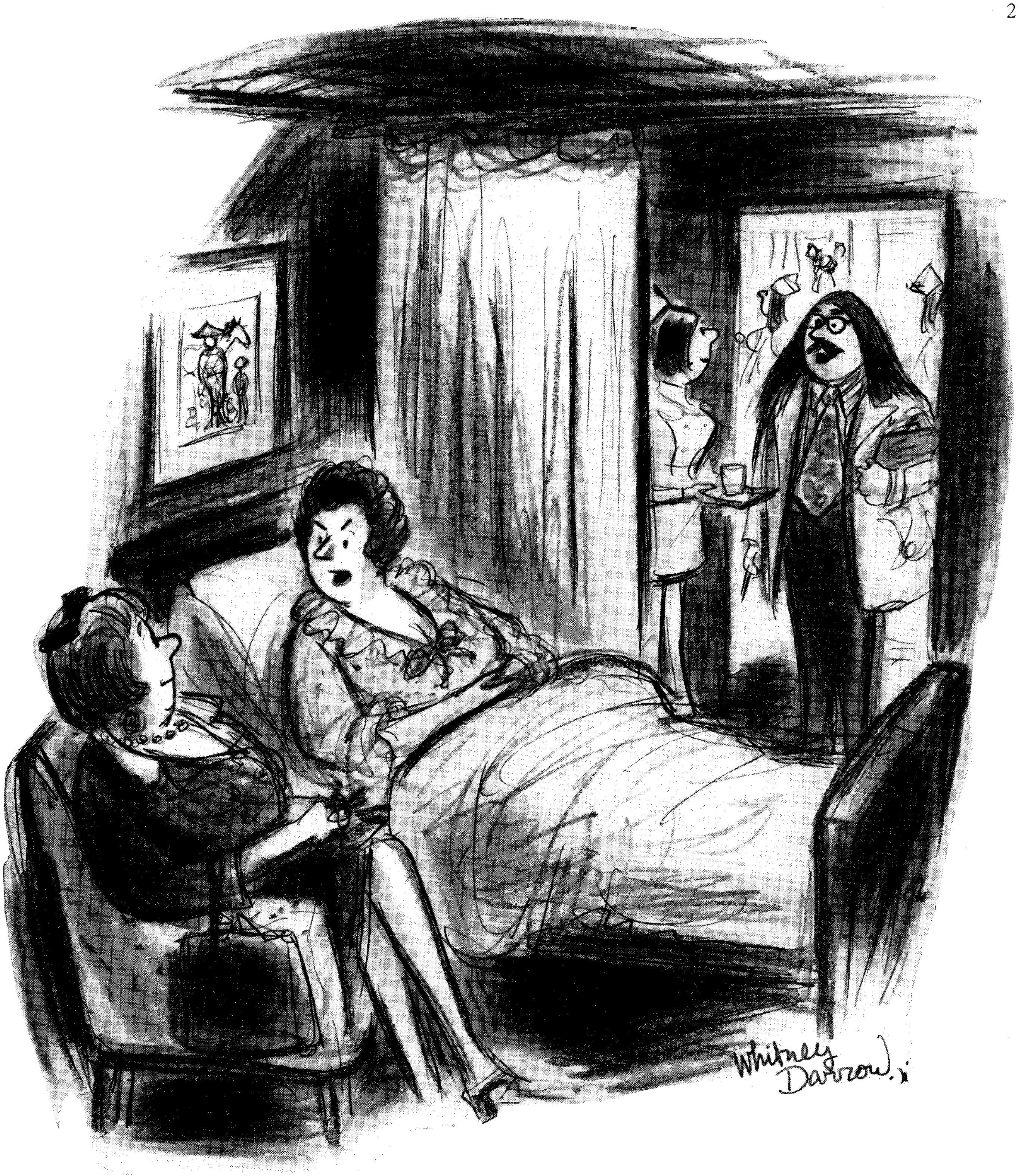
"To the future, then," the black politician said.

"SHALL we go to your place or to Elaine's?" the young man asked. It was 3 A.M. He was recently divorced. The same question must have been being put just then in cabs throughout New York.

"To Elaine's," I said. That was where we went. To Elaine's, to the Dow-Jones averages, to the future, then; to preserve the domestic tranquillity. Freedom means nothing left; cab change receptacles are hearing aids in which one's fingers jam—when the clips are coming in quite fast, it's like waking up and trying to orient the bed. Which side can the wall be on, which side is uptown, downtown, which town is it, anyway? In some of the best motels, near airports, along highways, they have Magic Fingers, a device which, for one quarter put into a metal box, shakes the bed for sixty seconds and sends you quietly to sleep. There are no fingers about it. It is more like sleeping on a train when the tracks are good. A sticker on the metal box says that you can have Magic Fingers in your own home. I don't know anyone who has.

IN the matter of Doberman pinschers, I like dogs that are large and hairy and friendly and sleep a lot, with sad eyes behind the hair. When I was young, there was a lady on our road who had a Doberman pinscher, bred sharp, vicious, and streamlined, as they all are, like a honed wolf. It meant that whenever a neighborhood child was riding along the tar road on his bicycle, if the Doberman was out, there had to be an immediate leap from the bicycle, and a crouching on bruised knees behind a high stone wall, before the owner called her dog back. The dog was devoted to the lady, who, as it happened, did have cancer. For years, I thought of the devotion of Dobermans to their owners, and their savagery to others, as something almost in their favor. Almost. Then I read a newspaper story about a Doberman that had turned, after many years, upon its mistress, an old lady. When they found her the next morning, it turned out that the lady must have run from room to room, trying to shut the door before the dog got to her, just too feeble or perhaps unbe-





"They say he's one of the greatest surgeons around, but he's not going to fool around with my insides."

• •

lieving to escape it. A love story gone off the tracks, one could say in a disillusioned moment. Far off.

I HAVE zoomed around a lot in the brief times between months of idling. I have a tendency to get stuck in places. In spring, 1967, I was stuck in Luxor, Egypt. I had been sent to Cairo by the paper. There were loudspeakers and angry rallies in the streets. I went to the pyramids and rode a camel. Then, I went to a briefing at the embassy. The foreign minister spoke of Israeli options and attrition. I wrote it down. I took a plane, an Ilyushin, to Luxor and looked at the tombs there. I arrived for my flight back to Cairo three hours early. So did others. We were told that our flight had been taken over by an American Bible-tour group called "Nine Days in the Holy Land," whose own flight had been cancelled. The scheduled people with reservations were all planeless. I was frantic. I began to cry at the desk of an airport official. He wrote it down. One of the Bible tour's two leaders said that if a single person from his group was left off the plane the tour would never again come to Egypt. I wondered where else they were going to take their "Nine Days in the Holy Land" to. Anaheim, Azusa, Cucamonga. I was desperate. The Egyptian pilot looked at me a second. Just before takeoff, he led me to the cockpit, where I sat, with one of the group's two guides, beside him. The threatening tour guide had been left behind. We flew with a certain exhilaration. A few days after that, there was the war.

I STILL work part time for the paper, part time at the foundation, rewriting requests for grants. No such job technically exists, but that's what I do. I try to recycle the film-is-the-medium and the cable-television-for-the-ghetto people, and help the Blake fanatics and the street reformers who work very hard. Sometimes I miss, or lose, the point. Late-sleeping utopians, especially, persist like mercury. I am a fanatic myself, although not a woman of temperament. I get nervous at scenes. I stole a washcloth once from a motel in Angkor Wat. The bellboy was incensed. I had to give it back. To promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity—I believe all that. I go to parties almost whenever I am asked. I think a high tone of moral indignation, used too often, is an ugly thing. I get up at eight. Quite often now I have a drink before eleven. In some ways, I have overshot my mark in life in spades.

I KNOW someone who is trying to get rid of a myna bird—I mean, find a loving owner. For a year now, he has spent half an hour each day underneath a dark cloth with the bird and a timer. He says hello, hello, hello for the entire session. The bird says nothing. It sometimes squawks at sunrise. Then there is the question of apartments. A close friend of mine has just moved into a place where the last tenant somehow left a lonely cat. My friend is one of the nicest people I have ever known, but he has an allergy to cat hairs. He called everyone he knew. Finally, he heard of someone who already had four cats. He called her.

"Well, you see, I already have four cats," the girl said.

"I know," my friend said, "but I thought maybe a fifth . . ."

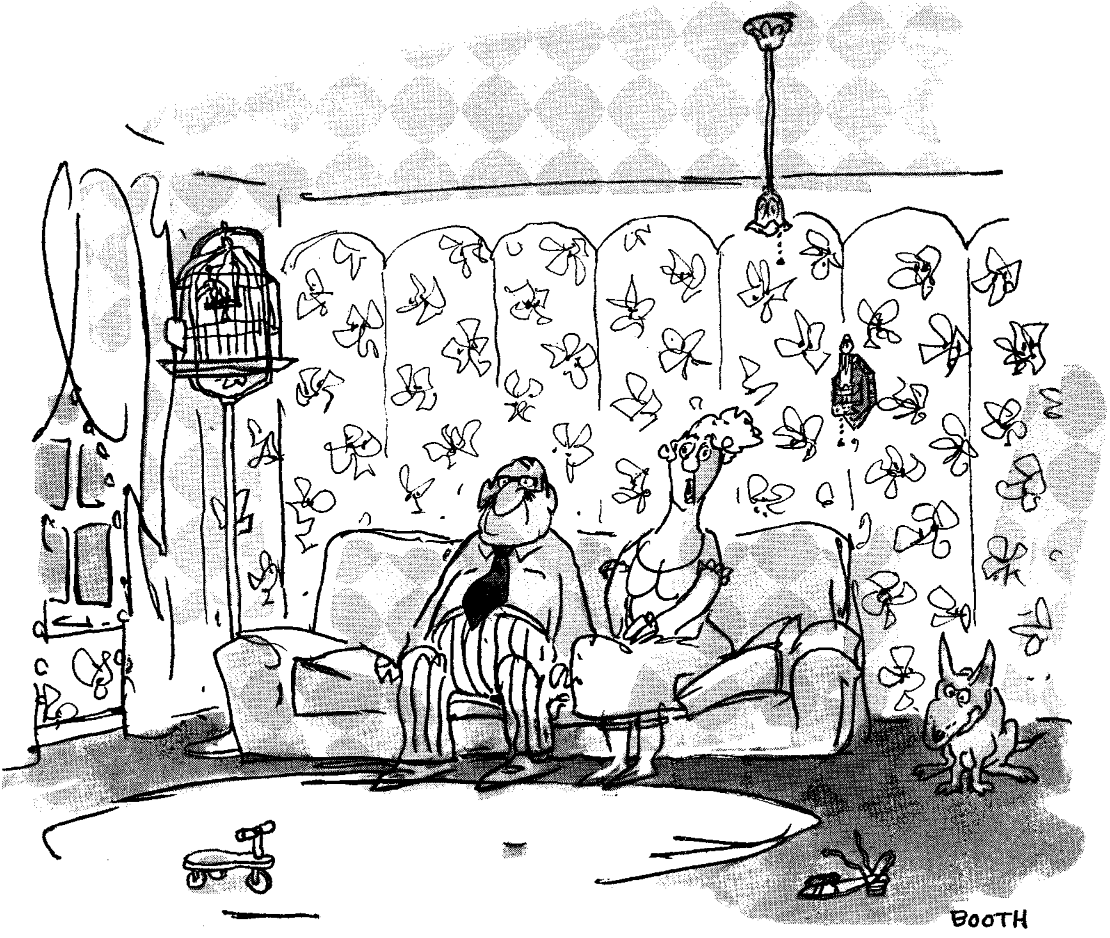
"No, no," the girl said. "I mean four *extra* cats. Somebody gave me." There was a pause. "Oh, what the hell," she said.

My friend brought the ninth cat over.

There is also a twelve-year-old who wants to give her rabbit to somebody with a happy home out in the country. She is obsessed with the idea that the wrong kind of person might take the rabbit in bad faith and eat it. She thinks somebody ate her gerbil. No one eats gerbils. It is strange to think that most of the children under six whom one knows and loves, gives presents, whatever, are not going to remember most emotional events of those first years, on the couch, or in jail, or in a bank, wherever they may find themselves when they are twenty-five.

I DON'T know how many people have ever seen or passed through Broadway Junction. It seems to me one of the world's true wonders: nine crisscrossing, overlapping elevated tracks, high in the air, with subway cars screeching, despite uncanny slowness, over thick rusted girders, to distant, sordid places. It might have been created by an architect with an Erector Set and recurrent amnesia, and city ordinances and graft, this senseless ruined monster of all subways, in the air. Not far away, there is that Brownsville section of crushed, hollowed houses, an immense metropolis in ruins, with an occasional junkie, corpse, demented soul intent upon an errand where no errand can exist. There can't even be rats, unless they're feeding on each other. Then, just on the edge of this deserted strangeness, there begins a little neighborhood of sorts, with tenants, funeral homes, groceries, one or two policemen. Once, along the border street, I saw an endless line of Cadillacs, with men in suits and hats, with chauffeurs and manicures and sombre faces. An owner of a liquor store had passed on to the funeral home. The Italians who run that community were paying their respects. The actual street neighbors seemed divided between obligations to the dear departed and protocols toward the men in Cadillacs. Nothing for the foundation here. Nothing for the paper, either. No events.

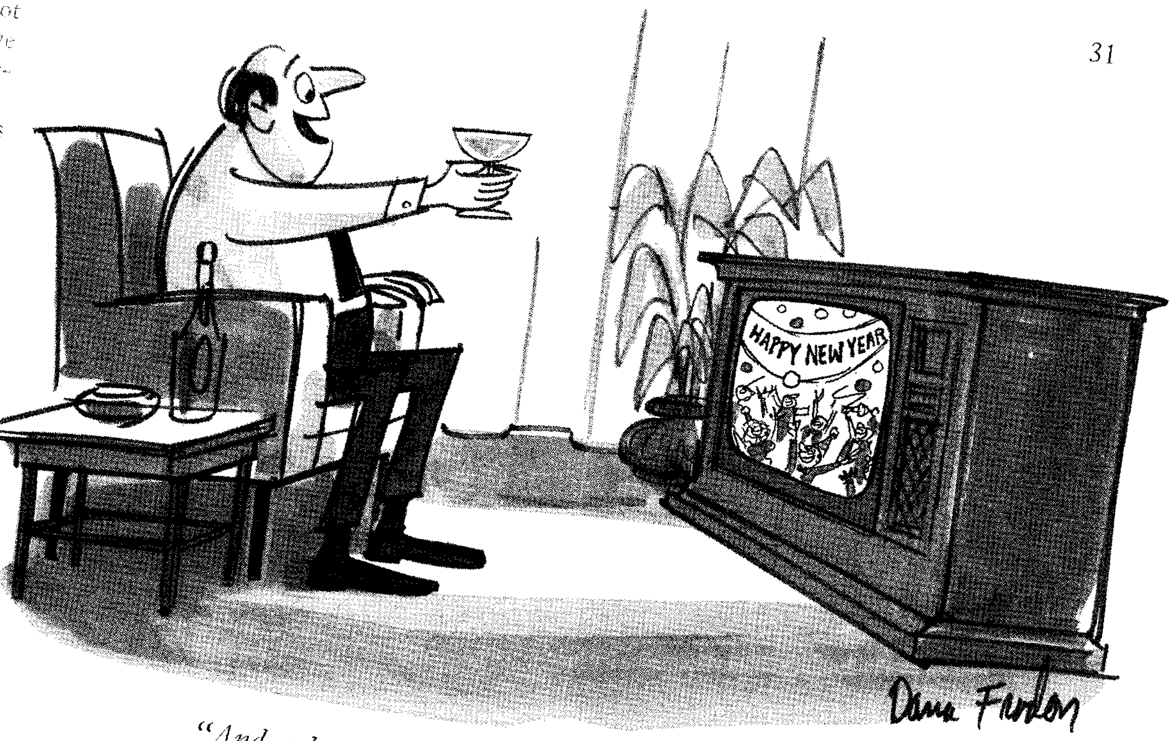
WHEN George Pflant from San Diego arrived at the wedding breakfast outside Greenwood, Mississippi, we real-



"Harold, would you say you are left of center, right of center, center, left of left, right of left, left of right, or right of right, or what?"

ized what a mixed group we had become. Pflant itself is not Jones exactly, but we were doing introductions by first names.

"George, this is Anise, Anise, George, George, Idris, Inge, Carlo, Didi, Dibo, Jude, Vlad, Si, Elio, Dom, and Sandy. George." Vlad and Jude are married to each other, which makes it difficult to tell just from their names which one is which. George sorted it out and had eggs and bacon. There was kudzu growing outside the veranda. Beyond that, tall pines and Spanish moss. There were plaques commemorating dead dogs on many flagstones. "Morton, Great Dane, 1937." "Muffie, Spaniel, 1941." Dom's mother was a maid—or a domestic, or whatever they then called it—which made him quite uneasy about the blacks, whom we seemed to be calling staff or help. Not housekeepers; there were too many. None of us are leading quite the life we were at all prepared for. We were born in Beirut, Boston, Albuquerque, Brooklyn, Rome, Antibes, Ontario, Tel Aviv. Vlad is a resident in orthopedic surgery. He has a scar on his hand from the day an eccentric surgeon, in a temper, slapped him with a scalpel. We all met each other in and after college. Some of us are vegetarians. Some drink. Some take pills. We are all friends.



"And a happy New Year to you, old tube."

I HAVE been lucky, in my work, at getting visas to closed places. My family have all kept fresh, renewed passports ever since my parents left Europe before the war. Alex was my father's name when he was German. It became Alejandro when he bought a Costa Rican passport. He was Alessandro when we all became Italians in Lugano. Now he's Al on nights when he, improbably, plays poker. My own mind is a tenement. Some elevators work. There are orange peels and muggings in the halls. Squatters and double locks on some floors, a few flowered window boxes, half-dressed bachelors cooling on the outside fire steps; plaster falls. Sometimes it seems that this may be a nervous breakdown—sleeping all day, insomnia at midnight, tears. Then it occurs to me that a lot of people have it. Or worse, of course. There was the time I had blue triangles on the edges of my feet. Triangles, darker every day, isosceles. I thought, Leukemia. I waited a few days and watched. It turned out that whenever I took out the garbage I, who do walk barefoot, held the apartment door open with my rear end. The door would cross a bit over the tops of my bare feet. No problem. Bruises. I took a little celebrational nap.

Vlad, though, who wants to specialize one day in surgery on adult hands, finds himself these days working on babies. There is a relatively new surgical procedure that, if it is performed within fourteen hours of delivery, will keep alive a baby who would otherwise have simply, surely died. After the lifesaving procedure, Vlad gets the baby. He does what he can for it with orthopedic surgery. It is perfect practice for a future with delicate, adult hands. Vlad thinks that, like so many valuable learning experiences, it cannot in the end ever be or have been worth it.

"ANY dreams?" the doctor asked his patient softly, tentatively, as we used to say in the child's card game, "Any aces? Any tens?"

IN actual fact, the lady on the Boeing 707 from Zurich was talking to me about seaweed. I had just come from St. Moritz and she from Gstaad. Nearly all the other passengers were in casts from skiing. Her husband had invented a calorie-free spaghetti made from seaweed. He had invented other seaweed products, including a seaweed sauce for the spaghetti. He was the world's yet unacknowledged living authority on seaweed and its many uses. She was quite eloquent about it. I was interested for nearly seven hours. My capacity for having a good time exists. It surfaces, however, on odd occasions. Everybody's capacity for having a good time. It must have been fun before the skiing casts, and there will always be another season. The man who hurls himself in order to be the last person through the closing doors of an already overcrowded subway pushes, after all, some timid souls in front of him. Maybe the stresses of winding toward the millennium.

THE weather last Friday was terrible. The flight to Martha's Vineyard was "decisional."

"What does 'decisional' mean?" a small boy asked.

"It means we might have to land in Hyannis," his mother said. An execrable word, "decisional." Hyannis has meanings of its own. It is hard to understand how anyone learns anything.

DAY after day, when I still worked at the Forty-second Street branch of the public library, I saw the same young man, bearded, intense, cleaning his fingernails on the corners of the pages of a book.

"What are you studying for?" I asked him once. "Orals, or what?" The numbers were flashing over the counter as the books came up.

"I'm writing," he said. "My autobiography."

There are certainly odd people in the reading room—one who doodles the same bird endlessly on the back of a half of a single bank check, one who hums all the time, and one who keeps asking the other two to stop. It is a kind of concerto in there. I did quit that job quite soon. The thing is that I sometimes understand what the young man meant. Unless you are very certain on a single thing, everyone is right, up to a point.

"WHAT a riot!" a girl of about twenty-five, not thin, exclaimed as the de Havilland Otter started down the runway of the Fisher's Island airport.

"Is this a toy or an airplane?" a young man with a sparse mustache asked nervously. "I paid for my ticket twice. They pulled the Fisher's Island-New York section by mistake, in Groton. Now there's this."

"It's all right," I said to him. "I was in a plane like this when I was studying crisis conditions in Southeast Asia. They have outhouses behind their huts, over the rivers. Then they eat the river carp. Ecology. Everyone trusted these planes. The worry was just bombs and mortars. They seemed most concerned about the local cockfights. Gamecocks. I had never seen one till I went there. Ben Tre. It no longer exists. Anyway, for flights I have these pills. Perhaps you'd like one."

"The Wright Brothers' special," the Fisher's Island girl continued. A clattering began under the floor of the plane's midsection. All ten passengers started their own tones of laughter. The clattering was overlaid with creaking.

"Can you believe it?" the girl said. "It's fantastic."

"The most fun is when you hit the clouds and have to pedal," a sailor said. He was stationed in Groton.

The plane incessantly jarred, bounced, and tilted. I counted and found I had enough painkilling pills for everybody.

"I don't like mushrooms," a four-Martini man was muttering. "Don't know why. My wife likes mushrooms. I'm not a hard fellow to please. I just don't like them."

"I always pack too much whenever I travel," a lady said quite loudly as the windows fogged. "We're moving from New York. My son has been mugged six times. He's just eleven. We can't keep buying him new watches. We think it may be affecting him psychologically." She went on like that.

The two-ticket man held on to my wrist so tightly that my own watch left marks for hours after, on the white ring watches leave inside a tan. We landed at LaGuardia. The young man let go.

Another weekend. Any dreams. P.O. Box 1492.

THE school was run by Communists, although few parents were aware of that. The grades ran from one to twelve, and the younger children slept throughout the year on a screened-in open porch that was thought in wintertime to confer immunities. There were sixteen double-decker beds on the porch, and one single bed, near the door, for the child who was held to be most disturbed in any given year. Late at night, the oldest told horror stories. Later still, the most disturbed child would bang her head against the bedpost in her sleep, or cry, or speak in no known language, whatever the disturbance that year was. Before dawn, the rest leaped wildly from top bunk to top bunk, sometimes single file, sometimes racing, sometimes three leapers side by side at a single time. Once or twice in those years, somebody crashed and broke a leg.

We voted constantly on everything—issues and offices of every kind. We were expected at every age to have an opinion on all matters, particularly politics. Although pressure from the teachers that year was clearly for Wallace (Henry, not George), the teachers restrained themselves—nominally because they valued our independent judgment, actually because they lived in dread of our petitions. We fired a housemother by petition. We voted in fifth-grade physics that half a pound of feathers weighed more than half a pound of steel. We were adamant. Knowledge itself was a democracy. We learned fast. We studied fanatically. We were as competitive as only a child state can be. We voted to stone the girl who banged her head—not because she banged her head but because she was so fat and furtive and whining all the time. She lost a loafer running from us across the athletic field. None of the stones hit. We were too uncoördinated and too young to throw accurately across the distance we had also, in all fairness, voted for. The space-time continuum became clear to us with that event. So, perhaps, did the quality of mercy, after all. We did not vote to fire the shop teacher, although he was clearly incompetent. We planed and sawed and used the lathe and soldered, making Christmas presents for our families. In the school Christmas pageant, a girl's hair caught fire, from a candle held reverently by the boy behind. A father leaped to the balcony and put the fire out. Parents were allowed to visit every other Sunday, and for pageants and plays.

WHEN that school was our turf, sex and mysticism set in suddenly, simultaneously. We sneaked from our porch to the stables, where we imagined that a horse had died and that we had not been told. Boy, girl, boy, girl, late at night, holding hands, looking for the corpse of Strawberry—who had, in fact, been sold, the school having fallen on hard times. We slept in the hay above the stalls. We returned to our porches before dawn. The school has since gone entirely to seed—heroin, LSD, precocious abortions, methedrine. In our time, we planned but did not even dare to run away. We had codes and aliases. Once, on the morning of the middle children's all-day ride, with the night to be spent in sleeping bags (we had a deep, special plan for this), a small girl from a theatrical family said to us, in parting, "Break a leg." We had a unison of panic. Superstition had set in, too.

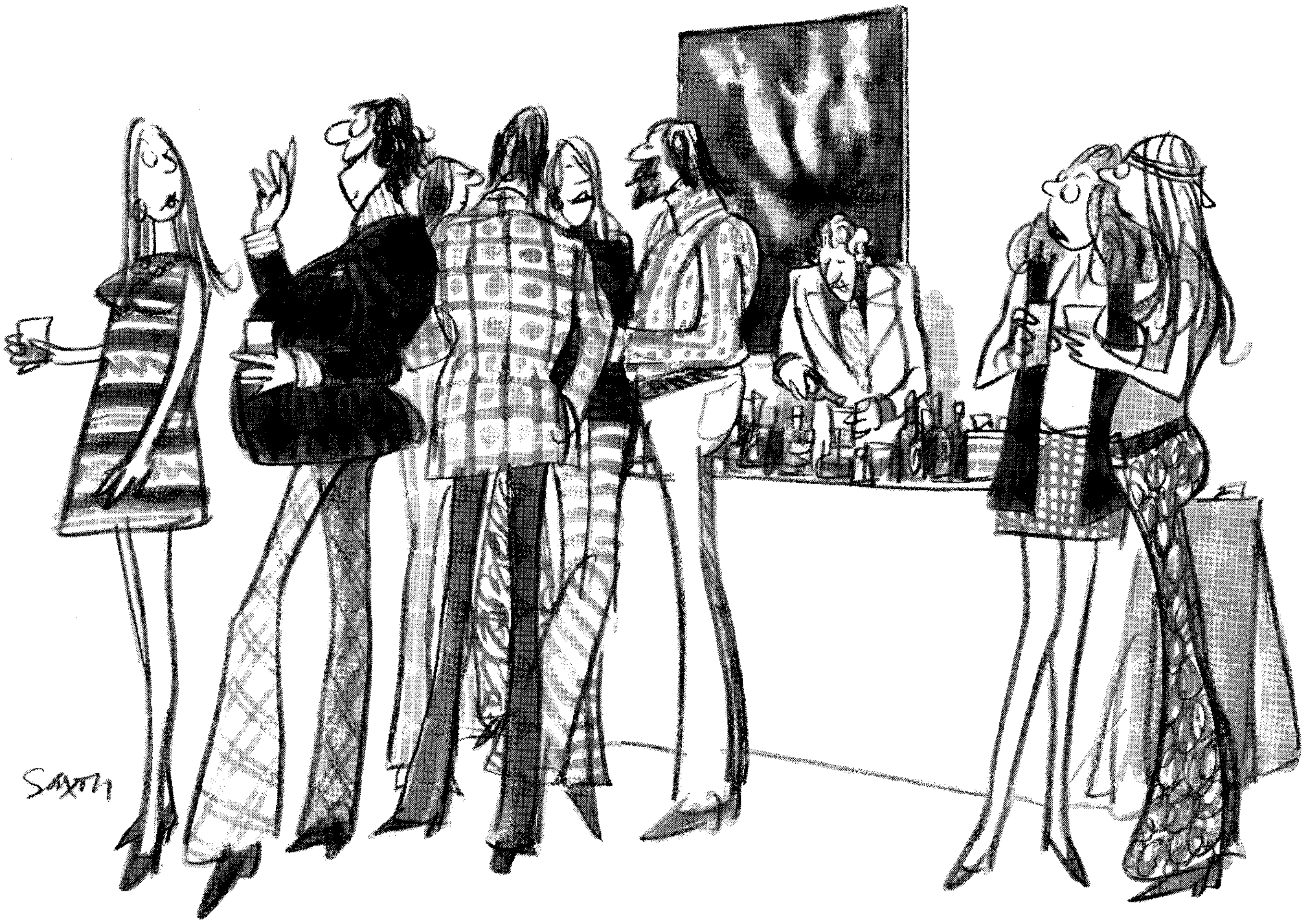
Nyla Miller broke a leg. It was my fault. I had a dread by then of our most skittish, lightest horse. It always seemed, in his nervousness and mine, that I was gliding on unsteady air. I was assigned that horse. The first time he shied—at a flower, I think—I fell off, deliberately. Nyla, who had been given the phlegmatic nag I longed for, took advantage of the flash of fear to spur that nag, for the first time in its ten horse years, no doubt, to gallop through the woods, with frightened eyes. Nyla gave a rebel yell, and used a switch. The nag galloped too close by a tree, which, like Absalom's, singled Nyla out—not by the hair but by the leg. Her leg was broken by the time she fell. I was left with her while the rest of the expedition went for help. "Anything I can do?" I kept saying. "Oh, Christ," Nyla would say. It was a far-out expression then for a twelve-year-old. I have since heard this precise exchange many times, on city corners, in hospitals.

Then Nyla's mother came. Not a play, or pageant, or Sunday. The mother and I talked. There was a bath schedule outside the porch bathroom—each child having been allotted an uncapitalist three baths a week. "I have to go to the loo," Nyla's mother said. She tried to commit suicide in there. Not very seriously. There wasn't much blood on the floor. "It's my fault," she kept saying, when the ambulance came. "Nyla's all my fault." This was probably true. The fault for the leg was mine. I rode, on the school's insistence, the same skittish horse all term after that. I reined him back till his mouth was wrecked for the snaffle, and the curb was all that would hold him back. The riding teacher used to throw stones at him to make him go. When he went, I would fall off at once.

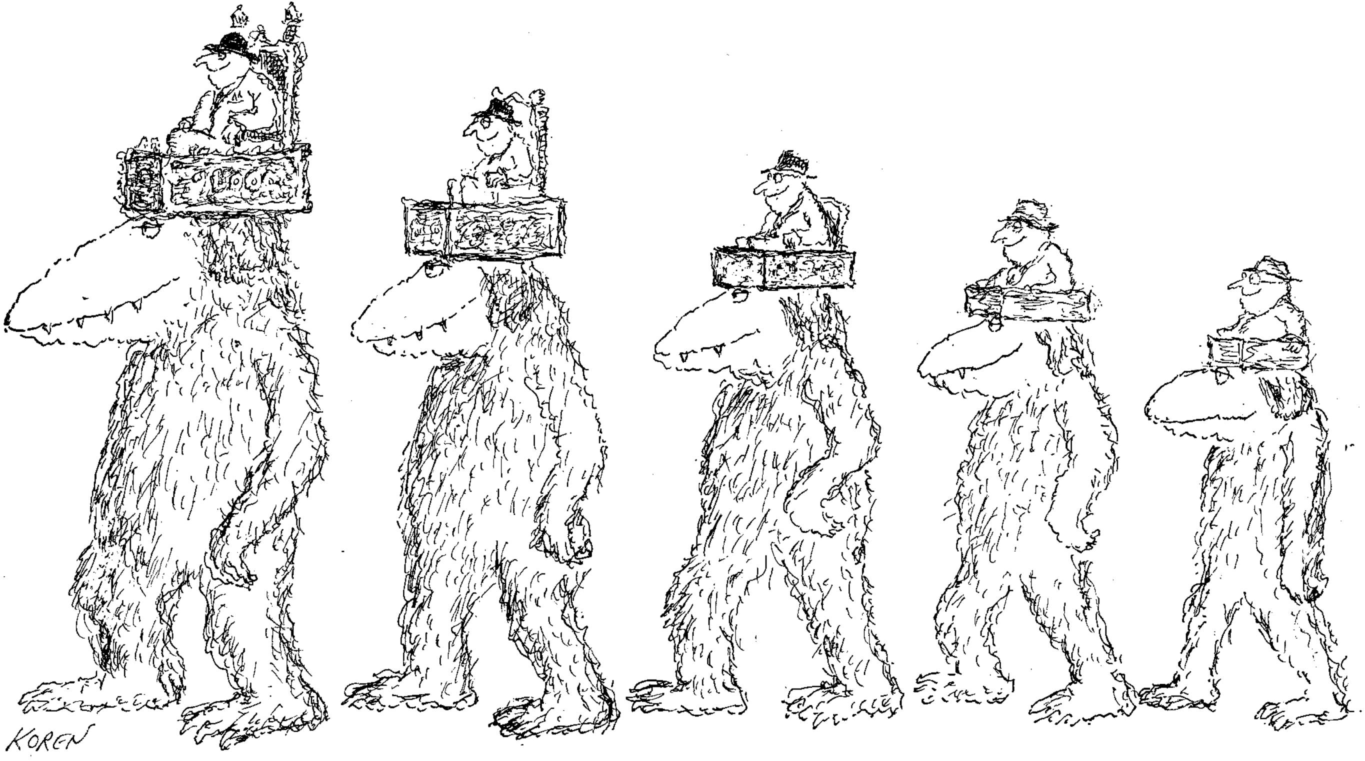
TEN years ago, I was in Mississippi, covering blacks, whites, troopers, Klansmen, nuns, whoever there was. The F.B.I. had already infiltrated the Klan to the extent that, by whatever means, they had demoralized and almost destroyed it. A small-town klavern, run by a gas-station attendant, did discover an agent in their midst. They drove him to a road far out of Hattiesburg, as I recall it, and were about to deal with him in their fashion when he said, "O.K. You found me. But if you do anything to me now, I promise you that some guys at the Bureau are going to come out here and blow your heads off." They did nothing to him. That klavern dispersed. But later, when there still seemed to be an undissolvable little core of Klansmen left in Mississippi, it was rumored that some F.B.I. men, having tried all sorts of threats, persuasions, warnings, drove a few of the unrelenting to that road near Hattiesburg and blew their heads off. It may not be true. An agent from that time and place will just grin now, over his bourbon, when I ask him.

I WAS sitting, oddly enough, in the Vice-Presidential Air Force airplane. It had no windows—a concession to the times, I guess. The Vice-President had just awarded the four Vincent Lombardi Memorial blocks of granite to the four outstanding college linebackers of the year. A lady sitting next to me at the banquet in Houston had asked me whether I did not think bringing prayer back to the schools would be a good idea. I said I thought it was. She seemed such a nice lady, and we had hours to go. Then she asked whether I did not believe, too, in abortion reform. I said I did. She agreed, and then she said thoughtfully, abandoning her crabmeat, "But don't you think an abortion might be traumatic for some people?" I thought it over. The whole conversation did not seem to match. Then I think I realized what she meant. She evidently thought "abortion reform" had something *compulsory* about it. Well. I was sitting in Air Force Two. Just as I was taking pills against my cold from the Houston motel air-conditioner and I was starting to read a thriller, a press aide sat down beside me. Some years ago, he had been a fine reporter—"liberal," as he used to say, "on all issues except the international." Now, from what I gathered through my cold-deafened ear, he had moved domestically rightward. Not that he didn't believe in reform; no. The foundation, for example, and the paper. But the country simply was not going to take it.

"Take what?" I said. "Who's not



"Steer clear of that one. Every day is always the first day of the rest of his life."



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going to take it? Where are the rednecks? I don't see them."

"Yeah," he said, with a wistfulness that really frightened me. "The rednecks. Where *are* they?"

I THINK when you are truly stuck, when you have stood still in the same spot for too long, you throw a grenade in exactly the spot you were standing in, and jump, and pray. It is the momentum of last resort. Some people get a jump on the morning in other ways—speeding on the highways, making money, doing crossword puzzles, a darker tan, a whiter wash, accumulations of various kinds. The thing about doing the Sunday crossword is that halfway through you may find yourself tracking a mind you loathe. I begin, like most people, with the gap definitions, "53 Down rara ———," and continue with the words I know for sure. I find that if I can manage to fill the upper-left-hand corner very early, I am never able to complete the rest. I don't know why. Crosswords start for me in the middle, or they don't work out. But when the definitions are sleazy, the phrase connections off, one follows all the same. What happened here: education deserted him, tiredness, the difficulty of interlocking words in spaces, symmetrically, up and down? I have never been any good at bridge, chess, or Scrabble, either. Some people gain momentum on envy or rage. I tend to blast myself out of bed into situations that are drastically odd. I did take a plane once from an Angolan island of eccentrics to what was then Biafra, on a Joint Church Aid load of fish. With the thunder and lightning, and Valium and a sense of incongruity, it was rather great. There were already three journalists there then, in the penultimate days of Biafran misery.

We had been told to bring cans of food, jerry cans of gasoline, and a lot of Scotch. One evening, we drank some of the Scotch in the journalists' bungalow, which was several miles from mine. At sunset, I thought I should go home, meaning my bungalow. But one of the journalists said he knew the way, even in the dark. We could walk there later. We did. The rain was total. We got lost. I could not quite believe it. Planes overhead somehow. We kept bumping into sentries, who could not quite believe it, either. Finally, we found my bungalow. I'm out. We're still here. Biafra's not. Before the Six-Day War, I had bought a Patek Philippe watch and a Chanel suit. It's been like that.

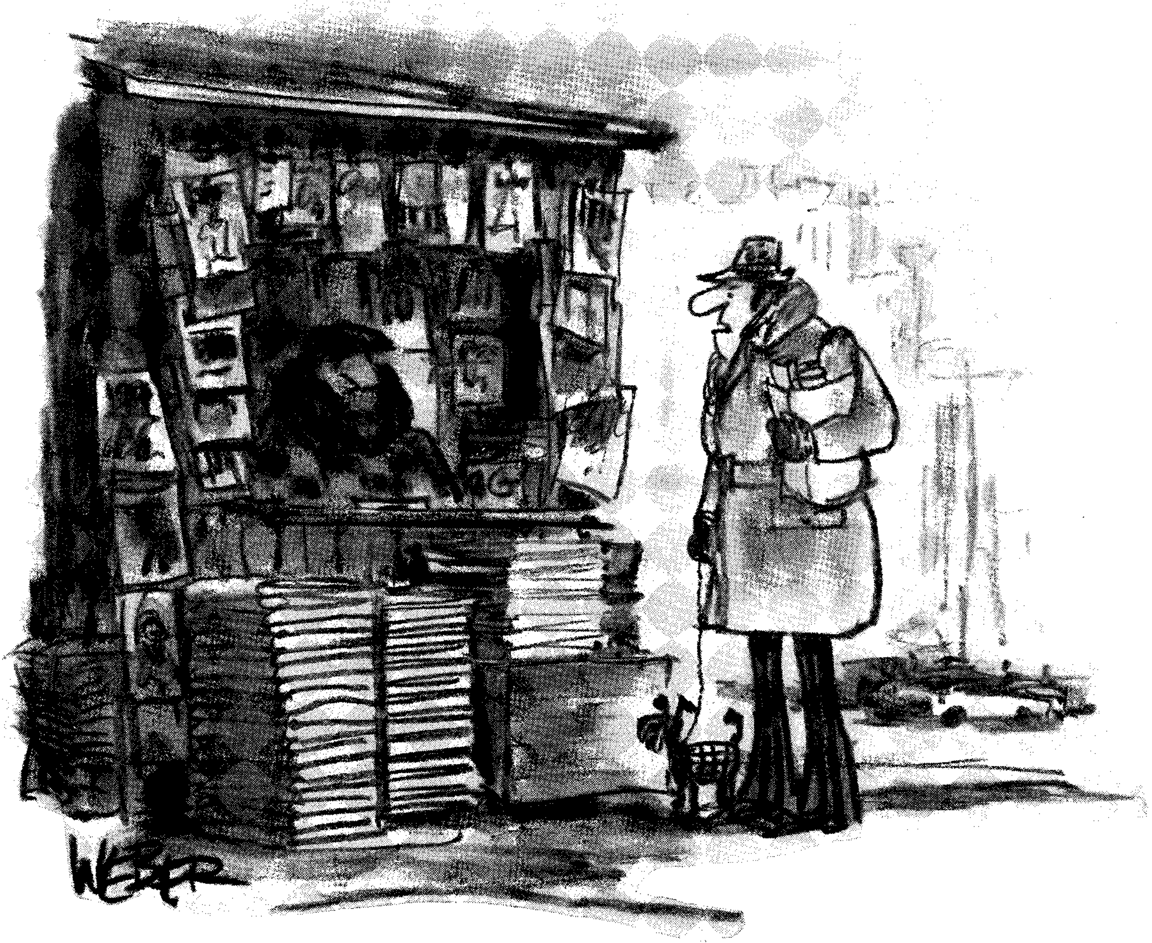
Will and I once went for a few days to the Caribbean, where we chartered what was called a yacht. He is married to his work—a kind of legal evangelism—but there we were. Most of the boats had been rented by people from Chicago or Milwaukee, who were bossed around by the crews and owners, and who wore strange shirts and shorts and drank a lot of rum. Our boat, however, was a question of expediency. We wanted to get as quickly as possible to an island with no airfield. The boat was run by three Swiss—Hans the father, Hans the son, and the mother, whose name was never told us. We tried to find out, in our few hours, why three Swiss happened to be running what was called a yacht in the Caribbean. It turned out that Hans the father had owned a gas station in Geneva, and had sailed occasionally on the lake there. Then they bought a larger boat and tried the Atlantic. They barely made it. They sold the boat in Florida and went back to Geneva, where they started feeling landlocked. They bought another boat from their profits on the first one, and there they were doing charters. They were not like the lounging, bossy owners. They were still, in fact, scandalized by their last charter—a priest and what he said were his two sisters. It was not the more obvious situation that appalled them. It was that, their boat having no refrigerator, the wife of Hans the father kept the vegetables in the bathtub. The priest, without removing even the lettuce, had taken his showers in that tub, over what was going to be half of dinner. They could not get over this. They thought of selling their boat again and returning to Geneva. The jet, the telephone, the boat, the train, the television. Dislocations.

YEARS ago, nine days before Fritzie Landolt's seventieth birthday, a voice came in the dark and whispered to him that he would never live beyond the age of sixty-nine. The voice was distinctly English, so that Fritzie, who had been born and had grown up in Stuttgart, knew that it could not be an old friend or a childhood enemy. Fritzie got up and searched the house. He found nothing. He felt that nine, however, had always been his unlucky number, and for the next three days his fear was such that it could be taken for the onset of extreme old age. Then Fritzie's wife, Ulrike, decided that they would celebrate his birthday a day *late*, on the tenth day after the warning. This somehow satisfied him—stared down, as it were, the magic of his nines. He spent his real birthday in terror, but there were no cards, no presents, no reminders. Anyway, it was like those occasions when one makes what one thinks are tactless remarks in front of the recently bereaved, recalling death to memory, as though their grief were not on their minds the whole time after all. Fritzie did not die.

I had known Fritzie Landolt, not well, a long time. It began when my mother brought over a housekeeper from Strasbourg, the niece of a friend of a cook my parents had before the war. Ulrike was beautiful, twenty-eight, with red, waist-length hair, which she wore in a kind of mass around her head. America—particularly a depressed New England textile town with a few farms around it—was not what Ulrike had imagined. She became most energetically depressed. The first manifestation of this was in my food. I would find a stone, three hairs, a small caterpillar in my salad, fish scales and unidentified inedibles in my soup. "We cannot have these scenes at dinner," my father said. "Accidents will happen. When I was young, I was told that if it doesn't actually bite you back you swallow without a murmur. Otherwise, you spoil everyone's appetite." My mother was not persuaded. Ulrike had bought an axe, which she kept in her room. She had begun to talk, half jokingly, in German, about suicide. My mother thought people do not ordinarily kill themselves with axes. Ulrike had given up going to polka evenings at the Elks. The town was half Syrian (from the days of cheap textile labor) and nearly all married anyway. What looked like a nicotine-stained toenail appeared in my spinach. My mother decided Ulrike should be married.

There was Fritzie Landolt—called Slam Fritzie, by his friends and on the sign that marked his driveway. Fritzie was an electrician, whose wife, whom he had divorced, was mad. The "Slam" had been added to his name because, he said, just before the war (it was not entirely clear which war) Fritzie, a Marine, had unhinged the jaw of the jujitsu champion of Japan with a single blow. Slam. Fritzie had, by his own account, had other adventures—chaperoning, for example, a group of female anthropologists on a trip to Antarctica. He had press clippings, and evidence of a close friendship with Toots Shor. He took Ulrike to the restaurant once. They were very kindly treated. My brother has a theory. There *was* once a Slam Fritzie Landolt, but perhaps he was not our local Slam Fritzie. The straight name itself is not uncommon. On the other hand, or perhaps on either side of the question, one late night in Ulrike and Fritzie's house, after they were married, their dog began barking wildly in the forest. Fritzie strapped on his holster and revolver. He searched the woods and found nothing. When he took off his belt and holster, a shot cracked. Fritzie fell to the ground, saying, "They got me." It turned out that his gun had fallen and, when it hit the floor, had gone off and shot him through the leg. He would not let Ulrike call a doctor. "My enemies will find me if they know I'm weak," he said. The wound was clean. Ulrike cured him. But if he was in hiding why the sign that marked his driveway? There is no point, if one loves people, in asking too far. It puts them, I find, in a state. Fritzie, in any case, survived his birthday. Any dreams.

WHEN I say I cannot come to dinner because I am having a nervous breakdown, it is my normal voice in which I speak. "Oh, you're *always* having a nervous breakdown," the voice at the other end says. "So am I. So is everybody." It's true Will is hardly ever here, but there are other people, and I have my work. There is a passage in Dante, though, when he and Vergil, travelling through the Inferno, stop beside a man buried to his neck in boiling mud. He does not care to speak to them. He has his own problems. He does not want an interview. Dante actually grasps him by the hair and gets his story. Some sort of parable about reporting, there. It is



"I'll take 'Penthouse,' 'Oui,' and a goddam copy of 'Ms.'"

OREADS

(Kintail, Scotland)

No, our kind cannot live with these
Solitudes, desolations, steeps, and distances;
Mere emptiness to us the great spaces where, at ease,
Mountains repose; they make nothing of us;
Their being is not of our mode or scale.

Some see a man's face on a crag, but it is not so;
Yet rock has a face that we see sometimes smile
And sometimes close. Five Sisters of Kintail—
But no kindred of ours
Those sisters of cloud and gale.

Veering beneath crests of snow,
Only wings know
The wind and know its flow; eagle and crow
In air unbounded come and go.
Like ant on lichened stone, the dun stag pastures on the moor below.

But shepherd, under hill in hovel of stone,
Living companionable with crag and storm,
May hear them speak, the alone to the alone,
Beyond the compass of the known.
Pipe music has the sound of distance in its drone.

Or a child may stray
Away on the wild hills as far as eye can see
Whose sight unhindered runs where summit meets the sky.
In the lens of a buzzard's eye the hills lie.

So lost,
Into how vast a loneliness we are gathered,
Into a strangeness how remote—
Existence without end of presences that yet
Protect us from invading night
And the unbroken silence of the dead.

—Kathleen Raine

* * *

embedded in the immortal verses, which does seem to make all the difference.

A PHYSICIST I first met when he was working on a government military project recently turned to quite drastic civil disobedience. When I went to visit him and his wife in their Village apartment, the phone rang constantly—two rings for one sort of friend, ten for another. "If it took some political action to bring my friends together for an evening," Hal said, "then it wasn't pointless, was it?" The apartment was filled with friends from other days, other lives, looking tired and talking. The doorbell kept on ringing, too. A young priest would go downstairs and check out who was ringing.

"Who was that?" Hal said when the priest once came back alone.

"A man from the *Daily News*," the priest said. "I told him you weren't here."

"Wait a minute," a girl said. "He may have been one of the people who signed a petition protesting their coverage of this kind of story."

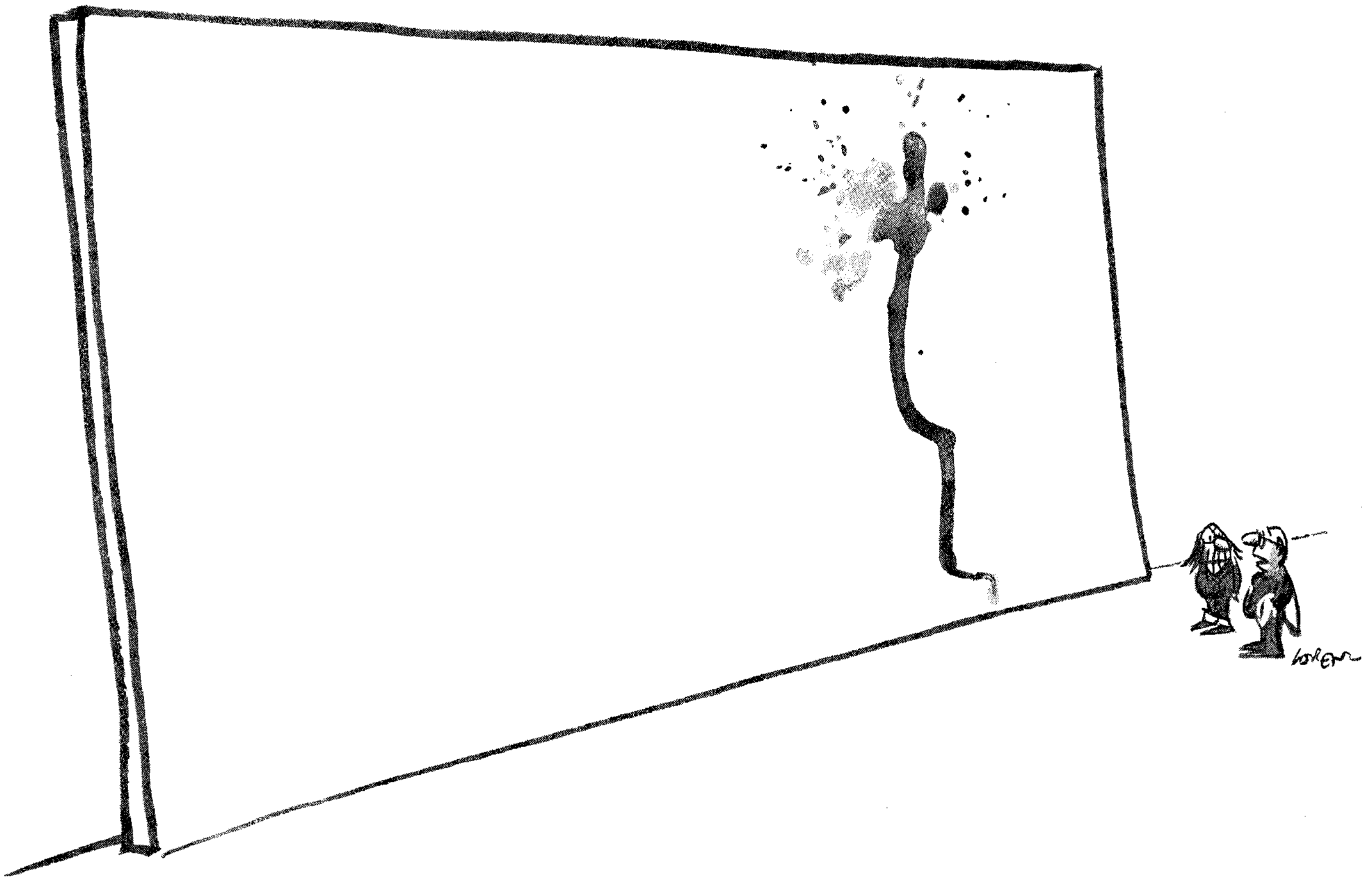
Hal was out the door and halfway down the block in a minute. He came back. "I found the guy," he said, "and I asked him whether he was one of the people who signed the petition. He said no, he felt he could do more by not signing, by active participation in covering just this kind of story. I said, 'Well, thanks, then; just convey my thanks to the people who did sign.' The guy said, 'I'm sure they would appreciate it more if you wrote them a personal note.' I said, 'Oh, no, I feel I can do more by participating in just this kind of conversation.'" We laughed.

In May, 1959, Noonie Gerstein, from Houston, Texas, refused to get out of the bus near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Her hair was shiny and blond. Her nails were extremely long and red. She was wearing silk trousers and pumps. She looked at her fellow-students in sneakers and jeans, with their canvas sacks and pickaxes, and at the slate cliffs they seemed prepared to go straight up. She declined. "I just don't see the sense of it," she said.

She spent the three days of that field trip aboard the bus. She nearly flunked geology, defaulted the science requirement, and lost her college degree. A quiet exception had to be made. She passed. The rest of us climbed the cliffs and hills, looked at entrenched meanders, terminal moraines, glacial detritus, relief maps of the Delaware Water Gap, and outcroppings of the Wissahickon Mica Schist. None of it has since been of much use to me. I can tell an entrenched meander to this day. It means that the riverbed is old and that the river has doubled back to cut its own deep loops. But that's all. I can't tell one rock from the next, or recite ten lines from "Faust," or recall the whole Preamble, or do one Old Slavonic text. Not one. It is all gone, after childhood knowledge of myths, constellations, baseball scores, dinosaurs, and idioms of the tennis court and athletic field. There are outcroppings of the old vocabularies still. Pinnies from field hockey. Bad hop. Sorry. My fault. So sorry. Provide for the common defense. Meanders slip my mind. And of college there is so little, although that little does flare, like the Jesuit poet's embers, gold-vermilion, when I remember it at all.

I sprained both ankles in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Both happened stepping off curbs downtown in the evening, rather than climbing around in the day. Noonie got off all three nights, did her nails, set her hair, and slept in the dingy hotel above the movie house with the rest of us. She was by no means one of the great refusers. Not an Existentialist hero, or a Rosa Parks, or even a Bartleby. She simply did not see the sense of it. It would have been an outrage, even in the highest traditions of scholarship, to force Noonie too far into the out-of-doors. She knew it, and she kept her dignity. Even 1959 had lost control.

It was Noonie's final college year,



"I'm afraid, Chandler, that sometimes less is less."

my first. The girl across the hall from me had bought a snake. The girl's father had been a famous American Fascist in the thirties. It was assumed the girl had problems. But pets were not permitted in the dorms. The college knew nothing of the snake. The girl in the room next door to mine bought an alligator. Her father was head of a chemical corporation in Chicago. The girl was beautiful. She held séances. She had an Austrian boyfriend, older than she by enough to have been a true Nazi in his time, who threw stones through her window and shouted "Annelise, Annelise," in a kind of whisper-shout each night while she fed her little alligator halves of worms. Her name, in fact, was Anne.

The girls in another dorm from ours bought eleven ducks. The girl three rooms down the hall from me had an orgone box. She believed in silence at breakfast, and used to enforce it by staring craftily at a bread knife with jam on it. An African princess, in her third year and wildly in unrequited love, tried to kill herself one evening by taking an overdose of Epsom salts. She fell in convulsions in front of the dining-room door. Another dorm began to shop for a cow. The pet rumors had begun to reach the dean's office. Something amiss. Anne asked me to hide her alligator in my room for a night or two. I thought, This must be college, what the hell. Three nights I heard dry feet and scales dragging forlornly across my floor. The creature missed the damp. I took it to the bathtub in the early-morning hours. The third day, I left it there. The same morning, the Fascist's daughter lost her snake. It must have crawled out through its mesh. Not many people knew about it. A quiet search began at our end of the dorm. At 8 A.M., Noonie went to take her bath and apparently thought she saw an alligator in the tub. At eight-thirty, she arrived at breakfast, but—perhaps from dignity, or because of the girl with the bread knife—Noonie did not say anything. Her mascara was blue. Her notebook was open. Her lashes were long. It might have been just another day in academe.

Just before nine, the Fascist's daughter decided to let it be known that her snake was lost. She thought it had entered the radiator and was now at large in the heating system. It was a very small snake, red, yellow, and black. People were uncertain how to react. Noonie went straight to her room, locked the door, and screamed. For thirty-six hours, she refused to come out. The rest of us, rather dreading the emergence of the snake from our own radiators, avoided our rooms. Noonie just stayed, and then, the following evening, came quietly out and took a bath. Neither the alligator nor the snake was seen again. The ducks were sold. The cow remained unbought. Those of us who were studying the English Drama Until 1642 resumed our course. And now I'm here.

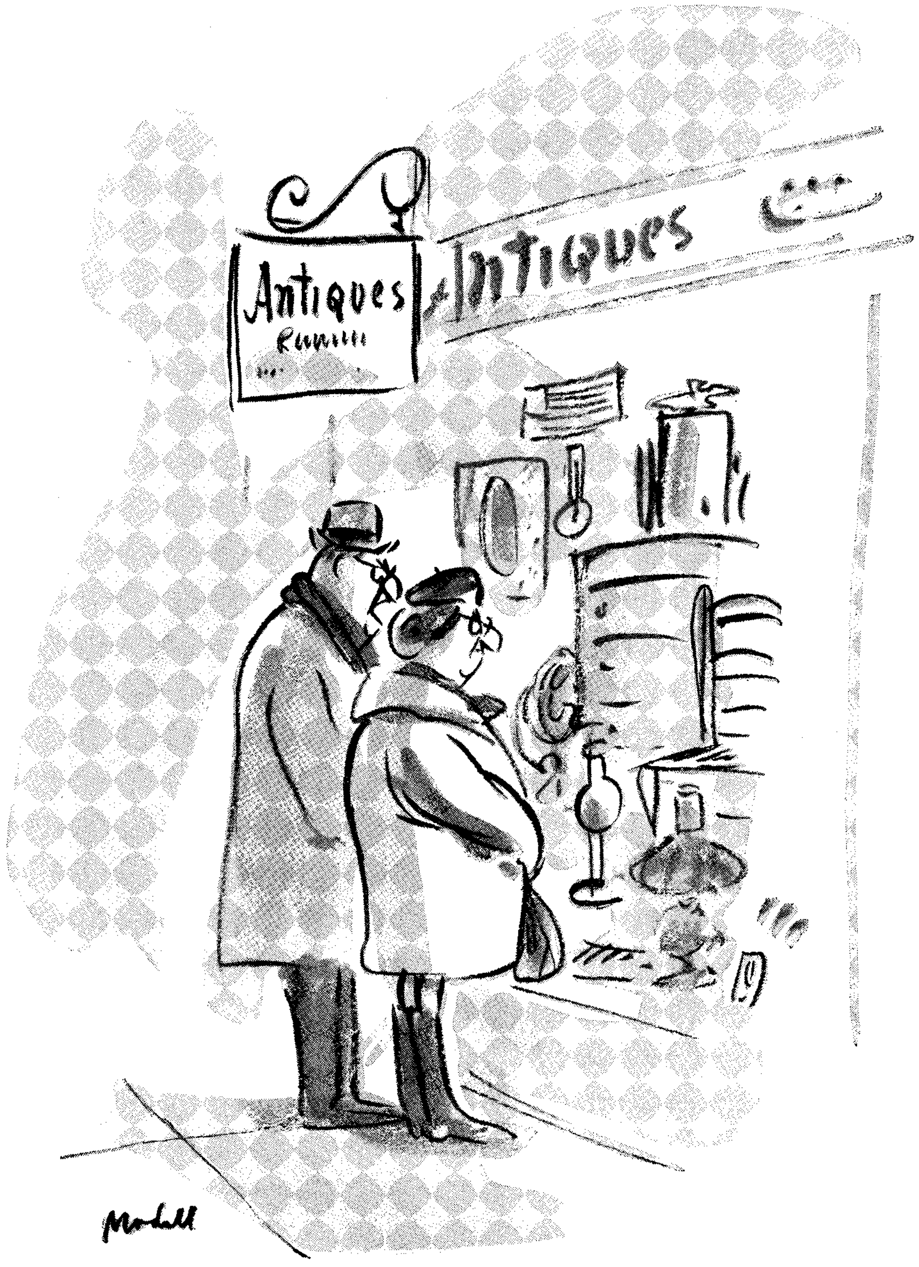
WHEN I first came to New York, a man I somehow knew, a film producer, took me from my job at the copy desk of the tabloid where I was then working to dinner at the Colony. Before dinner, I was to meet him at his suite at the St. Regis. I arrived ten minutes late and knew at once it was an error. I should have waited twenty minutes. He was a nice man. Over drinks in the suite, he lighted my cigarette. I had just started smoking weeks before. The match fell on the rug. I picked it up. Another error. After dinner, he walked me up all six flights of the place where I was living. "It's been so long since I've seen a girl's apartment," he said. After a while, there was what should have been a situation-comedy minute. "It's not my age, is it?" he said, most earnestly. "No, no," I said. He was seventy-four. "I guess I'm just neurotic." That seemed all right. We became friends. At one point, he even thought I might be a good girl for his son, another film producer. It was awkward for the son and me, at Trader Vic's, trying to be a generation. He said he had three files of projects: one marked A through Z; one A prime through Z prime; and one marked Miscellaneous. I said I thought it interesting. He said, "Yes. Only since my analysis have I come to realize how much I have to offer."

The line stuck with me, however. I guess I'm just neurotic. Nothing seemed to work quite so well. You don't care to, I don't care to. It's not in the script. I am already in love. This is not a New York obligation. I didn't like the way you treated waiters. I don't sleep with everybody. I don't like anything about you. I am not an agency. What is this? Hell, you're married. Nothing seemed to work so well as "I guess I'm just neurotic." So much cheer and understanding. I thought it a bit degrading, and that there must be some other way with people who have not already noticed the non-eroticism in the air, the lack of either obligation. Then, an old friend—the physicist, in fact, before he married—said, "You know, your friend Jean has sexual problems." I said, "Oh." He said, "Yes. When we were in Paris, I made a pass at her and she froze. I asked her why, and she said, 'You just don't attract me physically.' " I guess there is just no polite way around these things. I do miss Will.

I ONCE did time in a school in Switzerland, called Doktor Gross's Töchterinstitut, where I had been sent to learn cooking and French. The school, by a long mistake, was in the German-speaking part of Switzerland. My roommate was an American, part Sioux, born in Atlanta. Her father was a recreation officer at an American base for NATO. Doktor Gross's did not teach cooking or, for that matter, French. It was all quite a mixup, but nobody's life makes any sense. Doktor Gross was intensely fond of girls and money. He skimped on meals. Schoolwork consisted mainly of taking a cable car up a mountain and walking down again, for exercise. Every bath cost money at the Töchterinstitut. The Swiss girls never took baths, as far as I knew; nor did the Spanish or the Portuguese. One would have known from the clanking of the plumbing system. Every evening, over our supper of vegetable gruel and fruit, Doktor Gross would bring out his account list and ask each girl, in front of us all, whether she had bathed that day. Even the least washed felt she had to claim a bath or two during the term, and was charged francs accordingly. I had a nice time there. My roommate and I were considered outlaws because we left through the windows and balconies at night and went to whatever bars existed. I had never been an outlaw before. After a time, Doktor Gross's avarice was overwhelmed by his fear of anarchy. We were expelled, the Americans. Things go up and down.

ELAINE's was jammed, full of young women looking tired and their escorts, ignoring them in droves, talking to each other, man to man. The bachelor regulars brought a different girl each night or week or so—each girl more lovely than the last—and then, around midnight, dropped them flat. The beauty point was made. The men could talk—of royalties, pot, sex, screenplays, and politics. The girls, left to each other, girl, space, girl, space, girl, space—four girls at most tables and four empty chairs—looked quite vacant, scared. The general male reluctance seemed to be to go to bed. There was also quite a thing about the check. Some regulars appeared to believe that the check did not exist.

"Reach for the check," my father said to his sons, in one of his rare speeches of that kind to them. "Whatever happens, make sure that you pay that check." In a family with siblings, there is a constant war of reflexes. Nothing to do with checks—the opposite. A child is sitting there, with a toy or comic book. Flash. Gone. It takes a wary eye and an instant tightening of the grip, or the thing is gone. The gentlemen at Elaine's are flashes with that check. The others—perhaps only-children?—always lose or look away.



"Hell, you call those antiques? Why, you're older than most of that stuff."

"American writers are repulsive," an Austrian playwright's wife was saying to me at Elaine's, across an unemployed editor with a Dexamyl. "Their lives are repulsive. Their accommodations with life are repulsive." The man I had arrived with was quite far from me. We had integrated our table, boy, girl, boy, girl, boy, boy, space, girl, space, by arriving late. The table was late arrivals, all.

"American vodka tastes to me like lighter fluid. The whole country is in analysis," the Austrian playwright's wife said politely to the man with the Dexamyl.

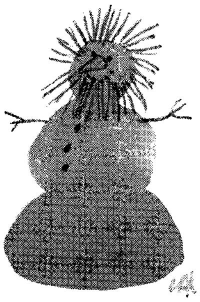
"Does it?" he said, meaning the vodka, and looking toward the door to see who the new arrivals were. He took his pill like a Frenchman or a chicken, raising his head to make the thing go down.

Matthew, the man I had arrived with, took his chair and a brandy and moved next to me. He said he had been very fat as a small boy. "Matthew eats," the other children used to say of him. He read a lot. When he noticed how alarmed his parents were at how fat he was, he obediently laid his chocolate bars aside. Then his parents were called to the school. It was a friendly, permissive, finger-painting sort of place, with a huge papier-mâché policeman in the hall. The policeman's knee had begun to erode. Matthew had been eating papier-mâché. He denied it at the time, but the erosion stopped. He is quite slim now. I told him about my blue feet.

We have all had childhoods, though I do find that the person with the clearest, least self-serving memory pays and pays. I remembered another Matthew, an obnoxious child. He came from many miles away to our place and he never caught a fish. We went trolling from a rowboat, casting from the shore. Sometimes we used a bamboo pole and worms. We all caught fish but Matthew. He just talked a lot. We rowed him. Nothing happened. At first, it was a triumph. Then we were embarrassed. Finally, my brothers had a thought. "The secret of this pond is paper bags," my older brother told Matt. "Oh," Matt said without surprise. I rowed. My brothers put half a worm on Matt's hook and a paper bag around it, with a fish concealed inside. "I think I have a bite," Matt said in a few minutes. He reeled in like mad. He was ecstatic with his half-dead perch. We never told him. Last year, I saw that Matthew, with his children, demonstrating outside a courtroom in Chicago. It was just the fish that he remembered. Lucky memory on his part; on my brothers', picking up that check.

"I had to steal six blouses yesterday at Bloomingdale's," the girl at the next table from ours was saying. "I am not a klepto. I did have the money. It was the lines and salesgirls. I simply did not have the time to wait."

"You are all so wonderful to me, so wonderful," a man near her was saying. He was doing a kind of Tiny Tim routine, covering his ears and shaking his head, and saying, "You're all so wonderful, so wonderful." It was apparently his birthday. I have always thought of Tiny Tim himself as an intensely serious man. Forced to play out the theme of the American freak triumphant, made to sing songs in falsetto—when what he longs to do is sing the old, forgotten songs, in the voices of the dead.



There was a disturbance at the bar. The waiter, a frail man with hair down to his shoulders, had a huge, ill-tempered, and obstreperous writer face down on the floor in seven seconds flat. The whole restaurant grew quiet for a minute, then talked again. The writer began another scuffle. The waiter dragged him out into the street. Squad cars arrived. The restaurant celebrities, at that point, all went out to watch, then came back in to talk.

"New York's not bad," Matt said.

"Not bad," I said.

"When you think about it."

"Think about it," I said. When I am up too late, I have a tendency to echo the last phrase of what has just been said to me.

"How fascinating reporting has become here," the Austrian playwright's wife said. "So new and personal. We say there is no objectivity. There is only creative imagination."

"We say that, too," said a girl at our table, apparently waking up. She seemed to be a model. "That's just what we say."

It went on, went on with everybody.

I visited the University of California at Santa Cruz once. It was rich, and near the sea, and full of redwoods. The students who did not care to walk to class were conveyed there by surreys with fringes. There was no real way to stage a student strike, since most things were permitted, and attendance in the classes was not taken. The only way to be on strike was to *attend* a class, and wear a black, striker's armband. The students wanted to strike on behalf of the local people of Santa Cruz, who loathed them. The first strike was a boycott of grapes. The students picketed the local stores that sold the grapes. The locals bought up all the grapes and waved them in the students' faces. There seemed to be no understanding among anybody. The troopers were there to protect students from club-bearing locals. The students thought the locals were oppressed by troopers. Education, perhaps, in its own way, suffered. "The only way you can get even a quorum of a class here," a professor told me, "is by making a class in Sensitivity Training or Transcendental Meditation." I left soon.

The talk at our table continued. The air was of a sinking ship leaving a sinking ship. Why, I asked myself. Asked myself. The word is wondered. Travel makes incursions on the way one thinks and speaks—the one, the both. Not even language stays quite steady underfoot. Why, for example, put a question mark inside quotation marks and terminate the sentence with somebody "asked"? What else would he do, quoted with a question mark? Reply. Exclaim. Insist. Oh, well. "There are no 'facts,'" somebody said. "What there really is is meanings."

And yet some things are simply so. It was quite late. Matt took me home. There was some sort of petition, or document, or word of sponsorship lying upstairs on my desk for signing. I wanted just to read it, not to sign it. I am not a signer. When I went upstairs, I wondered what it was I had come up to do.

—Renata Adler

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
(CALIFORNIA PROSE DIVISION)

[*From Staff News, house organ of the State of California Department of the Youth Authority*]

Governor's Message

Governor Reagan has asked that the following message concerning salaries be transmitted to all staff:

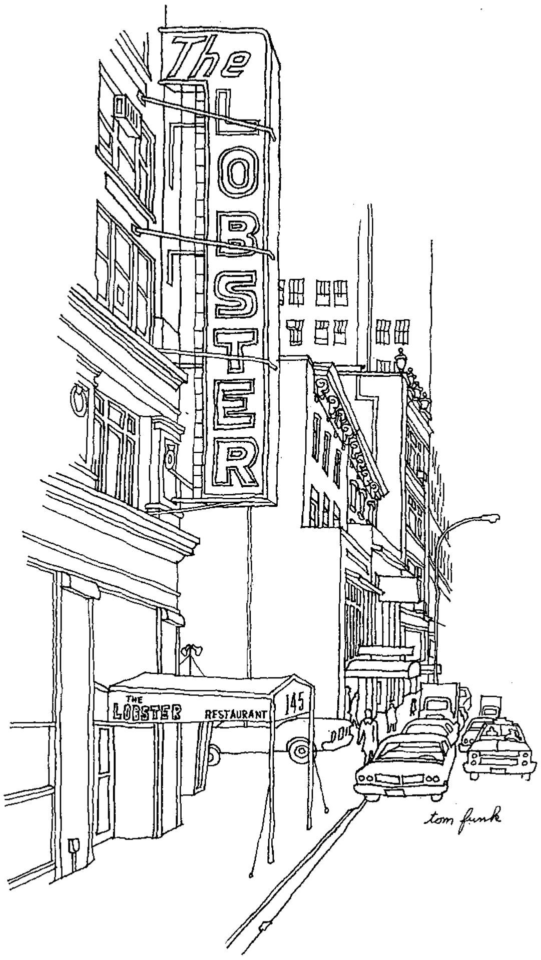
I announced some time ago that Phase II of the salary inequity program would be funded in the next fiscal year on the same basis of determination used by the Personnel Board for Phase I during the current year, and that the budget now in preparation would reflect an adequate amount of money for that purpose. Since then the Personnel Board, with the Cabinet's approval, solicited bids for an outside independent survey of the State's salary setting system, including fringe benefits. . . .

The outside survey is designed to assure both the employees and the general public that a fair and equitable salary setting process will be used in future years, not this current year or the next.

—Ronald Reagan, Governor

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CLOSED



IN the past five years or so, the block on West Forty-fifth Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues has been transformed from a decent, if slightly raffish, neighborhood into a squalid and menacing piece of the city. It is as bad a block as any in the Times Square area. Most of the shops along that block are small, dusty places that stay in business only because their owners are too old or too poor or too accustomed to their surroundings to move. Until recently, there was a tiny store just west of Sixth Avenue that sold pornographic books and magazines. One day the stock was removed from the window and the place was closed—apparently on orders of the Police Department in one of its periodic, and so far futile, attempts to clean up the area. Some of the customers seem to have transferred their attentions down the block to the topless bars there, including the faded Peppermint Lounge, where Chubby Checker popularized the Twist in the early sixties, to the delight of the last remnants of café society; today, at almost any time from lunch hour until dusk a knot of men can be seen peering through a small unpainted square in the front window of the Peppermint Lounge. The block would give the impression of pathetic sensuality if it weren't for some of the occupants of the shabby hotels on it—decaying buildings with grimy windows and littered lobbies. Some of the residents of the hotels are elderly people, many of them from the theatre world, who moved in when the area was fairly respectable and have hung on. Others are blacks and Puerto Ricans living on welfare. And still others are whores, pimps, addicts, and small-time criminals whose faces express both rage and despair. Ordinary citizens who are familiar with this block try to avoid it, for even at midday a man passing along it can expect to be approached by a prostitute or two and by a derelict demanding a handout, and a young woman alone on the block is almost certain to get several obscene invitations or, on occasion, a jostling caress from one of the men loitering beside the hotels. At night, most ordinary citizens who have any sense stay off the street altogether.

For fifteen years, I walked along that block at least a couple of times a week on my way to and from lunch at a restaurant called the Lobster, Oyster and Chop House, or, as it was more commonly known, the Lobster. As the street declined, so did my willingness to traverse it, but I always managed to overcome my distaste for the passage in order to get to what was at the end of it: probably the freshest, most simply prepared, and most reasonably priced seafood in town—served in an atmosphere that made the place seem more like a convivial private club than a commercial restaurant. Not long ago, I made my way west from Sixth Avenue along Forty-fifth Street, for perhaps the thousandth time, to meet a friend whom I joined for lunch at the Lobster almost weekly. As I approached the restaurant, I quickened my pace to get off the street before a panhandler coming toward me could make his pitch. I pushed one of the double glass doors at the entrance, and bumped into it. I pushed again. It was locked. Then I noticed a piece of pink paper stuck to the inside of the door; scrawled on it in pencil was the word "Closed." Unable to believe that the Lobster, which had been open for over half a century, could be closed, any more than that Grand Central Terminal could be closed, I futilely pushed the door again. The panhandler came up to me, and when I turned him down he cursed me and shambled on. I went to the window next to the door and peered in at the long counter where ordinarily Alpheus Walker, the West Indian oysterman, would have been deftly shucking oysters and clams and placing them on a bed of cracked ice. The counter was bare and no one was behind it. Shading my eyes to see better, I saw that the main dining room was dark. Bewildered—at the time, a possible restaurant strike was still several weeks off—I finally gave up and headed back toward Sixth Avenue. Someone called my name, and I turned and saw Hattie, a handsome, gray-haired woman in her sixties who ran the cloakroom at the Lobster. Genial, with a friendly, bantering manner, she had done much to set the tone of the restaurant, because she was usually the first person one spoke to on entering it. Going up to her, I asked, "What's happened, Hattie?"

"It's closed," she answered. "Two days ago."

"Closed?" I asked, still unable to believe it. "For good?"

She nodded, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Thirty-one years I was there," she said. "It was like home. It's terrible." Her voice caught, and she stopped. I asked why the place had been closed down, and she answered, in a rush of anger, "The *unions!* They wouldn't give it a chance. The boys asked for a year's extension of the contract without an increase, but the unions wouldn't even talk about it. Thirty-one years!" She began crying, and sobbed, over and over, "I just can't believe it." I took her arm, but she shook her head and hurried away.

THE "boys" were the owners of the Lobster—two very tall men in their early fifties named Stanley Fuchs and Myron Linz, whose fathers had opened their restaurant, across the street, in 1919. A couple of days after running into Hattie, I telephoned the Lobster on the off-chance that the partners would be there clearing up the last of their business. They were, and the phone was answered by Fuchs, who had run the "front of the house" as greeter and host since he and Linz, who bought the supplies and oversaw the kitchen, took over the place in 1952, after Linz's father died and Fuchs's father retired. Fuchs confirmed what Hattie had told me about the place being closed for good, and said, "It happened because of a combination of many things, but mostly because nobody concerned cared enough." Wondering briefly if that included him and his partner, I put that question aside for the time being, and asked if I could come by and talk over what had happened—to see whether the demise of the Lobster might help explain what was killing midtown Manhattan piece by piece. Fuchs suggested that I drop in the next morning, and said, "The only thing we have more of than time is ideas on what killed our place."

I had always found the Lobster comfortably unattractive. Originally, the place had been a Chinese restaurant, and in the main dining room there were gray plaster walls fashioned to look like stone, chunky gray pillars, and a curved gray ceiling broken up by narrow beams decorated with Oriental designs. Some years ago, a decorator was hired to remodel the place, and he covered the walls with cheap pale-wood panelling broken up by large, pointless squares of black imitation leather every eight feet or so around the room, and then he installed a low, flat ceiling in the rear third of it. There was another dining room off to one side that was larger and uglier. *Its* walls were lined with very bad paintings of the city and the sea, and *its* ceiling had been "lowered" by the same decorator, who had actually succeeded in making it appear higher by suspending from it, by thick cables, half a dozen six-by-six wood panels whose flat undersides, looming hideously about eight feet above the diners' heads, were covered with a nubby brown material composed of foamed asbestos. I ate in that room only once. But walls and ceilings don't make, or unmake, a restaurant for me, and, despite the absurd décor, I found the Lobster a fine place for lunch. On entering, one came into a pleasantly bustling room, where efficient waiters in yellow jackets made their way among the thirty or so tables, covered with crisp white linen cloths, to serve platters of steaming fish garnished only with hot butter, fresh lemon, and a sprig or two of parsley. In the spring, there was shad and soft-shell crabs and tiny bay scallops, and throughout the year there was striped bass and flounder and mackerel and, of course, lobster. In fifteen years, I sent only one dish back.

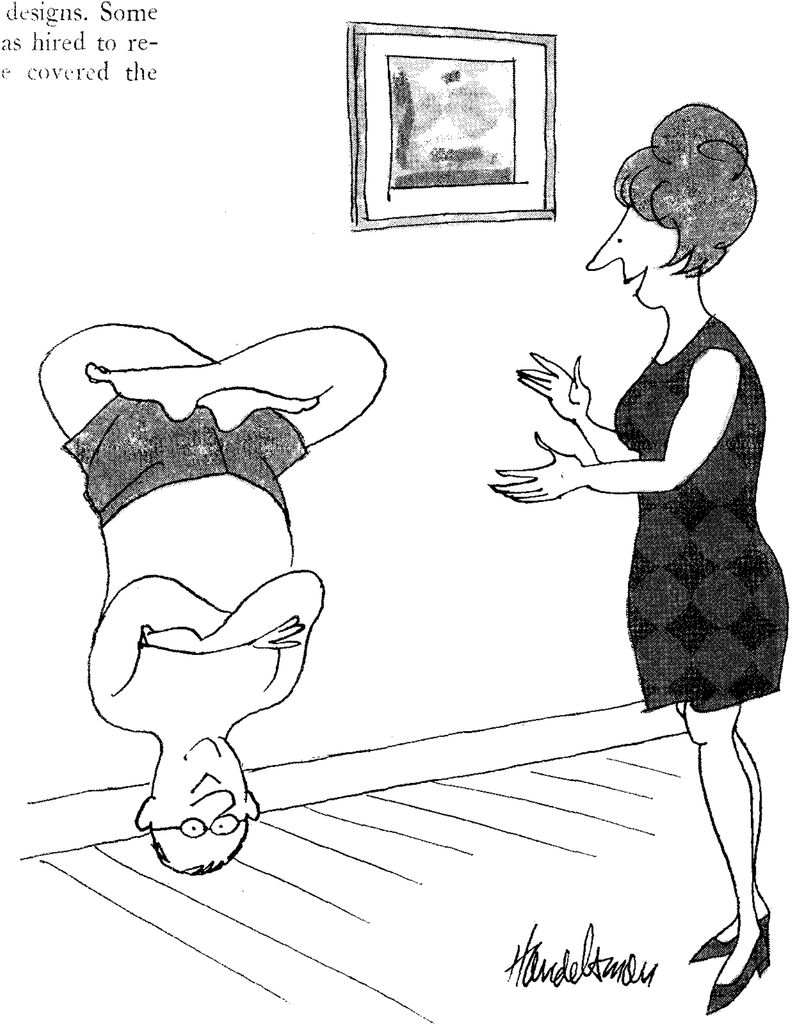
I was unprepared for the sight of the main dining room without its bright bustle and white linen; the place looked as forlorn as an abandoned house with windows broken and shutters hanging loose. The tables were bare, except for a few on which the salt and pepper shakers, sugar bowls, horseradish pots, and baskets of chowder crackers had been stacked. The only light was from the window in front and the small office in the rear, where a single bare bulb was burning. Linz, who is known as Mike, was seated at the table nearest the office poring over a thick ledger. A bald, rather belligerent man with an impatient manner, he drew his six-foot-two-inch frame erect and greeted me with a firm handshake, then waved me to a seat at the table and sat down again. I asked him how he felt about what had happened, and he leaned back, clasping his hands behind his head, and thought for a moment. "Sort of like the man who sees his mother-in-law drive his new Cadillac off a cliff," he said finally, and grinned. Then he sat forward and went on, "Economically speaking, we should have done this a couple of years ago. It's a terrible wrench, of course, after all these years in business and our fathers' having started it and all, but it's a relief, too."

Fuchs, an equally tall man, with a long, melancholy face and black hair receding from a sharp widow's peak, was standing in the doorway to the office talking on the telephone, and when he raised his voice I heard him say, "No, I'm sorry but we can't personally guarantee any checks." He listened for a moment, then said, "It's impossible—just out of the question. The Lobster corporation has gone into bankruptcy." He hung up the telephone and came in to join us. Since I had just come in from the street, I was especially aware of the character of the neighborhood, and asked if they couldn't have survived if they had moved the restaurant to the East Fifties or Sixties, where street crime is less prevalent.

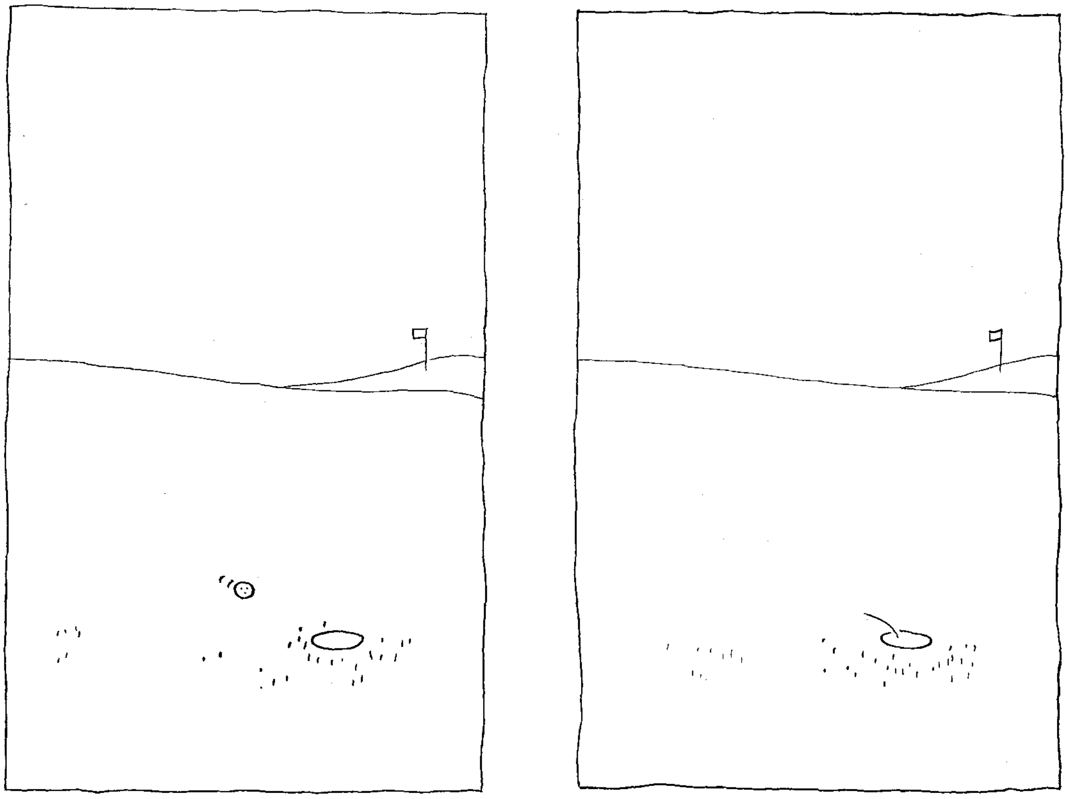
"They've got unions on the East Side, too," Fuchs replied.

Linz grimaced and waved a hand in dismissal. "It wasn't just the unions," he told me. "They were only the last straw."

Linz got up and went into the office to make a telephone call, and I asked Fuchs why he blamed the unions. "Let me put it this way," he said, hunching forward over the table and picking up a wood coffee stirrer. "Our three-year contract with the waiters' union, Local 1, was due to expire on October 31st and our three-year contract with the kitchen workers' union, Local 89, was due to



"Bravo, Murray! Great! It's really very impressive the way your glasses never fall off."



expire on November 15th. Last summer having been absolutely disastrous for us, we had fallen behind on our rent and our tax payments—withholding taxes, Social Security taxes, sales taxes. Also, this place badly needed fixing up, at least superficially. The total cost of back taxes and a surface refurbishing would have run to between forty and sixty thousand dollars. We thought that it was bad business to spend money before we knew what the unions' contracts would add up to. Anything—absolutely anything—would have been too much for us. We couldn't absorb another dollar. So, late in September, I called the unions and asked them for an extension of our current contract for one year. I told them that otherwise we couldn't stay in business. They wouldn't even talk to me. They said to write a letter."

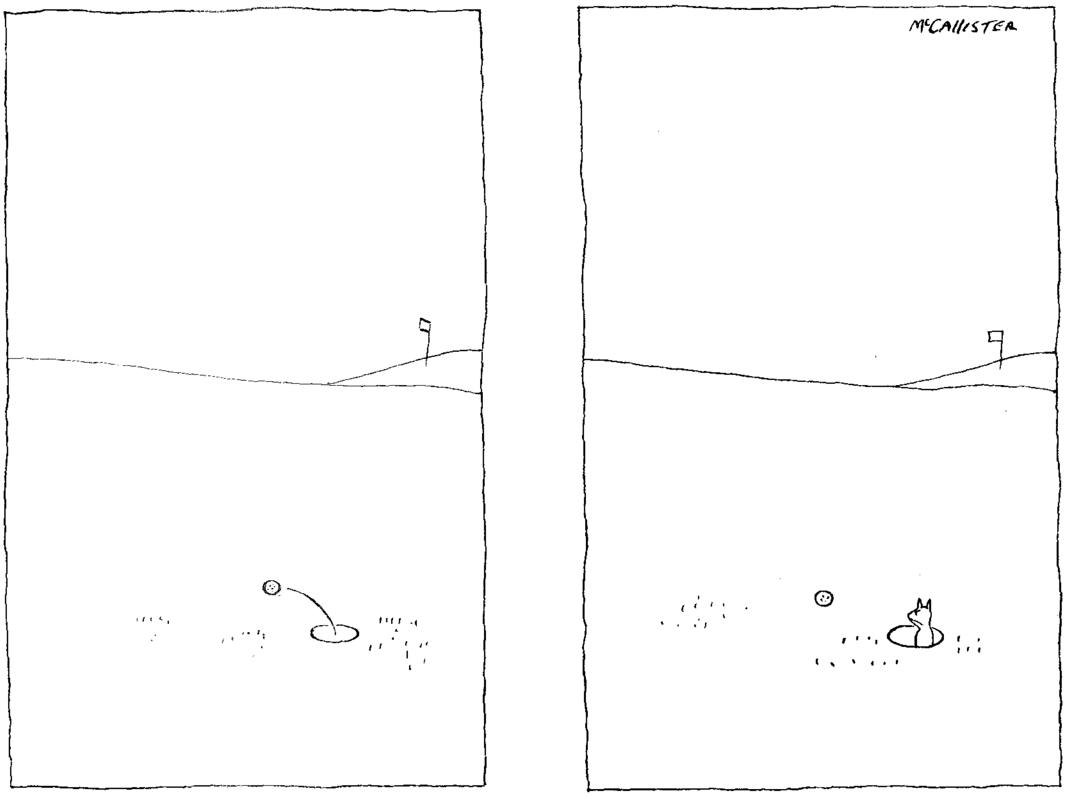
He broke the wood coffee stirrer in half and tossed the pieces aside. Then he drew two pieces of paper out of his jacket pocket and handed one of them to me. It was a copy of the letter he had sent to each union. Dated October 2nd, it said:

> This will officially notify [you] that the Lobster has resigned from the Restaurant League of New York as of September 30, 1972.
>
> The Lobster is unable to consider any contract changes. We respectfully request an extension of the present contract for one year. This will enable us to raise additional capital in order to continue operations. A prompt affirmative reply by October 15 is essential to prevent our closing.

Explaining that the Restaurant League was an association of about a hundred of the leading restaurants in the city, which had negotiated with the unions as a bloc, Fuchs then gave me the other piece of paper, which was a reply from the Dining Room Employees Union, Local 1. The Chefs, Cooks, Pastry Cooks, and Assistants Union of New York, Local 89, had not answered his letter at all, he said. The letter from Local 1 was dated October 13th, and it said:

> Your letter of October 2, 1972, advising us that you resigned from the Restaurant League of N.Y. and requesting an extension of the present contract for one year without any changes, was given due consideration by the Staff.
>
> We wish to advise you that negotiations for the new contract will commence on October 20th with the industry, and we will present proposals for increased benefits for our members that will result in increases and changes during the coming year.

The curt and inflexible tone of both letters gave me the impression that neither side was interested in working things out. When I brought this up, Fuchs looked angry, and said, "*We* were. But how can you work out anything with somebody who writes an insulting reply like that? Local 1's answer and the absence of *any* answer from Local 89 meant that our twelve waiters and busboys and our eighteen kitchen workers would get increases, in money or in fringe benefits, or they would be called out on strike, even if they didn't want one. And none of our people wanted one. They knew we were in bad trouble, and they wanted to go along with us to keep the place open and hold on to their jobs. Anyway, on the morning of October 17th, a Tuesday, we posted both our letters and the answer from Local 1 on the employees' bulletin board here. We let some of those who had been with us for a long time know that we couldn't go on. We told them that our deadline for paying some of our most pressing bills was four o'clock that afternoon, and that if the union didn't come around we would have to close. The waiters' shop steward and another waiter who was second in seniority here went over to Local 1 and argued with them. Our people begged them to go along with us, so they could keep their jobs. But the union people wouldn't listen. Oh, the president of the local called me up and asked why I had to be so hasty, why didn't I wait, why didn't we get together at the time the contract expired and talk things over, we had always gotten along fine before this, he had known my father and Mike's father—just a lot of talk, but no commitment. In short, he said no to our request. He claimed they couldn't go along with us, because they were about to begin negotiating a new contract with the Restaurant League. If you ask me, his answer was nothing but union politics. He and the other union leaders were afraid to make an exception of us because they thought it would harm their negotiations with the League, and they know that the best way to keep their jobs is to get more and more and more for their members, and don't care if it puts someone like us out of business and ruins the city." He lapsed into an angry silence, but after a few moments he went on, more calmly, "Up until five minutes to four that afternoon, Mike and I were still hopeful that the unions would come around and that we'd be able to open on Wednesday. We had enough cash from the day's receipts to go down to the market personally the next morning and buy supplies for the day if we got the word. But we never heard from



them again. So that night, after the last customers had gone, at nine or so, we told our people that we were closing down and that they shouldn't come in the next day."

Linz completed his telephone call and came out to get some papers he had left on the table. "These are part of the reason," he said, waving a sheaf of them at me. "Regulations, inspections, taxes—forms, forms, forms. It's endless." Shaking his head angrily, he went back into the office.

Fuchs watched him go, then turned back to me. "Any way you look at it, the unions did us a favor," he said. "We didn't know if we'd make it through the summer. We put big money into the business to make up for the losses, in the hope that the new theatre season this fall would pull us through. But that looks like a dud, too. The theatre business is off twenty-five per cent this year over last year, and last year it was off twenty-five per cent over the year before, and we were very much hooked into the theatre business. When it suffered, we suffered. Anyway, we were actually losing money for the past year."

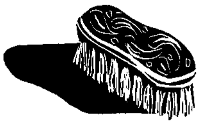
"For the past *three* years!" Linz called out from the office.

"For the past three years," Fuchs repeated.

It seemed odd that a man who had lost money didn't know how long he had been losing it, but before I could bring that up Fuchs said, "Emotionally, we wanted to stay open. We wanted to take care of our help. We wanted to carry on the business our fathers founded. So there were many reasons for our wanting to stay open."

A couple of minutes later, Linz emerged from the office and rejoined us. Since he had disagreed with his partner about the importance of the unions in the final act, I asked him what their significance had been. "Oh, they had an effect on us, all right," he said. "The last-straw effect. There is no give on their side. It's always all on our side. They're used to brinkmanship and have nothing to lose. We're not used to it and have everything to lose, and we did. But more important than the unions, in my opinion, is the city government. There are too many petty laws, petty departments, petty officials for a small business to survive. It takes so much of your time that finally you can't attend to your business. It is what I would call unintentional bureaucratic harassment. This was a very, very, very successful business in its day, but New York doesn't make me want to ever run another one again. Another factor that was as crucial as the unions was costs. Everything has gone up terrifically. It even cost us twice as much to make an ice cube this year as last year because of the increased costs for water and electricity. And the price of fish! That doubled in the past ten months." I asked if they couldn't have raised prices to keep abreast of costs, and he shook his head. "People won't stand for that beyond a point, and we had reached the point," he explained. "No, the only way we could have survived was by increasing our volume. Last summer, lunch was great—better than it had ever been—but you can't run a business like this and pay two shifts of employees on your lunch business. Our dinner business was so disastrous during the summer that we lowered some of the prices to build up our volume, but it didn't work. A few years ago, customers used to stand in line outside on the sidewalk waiting to get in here at night. Most nights, we stayed open until one o'clock in the morning. But in the past couple of years we were lucky to get eighty or ninety people at night—instead of the three or four hundred we used to get. We closed down the other room at night, and even so this room would be only half full. There's nothing worse for a restaurant than to be half empty. A couple comes in and sees it like that, they decide it must not be so good and leave."

Fuchs left to do an errand. Linz got up to stretch and walked around the room aimlessly for a few minutes, obviously lost in thought. I waited. Finally, he slumped down in a chair at a table near the bar in front, and called to me. I joined him and he waved to a chair at the table, and said, "I'm sick of those papers—the symbol of failure." I had been surprised that he hadn't talked about the crime in the Times Square area as a cause of the restaurant's end. I brought this up, and he nodded and said, "Oh, of course crime hurt us, too. But it wasn't crucial. It wasn't the basic cause. Far more basic was that time had passed the Lobster by. This is the era of the 'in' restaurant, the heavily publicized restaurant, the expense-account restaurant—the kind of restaurant where low quality and high prices don't really matter because people want to say they went there. Women are particularly like that. Say a woman is playing bridge with her friends and she says, 'George took me to the In Place last night,' and her friends ooh and ahh and ask how she got him to do that. If she says, 'George took me to the Lobster last night,' someone's going to say, 'Whose bid is it?' We tried to serve good food at decent prices. But the costs went up, the area declined, and the theatre went down, down, down. If costs had been held to a reasonable level, we could have survived. If the area had been improved, we could have survived. If the theatre had been thriving, we could have survived. It used to be that the white middle class—the theatregoers in this town—would go to an almost-made-it kind of play. Just a few years ago, you'd be walking down any one of these streets in the West Forties at eight o'clock at night with your wife or your girl, and you'd say, 'Let's see what we can get tickets for.' No more. Because of publicity about crime in this area, the expense of a couple of drinks and a meal and two seats, the difficulty of parking free and the cost of parking in a lot or a garage—because of all those things, people come here now only for a hit. And there aren't many hits. As long as the almost-made-it play worked, so did we. This summer, we were waiting for a smash hit on Broadway to save us. It was supposed to be 'Dude,' but that flopped. It was supposed to be 'Pippin,' but that didn't make the smash-hit grade. If there's a big hit at the start of the season, people get theatre-minded and go to more shows during the year. That didn't happen this fall." Pausing, he leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "The seven-thirty curtain hurt us badly, too," he went on. "It hurt the theatre business and the restaurant business in general, because women want to eat, and they won't be rushed. Most important, though, the white, middle-class theatregoers don't live in New York City anymore. They all live out in the suburbs, and they're not going to come in to see anything but a hit. If there is a hit and they get interested in the theatre again, they're still not going to go as often as they did when they lived here. Then they went maybe once a month—or, like my wife and me before *we* moved to the suburbs, once a week. Now they'll go two or three times a year, at most. And some of them won't come in for the theatre at all, the way the city is now."



Sitting forward suddenly, Linz gestured around the room with a look of distaste. "Another factor was décor," he said. "Actually, this place didn't *have* any décor. That was an important part of our demise. We should have fixed the place up when it was prospering. Décor is part of the dining experience. People like it, people demand it. It doesn't matter so much at lunchtime, because businessmen don't care much about that sort of thing. But it does matter at night. Women care, and men with women care, too." Falling silent again, Linz glared around the room as if he had come to despise it. Finally, he shook his head, perhaps to throw off that feeling, and turned back to me. "I kept hoping we could come to terms with the unions and raise some capital to fix up the place," he said. "But we couldn't. In the end, I guess I'd have to say that New York ran us out of business. Everything hurt us. For instance, when the white middle class moved to the suburbs, they stopped shopping in the city, which is why so many stores here have folded in the past few years. When those people shopped in New York between Thanksgiving and Christmas in the old days, they used to come into restaurants like this one loaded down with shopping bags, exhausted, their feet killing them. They'd relax and have a few drinks and a big dinner, and take a taxi home. That's all gone. Or take the hard-ticket, two-a-day, reserved-seats-only movies. When 'Lawrence of Arabia' played at the Criterion, around the corner, a different kind of person went, because it was expensive. They went at night, on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays during the afternoon, and we got a lot of their business. When hard-ticket movies went, so did some more of our trade. Or take the Catholic Church's discontinuing the no-meat-on-Fridays rule. That hurt us, too. Even the automobile hurt us. On Sunday evenings in the days before the auto became a toy that everyone had, people came through Grand Central and Penn Station by the thousands. They had luggage and they were tired, and the women didn't want to cook after a train trip. So they checked their bags or brought them along, and had dinner in places like this. Even the jet airplane hurt us. In more relaxed times, people used to come into New York on their way to or from Europe, and they'd stay over for a couple of days between the tiring trip to or from the city to rest up. They ate out and they went to the shows. But now they often don't even stay overnight—it's off one jet and onto another."

A little later, we got onto the subject of the neighborhood's precipitous decline, which Linz attributed, in large part, to the period when the old Hotel Astor started to take in welfare clients before it was torn down, in 1967. "That brought hundreds and hundreds of whores and pimps and addicts into this area," he said. "And then hundreds more joined them when they learned about the easy pickings. Even so, this area isn't as bad as the newspapers have led the public to believe. They've sensationalized the crime problem by playing up every incident that happens, and in the process they have let the whores and the pimps and the bums and the addicts overshadow the real problem." I asked what the real problem was, and Linz leaned forward and stared intently across the table at me as he said, "The white middle class—the people who used to eat here and go to the theatre and were the city's tax base—these people are tough and determined, and they'll put up with almost anything, even crime, to have the kind of life they want. But there is one thing they won't put up with—bad schools. They won't stand for inferior education or danger where their children are concerned. That's why they moved out of the city. And when they moved out, a business like this one was doomed."

Fuchs returned and sat down with us, and a couple of minutes later a middle-aged black man with a mustache and heavy-rimmed glasses came in and sat down, too. He was Samuel Wilkins, who had been the Lobster's house steward, the person responsible for receiving and looking after the food and supplies that were delivered to the restaurant. He had worked there for twenty-six years. "This place was like home to me," he told me. "They closed down, and it was just like I lost my home." Fuchs asked if he had found another job yet, and Wilkins shook his head. He had just come from the union hall, a few blocks away, he said, and had been told that things were very slow. "I've been looking very hard, but there's nothing around," he went on. "One of those personnel agencies offered to sell me a part-time job—three days a week—for sixty dollars. I turned it down. Why doesn't the union have a job for me?"

"The union isn't going to do anything for you, Sammy," Fuchs said.

A few minutes later, Julio Torres, a middle-aged, square-faced man who had been at the Lobster for fourteen years and had worked up from a dishwasher to a cook's assistant, came in and joined us. He had come from the union hall, too, he said, with the same result. He sat glumly without saying anything more for a while and then got up, waved disconsolately, and left.

It seemed to be reunion time, for he had scarcely gone before the Lobster's bartender—a gray-haired, placid

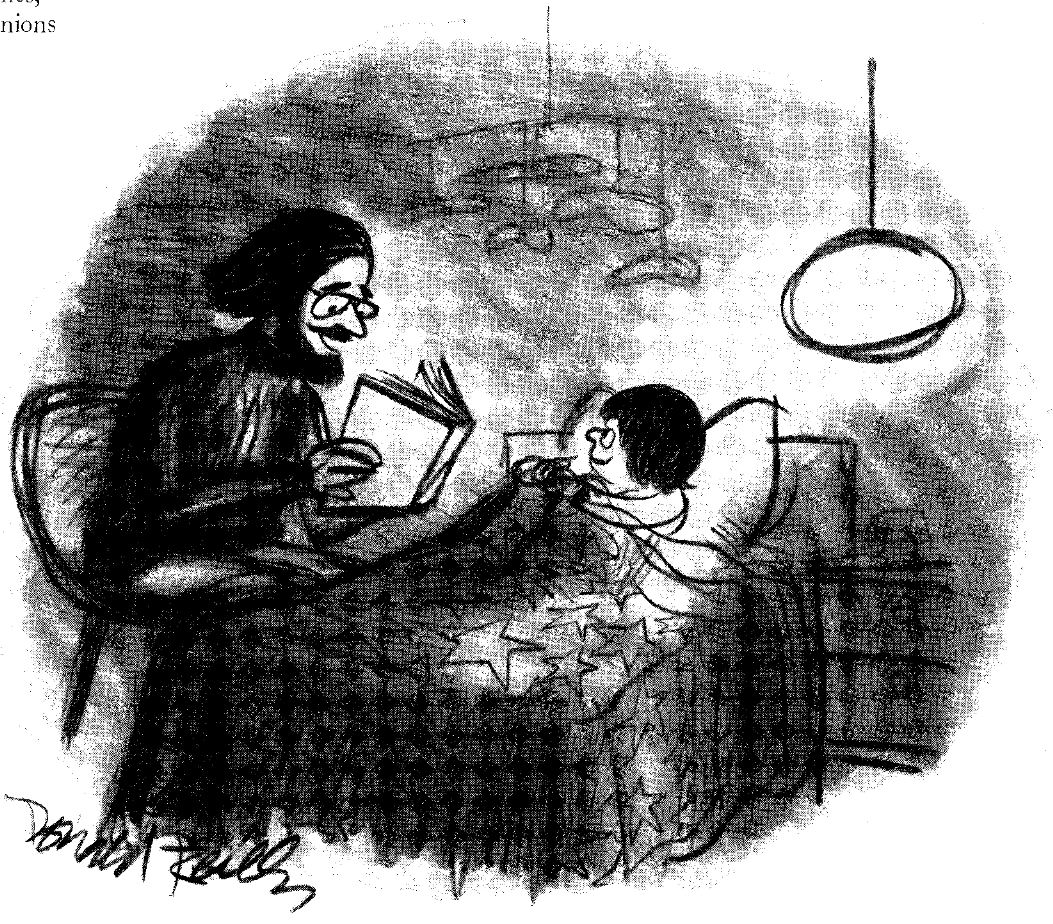
Greek called Gus Drillias—came in with his wife, who is short and has reddish-brown hair and thick glasses. Fuchs greeted them and pulled up some more chairs. When the Drilliases were seated, Fuchs asked Gus if he had found a job, and he said that he hadn't really looked. "Maybe I'll retire," he said. I asked him how long he had been at the Lobster, and he answered, "Forty-four years." He shook his head in wonder at the thought, and then turned to Fuchs and said, "If you hear of something good part-time, let me know. Maybe I'd take that. I've got ten more good years in me." His wife turned to Fuchs anxiously. "I don't know what to do with him," she said. "He's getting restless at home."

After a time, the Drilliases left, and I got up to go, too. I shook hands with Linz, who had been listening to the talk glumly, and Fuchs went with me to the door. While we were standing there, chatting for the last time, Alpheus Walker, the oysterman, came in. Fuchs greeted him warmly and asked if he had found anything. "I haven't really looked," Walker answered, in a gentle West Indian lilt. "I don't feel like working anyplace else." He went over to the table and sat down, and Fuchs told me that Walker had been with them for more than twenty years. "He started here picking up dishes," Fuchs said. "Back then, the unions wouldn't let blacks do any more than that. Alpheus wanted to be an oysterman, and he volunteered to work on his own time for nothing to learn the job from the old Greek who was the oysterman here then. My father agreed, and when the Greek, who by some miracle had saved a thousand dollars a year for twenty-five years, retired and went back to Greece, Alpheus asked for his job. Mike's dad and mine told him that the job was his. But then the union heard about it and threatened to throw a picket line in front of the place and shut it down if he got the job. My father told them, 'Fine, go right ahead. And I'll call every newspaper in town and have them come over to take pictures and write stories on how the union prevents a hardworking, decent man from supporting his family.' The union backed down, and Alpheus became the first black oysterman in town." Fuchs turned to look at the former employees of the Lobster at the table. "That's what hurts," he said. "This was like a home to them. It's a shame—a wicked shame."

IN the course of the next few days, I spoke to half a dozen other members of the Lobster's staff about why the place had closed. A couple of them wouldn't discuss the matter, but the others were strongly inclined to believe that the restaurant had been closed down because the owners wanted to get out of the business. One of the waiters told me, "For the past two years, Mr. Linz kept saying that many restaurants had closed and many more would close. He kept saying that the Lobster would close, too. Around the beginning of this year, he started saying that if the damned unions asked for a raise he'd shut down the place. Anyway, I was there for a good many years, and I know that Linz never liked the business, and his wife liked it even less. I also know that his father left him plenty of money. I think the union was made the goat."

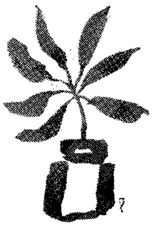
Later, I went over to Local 1, two blocks away, to talk with David Siegal, its president. A rather short man with whitish hair and a paunch, he agreed with the claim that the union had been blamed unjustly. "When I spoke to Mr. Fuchs on the phone, I was surprised by his attitude, because the union hadn't made any demands yet," he said. "Why couldn't he wait two weeks? And I was surprised the next day all over again when I heard they had actually closed. After fifty-some years in business, why was two weeks too long? If they had closed the day after their contract with us expired and we had made demands, I would have understood. But they wouldn't even wait for that. And they didn't know whether there would be a demand for an increase or not. As it happens, we might not have made any demand."

John Rey, a gray-haired man with wide-set eyes and a wide mustache, who is secretary-treasurer of Local 89, took the same position when I went to see him at his headquarters. "I was over at Local 1 that Tuesday the Lobster closed," he told me. "We were having a meeting to talk about our policy in regard to the Restaurant League. Two waiters from the Lobster came over and asked to see us. We heard them out, and they said the bosses were going to close down if we didn't go along with the one-year extension. But that extension was exactly what the League was asking for, too. Mr. Linz's father founded one of the groups that merged to create the League. Mr.



"And so they were married and lived together happily for quite some time."

Linz, Jr., was president of the League itself just a couple of years ago. And the Lobster resigned from the League only two days before they wrote us. It looked like a trick to me—a move made by the League, through the Lobster, to set a precedent. Even so, we were ready to go along with the Lobster if it was sincere, but we couldn’t put it in writing like they wanted—not then, anyway. I was there when Mr. Siegal spoke to Mr. Fuchs and told him that he was speaking for both Local 1 and Local 89. Mr. Siegal led Mr. Fuchs to understand that we would give them the extension. But they insisted that it be in writing. A man has to be reasonable under such circumstances, and the demand just wasn’t reasonable in view of our upcoming negotiations with the League. And the owners refused to wait even another day, which made it look even more like a trick to me. Mr. Siegal tried to make it clear that we would be fair. As a matter of fact, we had agreed between ourselves to give them the extension, as long as our members who worked at the Lobster approved. I’m sorry the place closed. It hurt everybody. Many of their people had been there for years and years and wanted to stay. We would have gone along with them.”



AFTER leaving the union hall, I stopped in for lunch at the Blue Ribbon, a comfortable, dark-panelled German restaurant that has been in business since 1911. Located a block south of the Lobster in the same position, on West Forty-fourth Street, the Blue Ribbon, I had been told, faced many of the problems that had beset the Lobster. I had a lunch of sauerbraten, red cabbage, lentils, pumpernickel, and dark beer, and then I chatted for a few minutes with George Kocolatos, a tall, bulky man with heavy-lidded eyes and wavy dark hair who is the manager and a member of the family that has owned the Blue Ribbon for many years. We talked about the Lobster’s closing, and he told me that, like most restaurants in the area, his evening business had fallen off by seventy per cent in the past couple of years. The only way he managed to stay open, he went on, was by coming to work himself at four o’clock in the morning, when he baked all the bread and rolls and cut all the meat for the day’s meals. By this means, he eliminated the wages and union costs of three employees and saved better than forty thousand dollars a year. “Without that, we’d be out of business, too, by now,” he said. I mentioned the many reasons I had heard for the Lobster’s closing, and he suggested that all of them might be true to some extent. When I brought up the union leaders’ claims about their efforts to help the Lobster out, he shrugged and said, “Who knows what they would have done when the contract expired?” I mentioned the refusal on the part of the Lobster’s owners to wait even two weeks, and he shrugged again. “Maybe their bills had to be paid that day,” he said. “Or maybe they knew, as few people seem to know, that if a company goes out of business during a strike the National Labor Relations Board can make them prove that the strike caused the closing. That could delay bankruptcy proceedings endlessly and cost far more, in legal fees, than any strike would.”

Kocolatos was called to the telephone. When he came back he said, “No, a place like the Lobster doesn’t go out of business because of greed or bad management or labor trouble. It goes out of business because of the sickness downtown. The city government knows what’s killing all of us, but it won’t do anything about it. We are being killed by legal blockbusting. Ten years or so ago, realty interests that wanted to put up those large office buildings along Sixth Avenue discovered that when people who owned property or had leases there learned about the plans they held out for large sums before they would give up their rights. The holdouts were enormously expensive, so some of the realty interests were impressed by a possible new strategy. In assembling a large parcel of land, small realty agents in the area are commissioned to buy up this piece and that piece without divulging who the true owner is. The first step is to buy up the small hotels. They are usually owned by families that eke out a modest living, and they are offered fantastic prices. The next step is that the operators of the hotels let in whores, pimps, addicts, and criminals of all sorts. These tenants can’t get into decent places, so they are willing to pay very high rents, which makes the places enormously profitable from the start. It’s not hard to see how, if you attract undesirables to an area, you drive down the value of *all* the property there. It works. Five years ago, we could have sold this place for a lot of money. Now it isn’t worth a dime. Even its name is worthless. The realty interests’ biggest allies are the newspapers. They sensationalize every bad thing that happens in this neighborhood, and that scares more people away and drives property values down further. The papers are unwitting allies—very much like the people on the Times Square Development Council, which the Mayor set up to save this area. Their solution is to tear down everything. They dream of grandiose architectural schemes and huge sums of money. They haven’t the faintest notion of how this city works, and don’t even realize that what they face is a nickel-and-dime problem. Anyway, once the hotels are put on the skids, welfare moves poor families into them. The kids live on the streets, because there’s no other place for them. They watch and they work for the whores and pimps and addicts, and in time they become whores and pimps and addicts themselves. Then, when it’s too late to do anything, the Police Department comes in and tries to patch over the ruin created by welfare. And all this time the realty people sit back in their fine homes waiting until enough businesses and enough lives have been destroyed to enable them to put up their huge, lifeless skyscrapers on the wreckage of this city.”

I mentioned that in the previous few weeks there had seemed to be fewer prostitutes and pimps in the area immediately around Sixth Avenue, and Kocolatos said, “There are. The police have started to concentrate on this area. When they drive by, you can see them watching everybody. Before, they drove through here and didn’t see anything.” I asked what, in his opinion, had brought about this change, and he answered, “Because businessmen don’t want to move into a neighborhood like this one, so those shiny new skyscrapers along Sixth Avenue are half empty, and the losses in rent are tremendous. The realty people created a Frankenstein here, and now they’re trying to chase him out. As usual, the city has responded to cries for help from those who are powerful. But it’s too late—at least, it’s too late for many of us. The Lobster was only one casualty. There are more to come.”

—RICHARD HARRIS

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To: Manuscript Release Notice Distribution List
FR: F. C. Craigie
RE: Title Change
Present: THE COLLEGE EXPERIENCE AS A HUMAN ENCOUNTER
New: THE HUMAN ENCOUNTER AS A COLLEGE EXPERIENCE
—*Memo from Prentice-Hall’s College Department.*

There! *That’s* done. Pretty soon it’ll be five o’clock, time to go home.

THE THEATRE

A PLETHORA OF BICKERINGS

IN "The Sunshine Boys," at the Broadhurst, Neil Simon is imagining what it would have been like to be an immensely successful vaudeville team on the order of, say, Smith & Dale, of some forty or fifty years ago, celebrated in theatre history for a skit featuring the monstrous ineptitudes of a certain Dr. Kronkheit. (Mr. Simon pays indirect tribute to Smith & Dale by introducing a discussion of the humor intrinsic to any word that contains a "k" and by making *his* vaudeville team enact a skit called "The Doctor Will See You Now.") We are to suppose that the enduring success of two such clowns would have imposed on them strains even more nerve-racking than those of marriage, with none of its compensations; the pair have come to find a continuous close professional relationship intolerable, but the lack of one has proved equally intolerable. There can be no happy way out of this dilemma, and Simon is content to let the grumpy, half-dead old partners come together for a last revival of their skit, quarrel in the midst of rehearsing it, separate, come together again, and, at the final curtain, quarrel again. The structure of the play is as orderly and uninteresting as a minuet. Not a single turn of plot will surprise us from start to finish; not a single surprising line of dialogue will be uttered. When the two snarling old men speak of a colleague newly dead and one asks, "Where did he die?" we know that the answer will be "In *Variety*." We also know that the steady drumfire of yock one-liners will be interrupted from time to time by sight gags whose effectiveness is counted on to increase with every repetition; if sour, whining Willie Clark fails to remember to unbolt his hotel-room door the first time he is faced with the need to do so, he will fail to remember to unbolt it again and again and again. Simon practices an economy of means in his writing that would amount to avarice except for one thing—it works—and his respect or his contempt for his audiences (it could just as easily be one as the other) is such that he will not give them a groat's worth of wit above the amount they require to set them roaring.

Why, then, should one bother to see "The Sunshine Boys"? For the reason that it gives Jack Albertson and Sam Levene an opportunity to scatter before us for a couple of hours their incomparable treasury of acting tricks. I would have been happy to have them perform the entire play in pantomime; their silences were certainly as amusing as anything they said, and their eyes—the dull, purposely vacant eyes of old men of supreme cynicism and fortitude—seemed to pass a harsh judgment not only on each other but on the human race as well. Lewis J. Stadlen plays the thankless role of a young go-between, tossing out dry bones of jokes for his elders to snarl and quarrel over. The director, Alan Arkin, may have encouraged Mr. Stadlen to shout his lines a little more stridently than was absolutely necessary, but I can't think of how he would otherwise have made much of an impression on us. The settings—a dreary hotel bedroom and a brilliantly lighted TV studio—are by Kert Lundell, the costumes are by Albert Wolsky, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

If It Please Your Honor

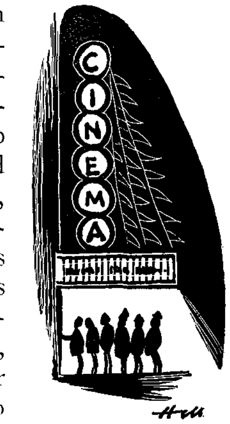
GEOFF ROBERTSON'S "The Trials of *OZ*," at the Anderson, is based on an actual trial that took place last year in London. You probably know all about that by now, but if not: In 1971, the editors of an underground magazine called *OZ* turned one issue over to a team of schoolboys, the oldest of whom was eighteen. When the issue appeared, it was confiscated by the police, and the three editors of *OZ*, *not* the schoolboys, were brought up on obscenity charges. The defendants were found guilty and sentenced to prison; they were later freed on appeal. The current show—a loose patchwork of actual testimony, rock singing and dancing, and general shenanigans—is, God knows, uneven in quality, but quite lively all the same. It is, of course, a setup from the start (who is for censorship?), and it carries the expected complement of schoolboy indecencies (they *are* schoolboys, so that's all right) and counter-culture sermons (sound enough, I guess, if you don't mind sermons). In the course of the action, witnesses and barristers are interrupted by cartoons from *OZ* flashed upon a couple of screens; by a small, splendid rock combo and some merry dancers; and, very annoyingly, by the many entrances and exits of a man in a bear's costume with an outsize striped phallus—a comic-strip character from *OZ*. The songs, by Buzzy Linhart, Mick Jagger, and John Lennon and Yoko Ono (arranged by Bill Cunningham), all sounded good to me. The acting as a whole doesn't amount to much, but Cliff DeYoung makes a sympathetic and convincing young editor appearing in his own defense; William Roerick is amusing as the pompous old judge, especially in a spurt of arch, arthritic gallantry directed at a pretty woman; and Richard Clarke is strong and unflappable as the barrister for the prosecution. Actually, the most dramatic aspect of the show is Mark Ravitz's setting of the Old Bailey, lighted by Jules Fisher. It is a marvel.

I CANNOT remember being more unattracted to a musical than I was to "Rainbow," at the Orpheum. Brainless, heartless, humorless, campy, complacent, gleeful, dirty, and soppy, it was written by James Rado, a co-author of "Hair" (score and lyrics), and by Mr. Rado and his brother Ted (book). (What a lovely show "Hair" was, in its original production down at the Public!) Even a glance at the dramatis personae listed in the program is enough to sink the heart: the hero is Man, and he is supported by, among others, Jesus, Buddha, President, and First Lady. Man, by the way, is a young American soldier killed in Vietnam, and Jesus, also by the way, spends much time flouncing around in a diaper secured by a big white safety pin and being lustfully pursued by First Lady. Mr. Rado's in-the-manner-of music is certainly bountiful—there are forty-two songs, most of them imitations of hits of the thirties and forties—and often tuneful. The music may well deserve more praise than I can give it, since I heard most of it through a hum of rage, and it is sung and danced to with unflagging enthusiasm by all present. Of the performing, I particularly enjoyed the deftness and commanding presence of Bobby C. Ferguson, as Wizard, and the directness and simplicity and pleasant singing of Kay Cole, as Boy's Girl. Now we can all forget about "Rainbow."

—EDITH OLIVER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Star Mutations



"UP THE SANDBOX" is a joyful mess—a picture, full of sass and enthusiasm and comic strokes, that doesn't seem to have discovered what it's meant to be about. It's marginalia in search of a movie, but it's as full of life as its pregnant heroine. Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multiradiant. As Margaret, wife of a Columbia instructor and mother of two, she's a complete reason for going to a movie, as Garbo was. The Anne Richardson Roiphe novel is a celebration of the heroine's deep pleasure in marriage and maternity; in the novel, Margaret fantasizes—spin-offs from her life, daydreams in which she sees herself as the heroine of garish, improbable exploits. She is not, however, a female Walter Mitty or a woman trying to find her identity. It is clear that she loves her own life—that it is what she has chosen because it satisfies the deepest needs of her character. This doesn't give a movie much to work with, but the attempt here to open the material into a speculative fantasy-essay on women's conflicting desires (though elating in its own way) plays havoc with Margaret's character and situation. At a realistic level, Margaret's physical contentment with her children and her seductive, happy abandon with her husband (David Selby) feel so true that the actual problems that come up (such as her needing someone to take care of the baby so she can keep a doctor's appointment) seem minor. Margaret isn't crushed or exploited; all she needs to do is speak up and tell her husband that sometimes she needs help for a few hours. The small indignities she experiences aren't in scale with the major confrontations that the film gets into. Trying to turn her into a revolutionary woman who must leave the family and decide for herself what she wants to do violates her character. There are, no doubt, women who need to consider walking out and slamming the door, but Margaret isn't one of them.

However, despite Margaret's blissful acceptance of husband and children, her daydream life is apparently similar to the daydream life of incensed and angry women, because many women appear to read the book as a statement of the need for liberation. That is, they read it in terms of their own needs, and so there is some warrant for the movie's using Margaret's fantasy world as a taking-off place for speculations. And Mrs. Roiphe provided a conveniently loaded basis for discussion, since Margaret's husband is doing the kind of exciting intellectual work that can so easily be contrasted with women's supposed dreary existence with their kids (though it isn't dreary for Margaret). The women's-lib material gives the film pungency; it deals in imponderables, but for the most part wittily and never abstractly. Margaret's life is used to raise questions about how a woman might try to juggle the claims of her husband, her children, her implacable, wheedling mother, and her own fitful, half-forgotten aspirations. In a sequence of rude, snorting satire—the clamorous celebration of her parents' anniversary—she makes it plain that the devouring mother isn't going to get a nibble off her. That much is settled, but the other claims aren't. These questions have never before been dealt with on the screen so eagerly and openly; there's never been anything like this hip, sharp, free-association-style treatment of a modern theme. You can't tell where the movie is going until you realize that it's simply going to take off, and that it's trying not just to deal with Margaret but to use her as a stand-in. It may be tempting for those who are put off by the subject, or the flighty style and lack of dramatic tension, to get fixed on specific defects, such as the African trip, which doesn't have much point, and the abortion fantasy, which is rather ineffectual. But "Up the Sandbox" is full of knockabout urban humor, and full of beauty—which one rarely finds in the context of battered feelings and slumps in self-esteem. It's a comic, dissonant cantata on loving and being tugged in different directions.

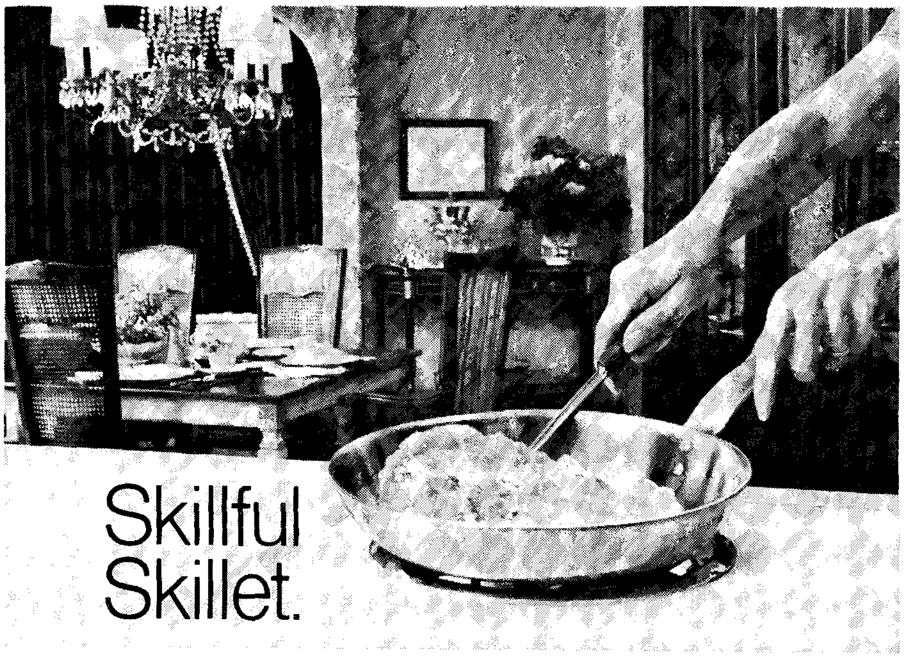
The movie feels as if it should go on longer—one wants more. Though a random harvest, it's deft and exhilarating all the way. The director, Irvin Kershner, may be caught in a conceptual muddle, and the film doesn't have the fine structure of his "Loving," but it has a sparkle beyond anything in his previous work and a new volatile, unconstrained atmosphere. His domestic scenes are more spontaneous and more tender than those of any other current American director; he has a poet's feeling for the sensuous richness in ordinary life, and the sexy domestic scuffles are pure comedy-romance. The film is technically as beautiful as Eric Rohmer's work, though in a much faster tempo, with cheering, constantly surprising editing rhythms. The cinematographer Gordon Willis's New York City vistas have the intoxication that is integral to Mrs. Roiphe's vision (only the playground scenes lapse into conventional lyricism). "Up the Sandbox" can't figure out what its terms are (it's too bad Mrs. Roiphe didn't adapt it, instead of Paul Zindel), but there's the incidental amusement of watching male moviemakers try to inject women's-lib points—try to fit their guilt-ridden notions of women's consciousness-raising—into a story in which they don't quite belong.

And there's Streisand. No one else has ever been so appealingly wry, or so funny when self-deprecating, or so ardently and completely *hopeful*. That's why even the thought of Margaret's walking out on her children is such an impossibly wrong, male-conceived device. The picture might seem a cop-out if nothing was changed at the end, but Streisand's Margaret, like Mrs. Roiphe's, enjoys her kids and is too healthily intelligent to sacrifice them to some confusion in her head. As Streisand's pictures multiply, it becomes apparent that she is not about to master an actress's craft but, rather, is discovering a craft of her own, out of the timing and emotionality that make her a phenomenon as a singer. You admire her not for her acting—or singing—but for herself, which is what you feel she gives you in both. She has the class to be herself, and the impudent music of her speaking voice is proof that she knows it. The audacity of her self-creation is something we've had time to adjust to; we already know her mettle, and the dramatic urgency she can bring to roles. In "Up the Sandbox," she shows a much deeper and warmer presence and a freely yielding quality. And a skittering good humor—as if, at last, she had come to accept her triumph, to believe in it. That faint weasellike look of apprehensiveness is gone—and that was what made her seem a little frightening. She is a great undeveloped actress—undeveloped in the sense that you feel the natural richness in her but can see that she's idiosyncratic and that she hasn't the training to play the classical roles that still define how an actress's greatness is expressed. But in movies new ways may be found. If there is such a thing as total empathy, she has it, and (to steal a phrase Stark Young once employed to describe a character in a Goldoni play) she has a "blunt purity" that makes her the greatest camera subject on the contemporary American screen.

CAROL BURNETT, who is probably the most gifted comedienne this country has ever produced, does a plain acting role in "Pete 'n' Tillie;" it's as if the Admiral of the Fleet had turned ordinary seaman. She comes before us as a lot less than she is. (We never even get to see her beautiful Edna May Oliver smile.) She plays it close-in, tame, as if acting meant putting a straitjacket on her talent. She is one of the least self-infatuated of the inspired comics, and her professional modesty is the extra blessing that makes you feel good when you watch her television show. The sketches are the most sophisticated satire on the air (and with the wittiest costuming television has known), and Carol Burnett can get away with it because she isn't self-congratulatory and because she manages to behave like a levelheaded, nice woman.

But "nice" is a double-edged word. "Pete 'n' Tillie," which is adapted from Peter De Vries' short novel "Witch's Milk" and co-stars Walter Matthau, is a nice picture, a modern-day equivalent of the solid, semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally which the studios used to put out—the sort of picture that starred Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. Millions of people will probably enjoy this movie, and I wasn't bored by it, but it wasn't my kind of picture the first time around (under titles like "Penny Serenade"), and it isn't now, either, though I wanted it to be, because I love Carol Burnett. On TV, her niceness is part of what gives her show its balance and keeps it from getting frantic; her easy relationship with the regulars, and with the guests, is a relief from the edgy, hostile overfamiliarity on most shows—it's like the niceness that is part of Mary Tyler Moore's appeal. But in "Pete 'n' Tillie" an inhibited version of this niceness is all she uses. Her dry delivery of her lines is often skillful, and her slow, deliberate movements suggest a contemplative sort of woman, but I don't understand why, in the cause of realism, her spirit is so withered.

The movie is the story of Tillie's romance with Pete, a jokester who works in motivational research, and their



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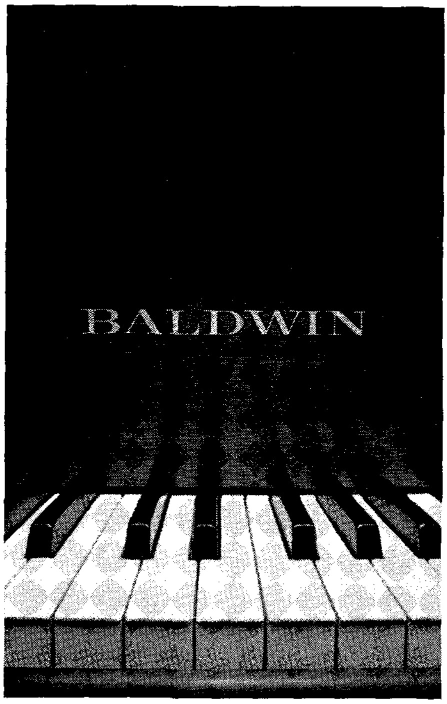

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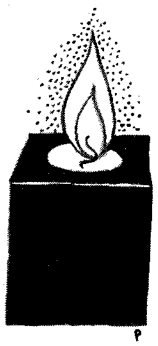
marriage. In the book, Tillie is a bit of a calculating bitch (and Carol Burnett has the knack of being underhanded—she's a genius at it), but the producer-adapter, Julius J. Epstein, makes Tillie innocuously pleasant and the most straightforward of heroines. And I can't believe in this dutiful, milk-drinking wifey-woman who accepts her role in life with quiet strength. (I couldn't believe in it when Irene Dunne did it, either; I always wanted to slam her one.) Carol Burnett plays this feminine version of "grace under pressure" in an almost grimly controlled way. The romance is inexplicable, because Pete is a charming, waggish reprobate and you expect her to respond to his aberrant humor; you keep hoping for some rapport to develop. But she's stony-faced when she should be breaking up. Tillie is apparently meant to be likable, but the absence of spontaneity in her, and of flirtatiousness, too, is stolidly inhuman. How can a jokester fall in love with a deadpan moo-cow woman who never relaxes or cracks a smile? (Pete's commendatory "Good girl!" to a particularly plainspoken example of her common sense is a clue to Epstein's view of what attracts Pete.) It's understandable that Miss Burnett doesn't want to resort to slapstick, and she has never been a laugh-jerking or applause-jerking performer. It's understandable that she should play straight woman to Matthau. But this is an unnecessarily confined and schoolmarmish performance.

Pete's and Tillie's life together is all so aseptically the middle-class ideal it looks like death. They are romanticized versions of "ordinary" middle-class people—not romanticized in the old Hollywood way, which resulted from casting glamorous stars in the roles, but romanticized by their highly articulate, epigrammatic conversations and their low-key self-control and stiff-upper-lip civility. Now that the couple's economic level has been raised and they have been elevated to comfortable suburban Doris Dayville, the story seems more complacent than when you read it. It's a depressing expensive house they live in, and this picture's whole notion of the good life is pretty damned depressing. What's the purpose of Tillie's dispensing with bra and girdle, at Pete's suggestion, if she's going to wear those immaculate suburban outfits Edith Head sticks on her? (They look as if they'd fumigate anyone who came within a range of five feet.) Tillie may act like Pete's bad luck, but the picture says she's an ideal wife. If there is such a thing as a consciousness-lowering movie, this is certainly it.



The discreet sentimentality of old movies, with their idealized, unimperilled middle-class values, seemed smug and narrow and fake even then, and now the celebration of those values seems to come out of a time warp. Perhaps at the behest of Epstein, a veteran scriptwriter, who worked on dozens of the romantic comedies of the past, Martin Ritt has directed prudently, letting each line gather its full effect, which is to say, the director seems to be in a period of amiable dotage. There's a particularly stiff composition in which a nurse hovers over Tillie as if she were waiting to swoop down with a butterfly net. The only relief is a lively, fiendish fight between Carol Burnett and Geraldine Page, who plays Tillie's bitch-gossip friend (but with the way Epstein has cleaned up Tillie's character, her friend's sudden fury at her comes out of nowhere). When, near the end, the couple, who have split after losing their son, are talking in a garden, and a boy, running away from his mother, comes between them, and they both begin to cry, it is apparent that Epstein carries the secrets of forties movies' heartbreak in his pockets; he ought to rip a few holes in those pockets. "Pete 'n' Tillie" is a buttoned-up movie, and I'd trade it in for the stripping act Carol Burnett did nine years ago in "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?" Matthau, with his ramshackle slouch and the incongruity of his courtly manner and mashed-potato face, saves the picture from being cloying; the best moment comes when Tillie, in bed, asks him to exhibit what sex manuals call afterglow, and for a fleeting instant he has the balmy, sweet smile of Ferdinand the Bull. The two of them could be great together if she'd let herself go. For Carol Burnett to be so staid on the screen is a form of deprivation for the audience, like Barbra Streisand's not singing in recent movies.

A YEAR or so ago, I turned on the television set in the middle of a Rod Serling "Night Gallery" presentation of a play called "A Fear of Spiders;" Patrick O'Neal was telling Kim Stanley that he'd seen a spider as big as a dog, and then he explained, "Perhaps it's a mutation. There's a lot of that going around." Maybe so. Doesn't it seem a little soon for Robert Redford to be presiding over his own mutation into a legend? I was still waiting for him to become a new kind of hip and casually smart screen actor, and he's already jumped into the mythic-man roles in which tired, aging stars can vegetate profitably. Even before the titles of "Jeremiah Johnson," he is photographed in a shamelessly glamorous style that evokes the young Gary Cooper, while a ballad informs us that he's a "mountain man," a loner, and—by implication—a dropout from dirty civilization. It's a new-style Hollywood-factory epic poem, constructed by grafting together Vardis Fisher's novel "Mountain Man" and the story "The Crow Killer," by Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker. The strong, silent man is now self-consciously cool, and aware as hell of the larger social ironies of his situation. This is Hollywood youth-grabbing alienation, set circa 1825. All that Jeremiah wants is to live his own life in the wilderness, as a trapper, but when the wife he has acquired and the mute child he has adopted are slaughtered by Crows (in reprisal because American soldiers have made him violate the Indians' sacred burial ground), he goes on a revenge rampage, killing Crows for the rest of the movie. Maybe Redford and Sydney Pollack, the director, really believe they're doing something different from the conventional new, brutally "realistic" Westerns, because "Jeremiah Johnson" crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore.

Isn't it late in the history of movies for Redford's tall-in-the-saddle star games—the stern, blank face and the quick grin like rain in the desert? Redford must want to be an old-timey hero. His underplaying has begun to seem lazy and cautious and self-protective; he never opens himself up, as a major actor must. He's playing the star games of an earlier era, and they don't mean the same things now. His model is Coop (he used the name itself in "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here"), and he manages that dumb look; what's missing is what Coop, the Westerner, conveyed—a quiet, unshakable belief in a code and a way of life. The Westerner stood for a basic idealism, and when he used his guns it wasn't for revenge, it was for justice. Probably young audiences can no longer relate to what the Westerner stood for, but are they supposed to like Redford because he's so sheepish and silent and straight? Hell, so was Lassie. The cool silence of the Coop archetype implied depths. There are no depths in Redford that he's willing to reveal; his cool is just modern, existential chic, and it's beginning to look sullen and stubborn rather than heroic. When Redford is in a competitive buddy-buddy co-star relationship, the cool can be a put-on, but in this fake-authentic Western setting it's cool gone dank and narcissistic. The screwed-up script, by John Milius and Edward Anhalt, is empty; it exploits the appeal of the disillusioned romantic loner trying to escape the corruption of civilization, but when Jeremiah becomes corrupt himself and starts killing Indians, he's even more romantic. In the guise of gritty realism, action films have become far more primitive, celebrating tooth-and-claw revenge in a manner that would have been unthinkable in early Westerns, or even ten years ago.

This movie banks on action and brutality, but it aims for allegorical big game, squeezing whatever resonance it can out of having the hero addressed as "Pilgrim," and piling on the kind of legend talk that gives me a bellyache. When the Crows are chasing our hero and he's advised to escape by going down to a town, he says, "I been to a town." Grizzled, cantankerous types give him sage advice: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." This movie was made with its nose to the wind; that's what's the matter with it. First, it demonstrates that you can't escape corruption—that Jeremiah is forced to become a murderer—and then it uses this demonstration to give its hero a license to kill, so the picture can be exploited in the worldwide men's-action-film market. When the Crows, recognizing Jeremiah's courage, end their war against him, and the chief gives him a peace sign, Jeremiah signals him back, giving him the finger. In that gesture, the moviemakers load him with guilt for what the white Americans have done to the Indians, and, at the same time, ask us to laugh at the gesture, identifying with his realism. How many different kinds of consciousness can a movie diddle with? "Jeremiah Johnson" seems to have been written by vultures.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Canada was not interested in Churchillian exhortations to national destiny. Its eyes instead were firmly fixed on the ground—on the unemployment liney, on high prices in the shops, on the steep taxation in middle-class suburby, on language irritationy.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Phoenix

Hans Werner Henze, born in 1926, has long seemed to me the most interesting and important composer of his (and my) generation. Following his progress, we find the swift-moving musical history of our day refracted in a brilliant, poetic creator's mind. He has been prolific. His career has taken some surprising turns. But through the long list of compositions, in every genre, there runs an unbroken thread of steady artistic development in which romantic and technical adventures are combined. In almost textbook fashion, Henze lived out for a while the life of a Great German Artist. He had that thorough, practical training which is regular in Germany and uncommon elsewhere—working in small opera houses as coach and *répétiteur*. With his first opera, "Boulevard Solitude," a modern treatment of the Manon story, he burst on the public as a brilliant youth with all the latest techniques at his fingertips and something of his own to say—a composer who had absorbed from Stravinsky and Schoenberg whatever he needed to express his personal, romantic visions. He could have had the country at his feet. Instead, like Jean-Christophe, the hero of Romain Rolland's novel, he sickened of and fled the musical "marketplace"—the world of publishers, press relations, buttering up the right conductors, and all that—and in traditional German fashion made his Italian Journey and experienced the Italian Idyll. In Ischia he settled, and for four long years to the immense score of the opera "König Hirsch" he confided, as if to a diary, his Mediterranean musings and excitements. "König Hirsch" was mocked by young progressives when Berlin staged it in 1956. Henze remained in Italy; in a cello concerto called "Ode to the West Wind" and in the ballet "Ondine" he continued to waken the blue Mediterranean from his summer dreams. The early sixties brought a rapturous outpouring of love music—"Ariosi," "Being Beauteous," "Cantata della Fiaba Estrema"—charting his emotional adventures. In these compositions, an expressed desire for Latin clarity of rhythm and line is in fruitful conflict with his fondness for intricate, softly luminous, close-woven textures. The cast of "König Hirsch" had included a young dreamer who mused, spellbound, amid the enchanted wonders of the forest; in the opera "Der Prinz von Homburg," Henze's "de-Germanized" version of Heinrich von Kleist's play, Prince Friedrich escapes from the world of Prussian militarism into gentle, moonlit dreams. Henze's next opera, "Elegy for Young Lovers" (1961), deals with a Great Poet who ruthlessly sacrifices friends, admirers, and lovers in the cause of his compositions.

The opera "Der Junge Lord," first performed, in Berlin, in 1965 (and due at the New York State Theatre in March), opened a new chapter, The Return to the Fatherland—not to live but to be accepted. Henze was back in the center of the marketplace—lionized, recorded, published, conducted by Karajan! The Collected Essays appeared. At the time of the première, *Intendants*, music publishers, reporters, and television cameras clustered thick about him. An even bigger opera, "The Bassarids," had already been composed in preparation for Salzburg, the costliest and glossiest of Europe's festivals, and Henze announced that with "The Bassarids" he had "made his peace with Wagner." Peace before a storm. For a couple of years, Henze composed mainly concertos in which his musical sinews grew tougher. His Second Piano Concerto was commissioned, for fifty thousand marks, to celebrate the opening of a *Kunsthalle* in Bielefeld named after Richard Kaselowsky, an early member of the Nazi Party. The storm broke on the eve of its first performance, in 1968, when Henze published in the Bielefeld *Presse* a declaration entitled "Mein Standpunkt." It ended, "Unnecessary are new museums, opera houses, and world premières. Necessary, to set about making dreams come true. Necessary, to abolish the dominion of men over men. Necessary, to change mankind, which is to say, Necessary, the creation of mankind's greatest work of art: the World Revolution."

Later that year, I went over to Hamburg to hear the first performance of his oratorio "Das Floss der Medusa." It had been commissioned by the North German Radio, for eighty thousand marks. It was not performed. Students put up a red flag and a Che banner (the work is dedicated to Che Guevara). The RIAS Chamber Choir of West Berlin, with that admirably crisp diction and attack that mark all its performances, set up a refrain of "Under the Red Flag sing we *not!*" Some mild scuffles broke out—and then, as if on cue, in marched a gang of steel-helmeted police troopers, who roughly removed the student demonstrators, scooped up on the way the elderly, distinguished librettist of the piece, Ernst Schnabel, and then patrolled round the hall in a show of force. Henze announced that because of the police intervention he would not conduct the work, and instead he led a section of the audience in a chant of "Ho! Ho! Ho Chi Minh!"—a rallying cry, incidentally, whose rhythm provides the ostinato figure ending the oratorio. The event raised many questions, some of them crystallized in one of the S.D.S. manifestos showered upon the Hamburg audience: "This concert should have taken place before an audience of workers, not the bourgeoisie. . . . But in the future Henze will write revolutionary music, and see to it that it is heard and understood by those for whom it is written."

What sort of music? What sort of audience? The official music of the socialist countries is seldom revolutionary but, rather, an orthodox, "bourgeois" musical treatment of socialist texts or programs. Meanwhile, in the capitalist West, small socialist performances play to small converted audiences, while large ones—such as the Kurt Weill "Mahagonny" at Washington's Kennedy Center last week—provide aesthetic pleasures, and perhaps a fleeting pang or two, for educated, élitist audiences that can afford the ticket price. Britten composes an anti-church "War Requiem," opposing to "the old lie, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," a declaration that to die while trying to kill people is degrading and vile; we perform it in cathedrals amid the proud banners of battle. The bourgeoisie is adept at drawing the teeth of socialist art. In East Berlin, the satire of Henze's "Junge Lord" satirizes something across the border; in West Berlin, the audiences watching it smile indulgently at seeing their follies portrayed. Given his whole musical personality, Henze could hardly, after "Das Floss der Medusa," turn his hand

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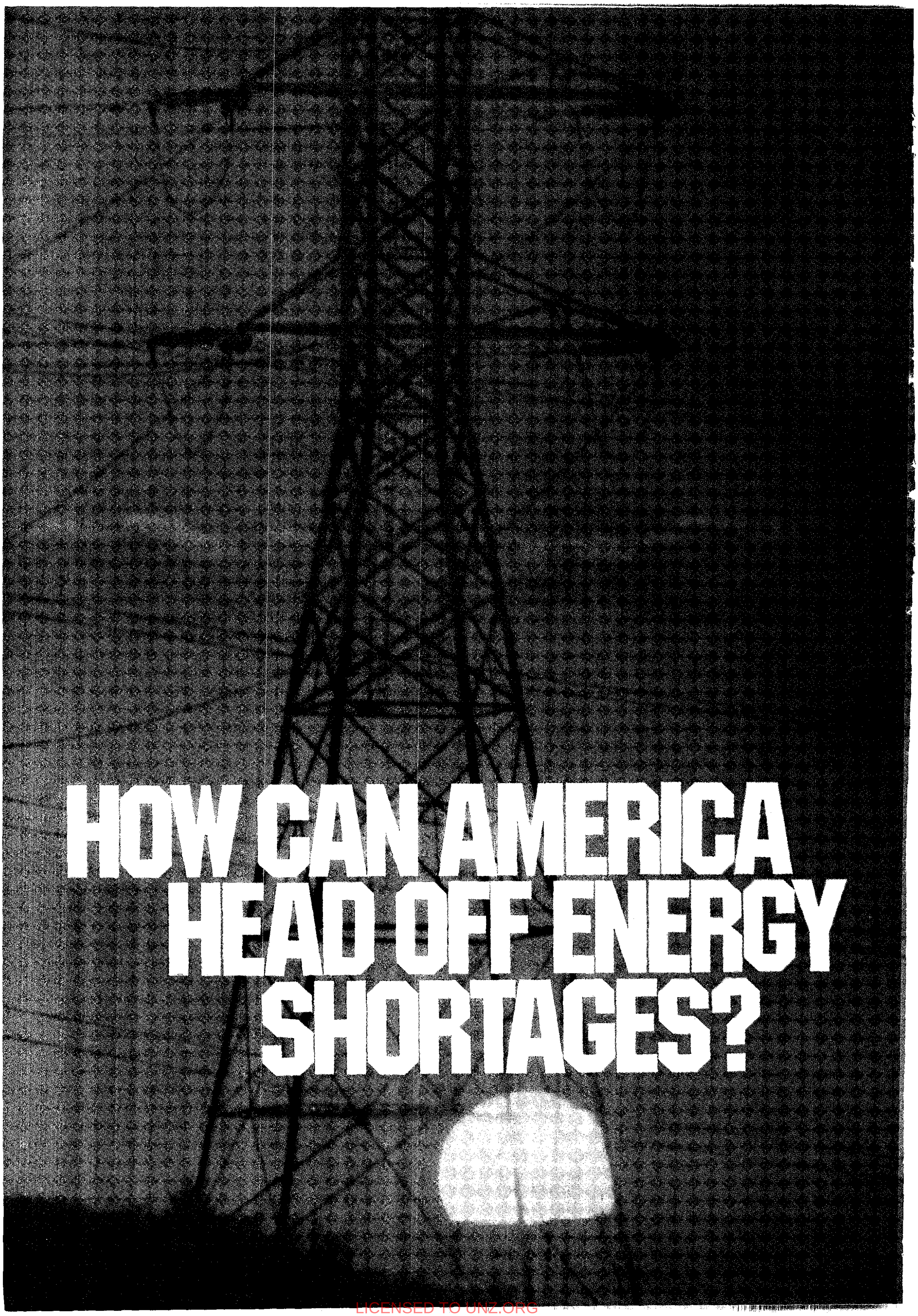

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WE'RE USING MORE, FINDING LESS

In 1971, domestic natural gas production was 96% of what we used. By 1985, unless we take steps now to encourage exploration for new supplies, domestic production will meet only 40% of estimated demand.

Domestic oil production in 1971 took care of about three-fourths of demand. By 1985, domestic supplies will provide less than half of our needs—unless we start now to increase these supplies.

Our other domestic sources of energy at present are coal (18%), hydroelectric power (4%), and nuclear and geothermal power (less than 1%). By 1985, nuclear power's share may rise as high as 17%, while the relative shares of coal and hydroelectric power are expected to decline slightly.

We have learned how to make synthetic oil and gas from coal, and to produce oil from shale and tar sands. But it will be many years before these sources can make a significant contribution.

Some day we may even get power directly from the sun. But solar energy is still a long way off.

For the next critical decade or longer, the great share of our growing energy burden must be borne by oil and natural gas.

WHERE CAN WE GET ENOUGH?

Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and natural gas still to be discovered in America, particularly offshore. But environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing their development.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

"Imports" are one obvious answer to the supply problem. But that answer is not as simple as it may seem to be.

In 1971, we imported about one-fourth of the oil we used. That share will rise, year after year. So may imports of natural gas.

But the cost of imports is rising steeply. By 1985, if we have to import more than half our needs, our balance of payments deficit for oil and natural gas could be a staggering $25 billion a year, according to economic analysts.

And it's not only a matter of dollars. How dependent do we want to become on foreign sources for the oil and gas we need?

Our aim should be to keep our dependence on imports within reasonable limits by concentrating on the development of additional energy sources here at home, where we know they will not fail us.

SAVING MORE BY USING LESS

Over a period of time, it should be possible for the United States to conserve energy. More efficient automobile engines, improved thermal conversion and power transmission, better construction techniques, new concepts in mass transportation—all these can play a part.

Meantime, as individuals, each of us should make sure that we and our families use energy as thoughtfully and responsibly as possible.

By using all our energy supplies wisely—in our homes and in driving our cars—through proper insulation, storm doors and windows, weather stripping, wise appliance use, regular auto tune-ups, good driving practices—we might be able to slow the growth in energy demand.

But this alone will not solve the problem.

HOW TO GET MORE OIL AND NATURAL GAS

Above all, we must increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas. And we'll have to build new refineries and other facilities to make them into useable products.

We must do so with proper regard for the environment. The continuing technological advances of the petroleum industry make this possible.

Accelerated government leasing of public lands, both inland and offshore, for exploratory drilling is urgently needed.

Exploration for natural gas should be encouraged. It has been discouraged by the artificially low prices that have been imposed by the Federal Power Commission for the past 18 years.

A healthy economic climate should be provided to stimulate investment and help meet the huge capital requirements of the petroleum industry—an estimated $175 billion or more during the period from 1970 to 1985.

THE REAL SHORTAGE IS TIME

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make wise decisions about our energy supplies. Because of the long lead time required to develop new petroleum supplies, today's delays could haunt and plague us for at least the next 15 years.

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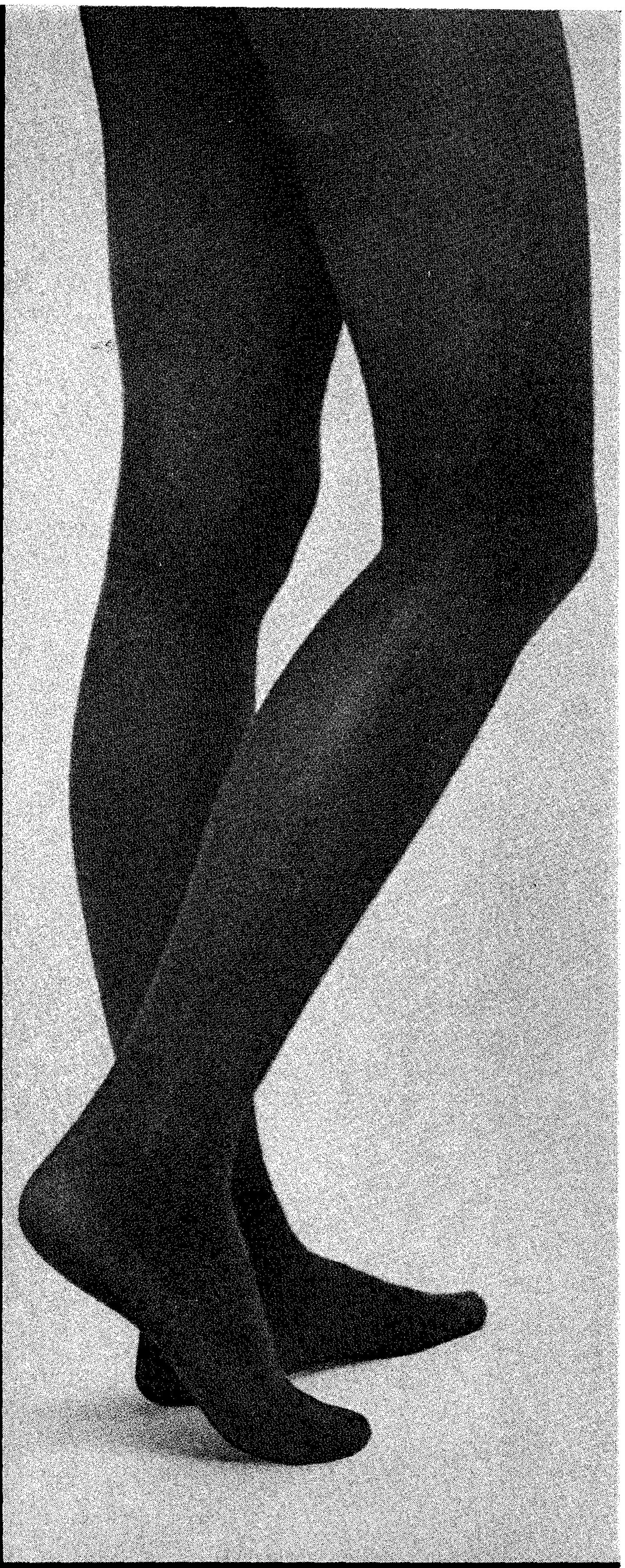


to writing workers' songs. What would he do next?

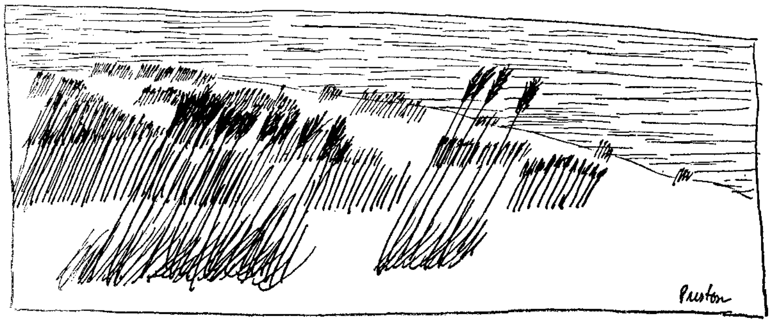
What he did was to dramatize his own problems in works that might be called self-illustrating. In a conflict of styles they projected the conflicts within him. Two of his most recent compositions are "Der Langwierige Weg in die Wohnung der Natascha Ungeheuer," called a "show for seventeen," presented as part of Lincoln Center's "New and Newer Music" series in Alice Tully Hall, and "Heliogabalus Imperator," an "*allegoria per musica*," commissioned by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra to commemorate its eightieth anniversary, played first in Chicago last month, and then in Washington. "Natascha" has the librettist of "Versuch Über Schweine," the first piece Henze wrote after "Das Floss." He is Gastón Salvatore, a Chilean poet, who in "Versuch" urged his friend to stop arranging thoughts and dreams in beautiful patterns, to stop asking clever, sensitive questions and, instead, to pick up a gun, as it were, and act! Henze's action was to set the exhortation to music. Natascha, in the new work, is a siren who "promises the leftist bourgeois a new kind of security that permits him to preserve his revolutionary 'clear conscience' without taking an active part in class warfare."

The show, which was commissioned by the European Broadcasting Union, first performed in Rome last year, and broadcast Europe-wide, lasts nearly an hour. There are eleven numbers, with titles—"Planimetry," "Geodesy," "Metaphenthes"—which suggest that they are addressed to an audience with a classical education. Casual allusions to the Kaiserin-Augusta-Strasse and Anhalter Bahnhof, to "the carefree beds of the Keith-Strasse," need footnotes outside Germany. But the general drift of the poem is clear. In musical form, "Natascha" is a development of Henze's "El Cimarrón," a "recital for four players" with a text based on the memoirs of the former Cuban slave Esteban Montejo, taken down by Miguel Barnet (and published in English as "The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave"). One of the original four players was the baritone William Pearson, who also created the role of the leftist intellectual in "Natascha;" another was the percussionist Stomu Yamash'ta, a performer of rare virtuosity and electric presence, who prowled and danced amid his instruments, restless and beautiful, suggesting both the wonders of the Cuban forest and the ranging of Montejo's fierce imagination. "El Cimarrón" is music theatre for the concert platform. So is "Natascha." Singer and percussionist (in New York, Paul Sperry and Gordon Gottlieb) again have the main roles, but the musical forces (directed on this occasion by Dennis Russell Davies, who struck me as a brilliantly able young conductor) are larger. A quintet of the instruments used in Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" "is meant to symbolize the old, sick bourgeoisie." A jazz quintet conjures up one easy, carefree way of escape. A brass quintet, set high, sounds the warning, repressive voice of authority as if from a watchtower. Natascha's cajolements trickle honeysweet from a prerecorded tape. Through these opposing sounds, singer and percussionist are free to wander, the first on his inconclusive journey, the other as a kind of jester-commentator. "The leftist bourgeois, with whom this work deals, refuses to go the full way to the apartment of Natascha Ungeheuer" (in the program notes, Mr. Salvatore is once more pointing out the path he wants Henze to follow), but "he has not yet discovered his way to the Revolution. He knows that he must turn back on the way he has gone so far, and begin again." But Henze is too honest, and too much a musician, to renounce readily all that he has achieved. How is the composer of so much elegant, elaborate music to make a new start? "Natascha" is a poignant as well as a vigorous and vivid composition. Not without a pang does its creator recall the past styles in which he was happy. Natascha is not easily resisted.

"Heliogabalus," the Chicago piece, dedicated jointly to Mr. Salvatore and the Italian Communist composer Luigi Nono, is composed in Henze's most brilliant, full-blooded, and exuberant manner. It is a tone poem dealing with the Emperor Antoninus, called Heliogabalus or Elagabalus (218-22), and some events of his dissolute reign. Henze agrees with Gibbon that "it may seem probable the vices and follies of Elagabalus have been adorned by fancy and blackened by prejudice"—or, as the composer puts it, "Today we can see that nothing took place except that which was opposed to the traditional Roman concept of virility and respectability: these things [the enthronement of Baal, the banquets, the drag balls] were simply part of the ecstatic cult, however provoking they may have been." There is no censure in the music. The piece, which lasts half an hour, opens with an evocation of the gay, glittering Syrian court in which Antoninus grew up. A long section for strings is meant as a physical description, feature by feature, of the supremely handsome young man. To a coruscant paragraph for five percussionists he appears before the Senate. According to Gibbon, "the grave senators confessed with a sigh that, after having long experienced the stern tyranny of their own countrymen, Rome was at length humbled beneath the effeminate luxury of Oriental despotism;" Henze omits the sigh. A series of woodwind solos, bizarre, diverting, and capricious (and based on the novel techniques explored in the concertos), depicts the lovers to whom Heliogabalus distributed the dignities of the empire. But at length the Romans rebel. To the strains of a ferocious jig the Emperor is hunted down and killed.

It was an odd experience to sit in the Presidential Box of Kennedy Center's Concert Hall and hear this uninhibited glorification of license. From the Chicago Symphony, under Sir Georg Solti, the work had a dazzling performance. Henze has revelled in the resources of a large virtuoso orchestra undeterred by fiendish rhythmic demands. Player after player emerged as a colorful, cogent soloist. The musical idiom is largely that of Henze's Sixth Symphony, composed for the Cuban National Orchestra—a fizzing, energetic, and joyful piece. We can pick up echoes of other earlier works: the similar "physical description" attempted in "Being Beauteous," the percussion rhapsodies of "Natascha," the wild hunt of "The Bassarids." "Heliogabalus" sounds as if it were composed in tearing high spirits. Invention flows, technique is at its most masterly, and the clear-cut paragraphs of the program keep things from sprawling.

Most of the compositions by Henze men-



tioned, and a good many others, are recorded by Deutsche Grammophon. His latest piece is "Ay, Rachel," a "vaudeville with music," commissioned by N.E.T. and due for transmission in April. —ANDREW PORTER

JAZZ

New York Notes

NOVEMBER 9TH: The old Half Note, down among the sheltering warehouses hard by the Holland Tunnel, was a crazy place. It seemed perversely inaccessible, and it resembled, with its cramped, terraced levels, its razorbacked bandstand, and its lowering ceiling, a set in a German Expressionist movie. Its piano was beyond belief: even when it was in tune with itself, the keyboard might be a third or a quarter tone off, forcing the horn players to perform prodigious feats of transposition. (Zoot Sims declared one night, after a particularly trying set, that he had just played in several theretofore unknown keys.) But the place had an inexplicably fertile atmosphere, which generated some memorable music; in its way, and despite the piano, it appeared to do half the musicians' work for them. The new Half Note, which opened a week or two ago on West Fifty-fourth Street, is 4-H Club in comparison. A big, well-lit, panelled rectangle, it has a bar in one corner, banquettes, rows of close-together tables, and an expandable bandstand with a backdrop of pleated raspberry curtains (a Victorian touch that recalls the seedy red draperies that enclosed two sides of the bandstand at the Three Deuces, on Fifty-second Street, in the early forties, and that admirably set off such jewels as Sid Catlett, Billie Holiday, Ben Webster, and Art Tatum). The old Half Note, operating on a budget of buttons and bones, rarely had more than one group at a time, but the new one offers two, and when I stopped in tonight they were led by Earl Hines and Bobby Hackett. Hines, who had Tiny Grimes on guitar, Hank Young on bass, Bert Dahlander on drums, and a Roberta Flack singer named Marva Josie, revealed that there are now two of him—the night-club Hines, who, lamps flashing and tongue wagging, gives coasting, vaudeville-tinged performances, and the recording-studio Hines, who, generally (and properly) unencumbered by accompaniment, plays empyrean piano. Night-club Hines gave a treading-water version of "Second Balcony Jump," played and sang "My Ship," let Dahlander and Grimes loose for long, inconsequential solos, and accompanied his singer in six or seven numbers. Hackett's vagaries are limited to gaining or losing a second. Playing with a pickup rhythm section, he was lyrical, arithmetical, and affecting, particularly in "You Stepped Out of a Dream," "New Orleans," and "I Can't Get Started." The Half Note was jammed tonight, as it reportedly has been since it opened. Nonetheless, there has been grumbling about its prices. There is a three-dollar-a-head admission charge on weekdays and a five-dollar one on weekends, and drinks, which are optional, are two dollars apiece. But that still beats Broadway and most of Off Broadway, to say nothing of the opera and the Philharmonic and the discothèques. Pound for pound, jazz has long been absurdly cheap.

NOVEMBER 15TH: Jimmy Raney, the forty-five-year-old guitarist and composer, came up in the late forties and early fifties with Woody Herman, Buddy De Franco, Stan Getz, and Red Norvo (as a member of one of his inestimable trios), and he was one of a fleet of guitarists, among them Tal Farlow, Bill DeArango, Chuck Wayne, Billy Bauer, Wes Montgomery, Joe Puma, and Barney Kessel, who, combining the teachings of Charlie Christian and Charlie Parker, developed a new way of playing the electric guitar. It was a sleek, florid style that left no note unturned and that sometimes grew wearying in its garrulity. But Raney always had a slight edge on the others. His tone was more delicate, there *were* pauses in his melodic lines, and he demonstrated an almost unceasing inventiveness. In semi-retirement in Louisville in recent years (he is Kentucky-born), Raney, who has a marvellous, wandering, sad, wood-carving face, is at Bradley's, on University Place, and it is an auspicious occasion. His style, in the manner of so many jazz musicians who survive the watershed of forty, has become deeper and richer. The two sets I heard tonight were full of lightning, nearly non-stop lines ("Yardbird Suite," "Autumn in New York," "Body and Soul") that were broken by lyrical, hand-painted swatches of melody and by cooling pauses, and as the evening went on the center of his improvisations moved farther and farther into the heart of each number. He stated the melodies of his tunes in already altered, improvised figures, and his solos were improvisations on improvisations. Working in astonishing closeness with Raney is Michael Moore, a young bassist who

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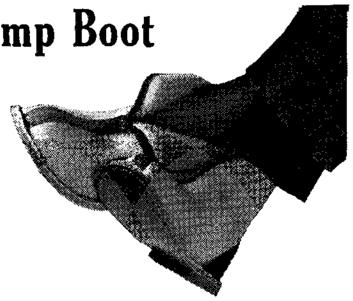

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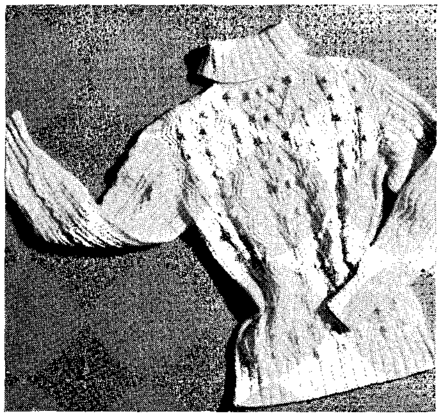

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has played a good deal with Marian McPartland. Moore is still another of the extraordinary corps of solo bassists spawned by Charlie Mingus and Ray Brown—among them Steve Swallow, the late Scott LaFaro, Eddie Gomez, Richard Davis, and Stanley Clarke. He has a big tone (he uses amplification, too, and at times, a benevolent genie, he threatens to engulf Raney), his melodic lines are succinct, and he imparts to each note a bearded gravity. Both his soloing and the counter-melodies he played behind Raney had a ringing eloquence.

NOVEMBER 17TH: Several times a year, the Overseas Press Club offers late-afternoon jazz concerts in its quarters, and some of them have been notable affairs—especially one at which Mary Lou Williams, Bobby Hackett, and Dizzy Gillespie played with remarkable collective and individual steam. (Their efforts are preserved in a recording called "Giants," released last year by Perception.) This afternoon's concert was loosely designed as a celebration of the seventy-two-year-old banjoist Elmer Snowden. On hand with Snowden, who was the leader in the early twenties of what became the first Duke Ellington band, were Earl Hines, Doc Cheatham, Sonny Greer, Dickie Wells, Ray Nance, Louis Metcalf, and Jo Jones. Snowden remains a fine, clear, swinging banjoist who has a guitarlike tone, but the best moments were provided by Hines, who was wearing his recording-session hat, and by Cheatham, Wells, and Jones. Cheatham is one of the last of that miraculous collection of concise, lyrical trumpeters who flourished, with great originality and invention, in the forties under the wing of Louis Armstrong and Red Allen—such as Shorty Baker, Joe Thomas, Harry Edison, Buck Clayton, Bill Coleman, and Emmett Berry. A tall, smiling patrician, he has a subtle, precise style that consists of miniature sprays of staccato notes, big intervals, a gloved vibrato, and gentle legato phrases that form handsome, almost parenthetical alter-melodies. His solos, in fact, are phrased more like polite questions than outright statements. "How about this, is it all right?" each solo seems to ask. Cheatham is rarely on view in his medium (he has subsisted for years in Latin bands), and it was a treat to hear the five faultless numbers he played. A decade ago, Wells appeared to have lost most of his magnificent powers. He now holds down a day job and plays in his spare time; perhaps this new stability had something to do with his playing today. All the old Wells was there—the wild shouts, the sly, sotto-voce off-notes, the brazen smears, the humor, the husky tone, and the dodging rhythmic patterns. One generation of trombonists has already sat at his feet, and it is time for a second to gather round. Jo Jones, also erratic of late, took charge for the last three numbers of the concert, and everything fell inevitably into place. He was especially appealing in a medium-tempo "Them There Eyes," in which he soloed with sticks on his snare rims: the solo was at once a tap-dancer working hard and a genial tribute to the ailing Zutty Singleton, who sat beaming in the front row. But Hines was the champion. Each of his solos, with its belling upper-register notes, perilous arhythmic interludes, and intense, involuted swing, was the work of a Master.

NOVEMBER 29TH: Since music is invisible and since television is largely a visual medium (the sound systems in most TV sets suggest wind-up Victrolas), it has not paid much heed to jazz, or to any other good music. But there have been memorable exceptions. The first was a weekly half-hour show on N.B.C. in 1949 and again in 1950, on C.B.S. Eddie Condon was the host, and it was a woolly, funny program that included, in addition to Condon's regulars, such visiting monuments as Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Sidney Bechet, Buddy Rich, and Sid Catlett. (One of its non-musical events was provided by Armstrong's vocalist, the late Velma Middleton, whose configuration suggested massed melons, when she appeared for her first number in a hypnotic low-cut gown; for her second, a large napkin had been tucked into her bodice, which had the effect of a hastily drawn shade.) Jazz had its second flowering on TV in the late fifties. Indeed, one of the shows, "The Sound of Jazz," which was shown live (and was filmed) in 1957 on C.B.S., has become an underground classic. (Nat Hentoff and this writer were consultants for the show, and we were mainly instigators; we chose the musicians and the tunes, and that was it.) The level of the music was extraordinary (Vic Dickenson played a solo in an up-tempo big-band number that was one of the greatest he or any other trombonist has ever fashioned), and so were the direction (Jack Smight) and the photography. A few shots stay firmly in mind (a closeup of Rex Stewart taking his horn from his mouth and grinning after a particularly

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felicitous phrase), and one sequence, which took place during Billie Holiday's singing of "Fine and Mellow," will forever remain moving. Her accompanists (Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Lester Young, Dickenson, and Gerry Mulligan) soloed between stanzas, and when Young's turn came (he was in poor shape that day and didn't play well), the camera, staying on her face as she listened to her old friend, caught in split-second succession expressions of love, gentleness, and ruefulness, all of them coolly accented by a Madonna smile and her slowly rocking head. Some of the least estimable of the late-fifties shows were offered by Timex (they tended to be semi-popular catchalls), and so tonight's Timex show, on N.B.C., was a surprise—in fact, a double surprise: it existed, and it had some handsome music. Of special note were four numbers by Ella Fitzgerald, who, slim and newly bespectacled and schoolmarmish, sang with a plaintiveness and lack of ornamentation she has not shown since the forties, and three numbers by the reassembled Benny Goodman Quartet (George Duvivier was added as anchor man), which, despite the slight unsteadiness of Goodman and Gene Krupa, was swept gracefully along by Teddy Wilson's impeccable solos in "Avalon" and "Ding Dong Daddy." The rest of the fun came during two brief numbers by the Ellington band, with baronial statements from Cootie Williams and Harry Carney; two choruses of solo blues by Count Basie; and a tribute to Louis Armstrong that included short but brilliant excursions by Dizzy Gillespie (a muted, searching, high-noted "Basin Street Blues") and Bobby Hackett ("Blueberry Hill"). Basie's blues, which closed the program, formed the background for some impromptu and expert ballroom dancing by Ella Fitzgerald and Gillespie, the world's premier comic *danseur.*

DECEMBER 6TH: During the fifties and early sixties, Barbara Carroll was a delightful, if minor, Bud Powell pianist who also sang and played first-rate cocktail piano. Then, after the death of her husband, the bass player Joe Shulman, she married the manager-booker-producer Bert Block and vanished into domestic life. But early this past fall she reappeared at Michael's Pub, on East Fifty-fifth Street, and although she looks much the same—she has an impish face, elfin ears, and a half-moon smile—her playing is very different. She has become, whether because of woodshedding at home, or whatever, a remarkable jazz pianist. There were exhilaration, precision, invention, taste, and a marvellous rhythmic impetus in all the dozen numbers I heard tonight. She has freed herself of the colloidal texture of Powell's style and has become a flexible, fluent, and intensely dramatic pianist, whose solos are made up of surflike, two-handed chordal passages and soft, whipping single-note lines that move behind or on the beat and are continually spaced by short, renewing rests. She startled one again and again—with a sudden deep chord, a flashing double-time passage in the bridge of a slow tune, a dancing, five- or six-note figure enclosed by pause—and yet her solos had a geometric logic. She surpassed herself tonight in "Let's Do It," in which she took two darting choruses; in a long, classic, medium-slow version of "Royal Garden Blues," full of rocking chords, winding, gentle lines, and meadows of silence; in a fast, joyous "Just One of Those Things;" and in an easy, ruminative "Don't Get Around Much Anymore." She finishes her current stint at Michael's Pub next week, but she will be back in the spring.

DECEMBER 10TH: The only surprising thing about the movie "Lady Sings the Blues," which I went to last night, is the chameleon adeptness with which Diana Ross, who plays Billie Holiday, catches the more mannered aspects of the great singer's style. Beyond that, the movie, a strangely misshapen affair, has little to do with Billie Holiday herself. Indeed, parts of it—in particular, one of its principals, Piano Man—are embarrassing. Presumably modelled on Lester Young, Piano Man is an updated Stepin Fetchit and an insult to Young, who was a mysterious, funny, eloquent fool-poet. Pauline Kael rightly suggested at the end of her review in this magazine that we expunge Diana Ross's Motown reproduction of Billie Holiday's singing by going back to her records, and, fortunately, there are three fine new reissues to soak in. "Billie Holiday / God Bless the Child" (Columbia G 30782) contains twenty-eight sides made between 1936 and 1942, when the union ban on recording went into effect and arbitrarily terminated her first great period of recording activity. Seven of the sides had never been reissued until now, among them "Jim" (1941), "Loveless Love" (1940), "Havin' Myself a Time" (1938), and "If My Heart Could Only Talk" (1937). "Havin' Myself a Time" is the young Billie Holiday at her best; she is light-voiced, slightly sardonic, and amazingly agile rhythmically. But there are rewarding things all through the album; viz., "Love Me or Leave Me" and "I Hear Music," which are total improvisations, and four consummate sides—"Let's Do It," "Georgia on My Mind," "Romance in the Dark," and "All of Me"—done in 1941 with Lester Young. By 1942, her style had begun to harden. Her voice was deeper, and she fell into certain mannerisms—dying bent notes and a perhaps too conscious articulation of lyrics—that tended to get between her and her materials. Some of that Holiday—the Holiday that Diana Ross goes after so well—is present in "Billie Holiday: Strange Fruit" (Atlantic SD 1614), which includes the twelve numbers she recorded for Commodore Records in 1944. (Also present are the four Commodore sides she made in 1939, three of them devoted to the celebrated, if stagy, "Strange Fruit," a spectacular version of "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," and the stunning "Fine and Mellow.") She never quite gets off the ground in "I'm Yours" and "Embraceable You" and "How Am I to Know," but the old, lilting push is very much in evidence in "I'll Get By" (Sid Catlett, who accompanies her on all the 1944 sides, is a marvel; he carries the entire number in the palms of his huge hands), "Sunny Side of the Street," "I'll Be Seeing You," and "Billie's Blues" (a slightly longer take than the one first released). She surprises us in the third reissue, "Lady Love: Billie Holiday" (United Artists UAS 5635). Its nine numbers were recorded in concert during a 1954 European tour, and one of them, a long "Billie's Blues," is uncanny. Her voice by this time was half gone. It was full of boozy huskiness, her intonation was shaky, and her rhythmic deftness had slowed to a lumber. The great well of Holiday emotion was still there, though its walls were crumbling. But in "Billie's Blues" she miraculously puts everything together again, and we hear the Billie Holiday of 1939 or 1940. Her voice is smooth and her pitch perfect. Her phrasing has that languorous, hill-and-dale quality she gave the blues. And her feelings are unavoidably clear, just below the skin of the melody. It was an astonishing rejuvenation, and probably the last she ever had.

DECEMBER 16TH: Extraordinary tidings: more and more jazz clubs are opening rather than closing in New York. Among the most recent arrivals are Two Saints, at Eighth Street and Third Avenue, and Soerabaja, on Seventy-fourth between Lexington and Park. Two Saints is the new name for the old Five Spot, and the place, with its red ceiling and spacious dimensions, looks much as it did when it closed, five or six years ago. It has no cabaret license yet, so the music, provided tonight by Warren Chiasson on vibraphone, Joe Puma on guitar, and Midge Pike on bass, is perforce hornless and drumless. Chiasson, a young French-Canadian who has worked with George Shearing, is a fluent and articulate performer, while Puma was one of the last and best of the Raney-Farlow galaxy to come to the fore. Soerabaja consists of two small, shadowy, high-ceilinged rooms on the second floor of a former town house (there is a restaurant on the ground floor), and the atmosphere has more to do with a living room than with a night club. Each room has a fireplace, and there are no microphones and no bandstand; the performers—the guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and the singer Marlene VerPlanck—were simply situated tonight *in medias res*, near the archway that separates the rooms. The audience, as still as stones, *listened*, and it was a rare pleasure to hear absolutely unencumbered music. Pizzarelli, an effortless guitarist, with long, spidery fingers, moved gracefully between jazz-oriented pieces and (on acoustic guitar) brief classical offerings, and his accompaniment for Miss VerPlanck was gossamer and perfect. Small and red-haired and birdlike, she is an immaculate, ivory-voiced singer who, though almost styleless, sometimes suggests Anita O'Day minus the fretwork. It was, in its way, an eighteenth-century evening, in which the music was not so much played as gently summoned from its native silence.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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[Alistair] Cooke is probably the only apartment dweller in New York City who thinks of his bookcase as a "map" of the United States.

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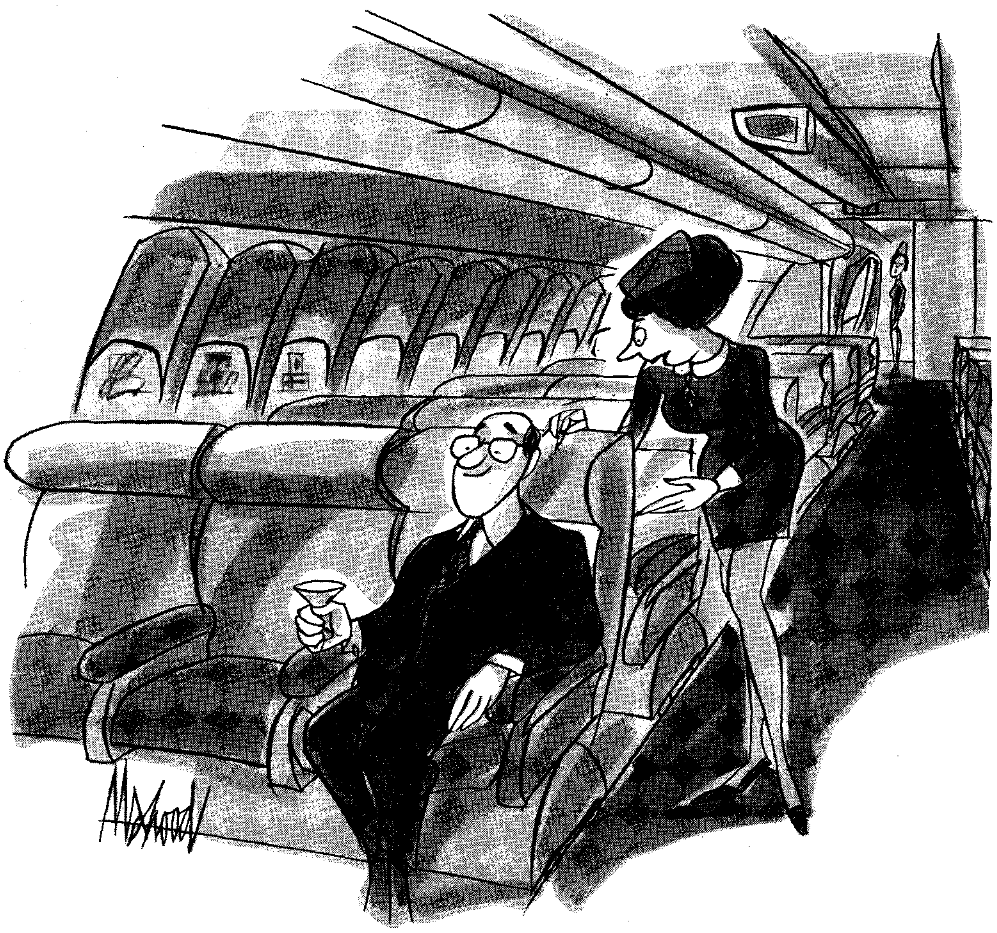
KAWAIDA

THE controversy over the construction of an apartment building called Kawaida Towers in the North Ward of Newark would have been easier to resolve if the important question about it were really "How will it affect the school population?" or even "How many black people will it bring into the neighborhood?" rather than "What does it stand for?" Symbolic arguments are particularly bitter, because they leave practically no room for compromise, and, after a few days in Newark, I found myself drawn to a local theory that all of the nastiest confrontations between Italians and blacks in the city are over symbols. When the blacks, who now constitute a majority in Newark, finally gained control of the school board and began to make some changes, the changes the Italians found most memorable and most offensive had nothing to do with instruction but with whether classrooms should be permitted to display black-nationalist flags or whether a school should be named after Malcolm X. (According to Imamu Amiri Baraka, the Newark black nationalist whose Temple of Kawaida is sponsoring Kawaida Towers, one Italian political figure who objected to the name of Malcolm X High School explained that color was not the reason, since he had no objection to naming a predominantly black school after, say, Louis Armstrong. Baraka replied that he would have no objection to having a predominantly Italian school named after Jimmy Durante. In Newark, both sides like to choose their own symbols.) City Councilman Michael Bontempo, one of the Italian politicians who have usually appeared at the construction site on mornings when whites picket against Kawaida Towers, likes to explain why the community would be ruined by any apartment building under the control of Imamu Baraka—who, when he was known as the poet and playwright LeRoi Jones, wrote a few anti-white lines that even some Newark whites who are ordinarily not poetically inclined can quote verbatim—and the climax of Bontempo's presentation is always the accusation that Baraka's people refuse to stand at City Council meetings during the pledge of allegiance to the flag.

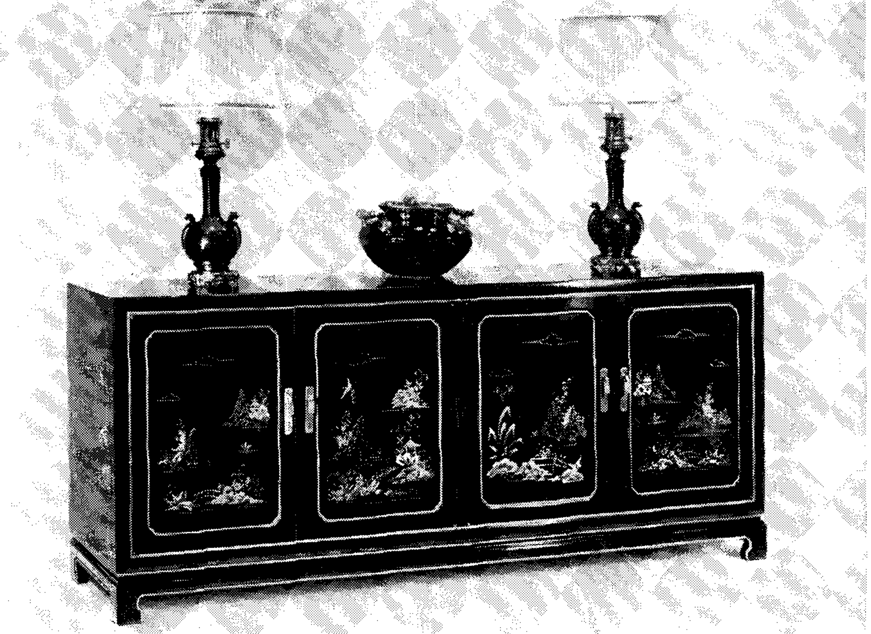
Anyone who comes to think of Kawaida Towers as a symbol rather than an apartment building can listen to its supporters talk about alleviating Newark's dreadful housing problems without troubling them with the fact that by far the most serious housing shortage in Newark—housing for large families—will not be affected by Kawaida Towers in the least, since it will have nothing larger than a two-bedroom apartment. If the controversy over Kawaida Towers were based on reality rather than on symbols, one would expect its opponents to denounce it at every opportunity for not being a genuine attempt to solve the city's most serious housing shortage—not having the true interests of black people at heart is one of the accusations white Americans have traditionally been most fond of making about black leaders—but I listened to the orations of Italian politicians against Kawaida Towers for a week without hearing that particular denunciation made once. Symbolically, the situation is supposed to involve a tight neighborhood of Italian homeowners threatened by a huge public-housing project that will bulge with apartments holding welfare mothers and their eight teen-age sons—all of them living on some government dole that amounts to Aid to Dependent Muggers. That vision would, of course, suffer if anyone dwelt on the fact that the neighborhood in which the apartment house is being built—part of what is commonly referred to as "the predominantly white North Ward"—happens to be at least a quarter black and Puerto Rican already, and consists mostly of rental property rather than the carefully maintained, family-owned bungalows that always serve as symbols for the hardworking white ethnics threatened by black expansion. The vision would also suffer from accusations that Baraka's black nationalists, in their first independent attack on the Newark housing problem, are constructing a two-hundred-and-ten-unit centrally air-conditioned apartment building that will consist partly of efficiency apartments for middle-income bachelors. Low-income black families are what decent, hardworking white



"It's been simply super having you with us, Mr. Donovan, but you really must go now. We've arrived at our destination. The plane has landed. Everyone has gone."

ethnics are supposed to fear, and New Jersey State Assemblyman Anthony Imperiale, the leader of the demonstrations against Kawaida Towers, has told television interviewers, "My main objection is that it's low-income." A low-interest, long-term mortgage has been furnished by the state and some tax abatement has been granted by the City Council, but even if the developers manage to stay within their projections, a two-bedroom apartment in Kawaida Towers will cost close to two hundred dollars a month. Although a certain percentage of the tenants will be eligible for rent subsidies, by far the majority will have to pay their own way. In the 1970 census, the median income of the families in the neighborhood was sixty-five hundred dollars a year. In other words, following the rule that families ordinarily do not spend more than a quarter of their income for housing, most of the people who are supposedly going to be driven to the suburbs by the arrival of a low-cost housing project in their midst couldn't afford to live in it.

Councilman Bontempo had the good fortune to be absent from the City Council meeting fifteen months ago at which the tax abatement for Kawaida Towers was approved—no one has ever been prouder of being present at a historic event than Councilman Bontempo is of being absent at that one—but the other Italian councilmen are having an uncomfortable time trying to explain how they happened to vote unanimously in favor of a project they now say will bring ruin to their constituents. Some form of tax abatement is necessary in order to construct an apartment building like Kawaida Towers—Newark is known not only for its deteriorating housing but for its extraordinarily high construction costs and its staggering property tax—and the Italians, who still outnumber the blacks on the City Council six to three, could have withheld that necessity by a simple vote. In Newark, where citizens have come to assume that a certain amount of skulduggery could be found behind even a vote to approve the minutes as read, there is no shortage of imaginative theories to account for five pro-Kawaida votes from five Italian councilmen. The councilmen themselves now say that they were deceived—that important information about who was behind Kawaida Towers was withheld from them. Until the official groundbreaking ceremony on October 12th, no Italian politician had said a word against Kawaida Towers, although work on the foundation had



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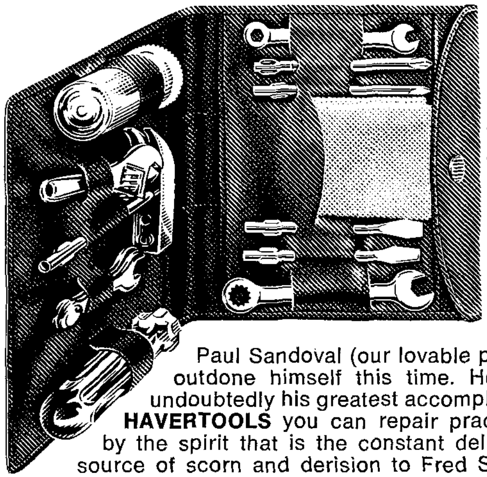

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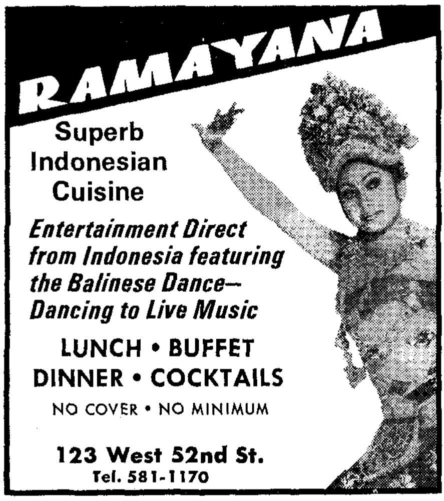

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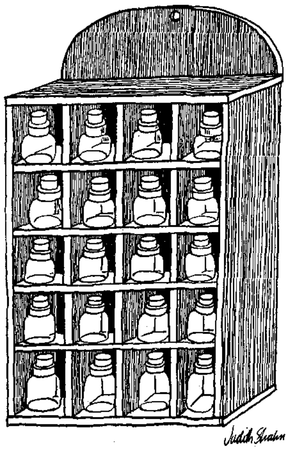
been going on for weeks and the Newark *Star-Ledger*, in a prominent piece several days before the ceremony, had routinely reported in the second paragraph that the apartment building was "sponsored by Temple Kawaida, which is led by black nationalist Imamu Amiri Baraka." (It also reported that "Kawaida" means "tradition and reason" in Swahili, bringing up to date any councilman who had been laboring under the impression that it was an Italian word.) It now appears that the most important piece of information withheld from the councilmen and the other Italian politicians in the North Ward was the information that Kawaida Towers would qualify as a symbol. The one Italian politician who seemed to realize that was Stephen Adubato, the Democratic chairman for the North Ward, who was once thought of by outside liberals (there being virtually no inside liberals) as potentially a nonracist alternative to Anthony Imperiale as leader of North Ward Italians—a Third Force of the kind the C.I.A. man was looking for in "The Quiet American." (Adubato's office has, instead of a statue of an Italian saint or an autographed picture of an Italian congressman, a poster of Sacco and Vanzetti.) Adubato, alone among Italian politicians, appeared at the groundbreaking ceremony to object to the construction, and, displaying a clear understanding of what kind of occasion it could be, suggested to a television newsman present that any apartment house built in that neighborhood ought to be called Garibaldi Towers.



IMAMU BARAKA says he knows what the Italian politicians are up to, and the Italian politicians say they know what Imamu Baraka is up to, and none of it has much to do with housing. Baraka sees the Kawaida Towers controversy as the result of maneuvering for power among North Ward politicians. "Steve Adubato figured he would establish himself as Defender of the Italians," Baraka told me. "But he didn't realize that he would have to out-fatmouth Imperiale." It has long been Baraka's contention that nobody can out-fatmouth Imperiale. Since 1967, when Imperiale organized some of his neighbors into what some of his critics considered a white-vigilante gang, he has been the most visible spokesman for North Ward Italians—a voluble, rotund, energetic man who is never at a loss for enough words to soak up the questions of television reporters at the construction site or to hold the attention of the hundreds of Italians who crowd into Thomm's Restaurant for anti-Kawaida Towers rallies. Once Adubato had raised the issue and Imperiale had turned it into a movement, Baraka says, every Italian politician in the North Ward had no choice but to spend a lot of time "feverishly trying to out-bigot the others."

In the analysis of Italian political leaders in Newark, Kawaida Towers is not an apartment house for black people but a power base for Imamu Baraka—a power base that will come outfitted with community rooms for organizing, a theatre for propagandizing, and a board of directors composed solely of loyal Temple of Kawaida members. It is true, as Baraka says publicly, that the vacant lots in the all-black Central Ward give a false impression of how much land is available there—a lot of land that appears to have nothing on it is actually buried in red tape—but it is also true that the planners of Kawaida Towers looked specifically for land in the North Ward. Even the calmest Newark view of Baraka's motives would interpret Kawaida Towers as an attempt at a symbolic triumph—a demonstration that even in a supposedly Italian area it is black people who now have the political savvy and organizational ability to erect a flashy, tax-supported apartment building—but, of course, it is not easy to find a calm view of Baraka in the North Ward. For years, Italians in Newark have seen Baraka not as a black leader but as an anti-white racist—a hatemonger who will not be satisfied until Newark is an all-black city.

"Baraka never did a black-white thing in his life," Adubato says. "They're talking about forming *black* institutions and asking *black* questions to get *black* answers. Why the hell should I sit still for that?" Adubato is the political figure most closely identified with the concept that Italians are now "white niggers" in Newark—the minority that gets bullied in the schools and shut out of the federal programs and rejected by universities looking for blacks and bypassed by the people downtown who decide which apartment building will be built where. "Black racism in America is unimportant, because blacks are a minority, but black racism is important in Newark, because they're in control," Adubato has said. "In this country, even a Wasp caught in the wrong place is a nigger." The Italians, Adubato says, were just beginning to have their turn at the American Success Story when the rules were changed. (Kenneth A. Gibson became the first black mayor of Newark by defeating the first Italian mayor of Newark.) The most articulate leaders in Newark are black. Watching one of them explain calmly on television that the Italians picketing at the construction site are going through "a predictable fear reaction," an Italian can feel not only outvoted but patronized.

Baraka, as might be expected, is not a subscriber to the white-nigger theory. "They haven't paid their dues to call themselves niggers," he has said. "First they have to have someone steal them out of their homes and sell them into slavery." In the view of George Sternlieb, the director of the Center for Urban Policy Research at Rutgers, Newark has deteriorated to the point where the only important competition for power is not between racial groups but between the people who control agencies that can attract federal funds—the Italians who control the Housing Authority, say, versus the blacks who control Model Cities or some other blacks who control the Poverty Program. "They're like warring baronial gangs," Sternlieb said recently. "The peasants till the fields, barely noticing the horses galloping by."

If Baraka is trying to build Kawaida Towers in order to hasten the movement of a threatened white minority out of the city, the Italian leaders may be helping him along. The construction of one black-owned apartment building in the North Ward, like the installation of a Communist government in South Vietnam, is now more important than it once was merely because of the force that has been committed to prevent it. ("The only thing they're going to do is to frighten part of their political base out of there," Baraka has said.) In his statements to reporters, Imperiale has sounded relatively moderate. "If we lose our battle in court, we have no choice but to live with it and see that the people don't exodus," I heard him tell a black reporter at the site one day. But a protest movement is not kept alive by assuring the participants that the object of their protest is of limited importance. The people in the North Ward have accepted Kawaida Towers as a symbol. They have tacked a sign on the construction-site fence that says "R.I.P. North Ward." Their placards imply that Kawaida Towers would mean enough crime and overcrowdedness to destroy their neighborhood. They do not go to Thomm's in order to hear anyone tell them that they may have no choice but to live with the man they have long been told is committed to destroying them. "The eyes of the world are on this city," Imperiale told them one night at a meeting at Thomm's. "If we lose Kawaida Towers, we not only lose Newark, we may lose every target city." At Thomm's, the domino theory is unquestioned.

Investing Kawaida Towers with great importance will naturally work to Imperiale's advantage if he wins—if the construction is stopped by craft-union refusal to cross the picket lines or by an eventual victory in court. (Imperiale has already announced that he will run against Mayor Gibson in 1974, and that Kawaida Towers is part of his campaign.) A judge who has enjoined both picketing and construction at Kawaida Towers until January 2nd has criticized the parties involved and the city administration for not working out some agreement, but the real issues of Kawaida Towers could remain untouched by the kinds of compromises ordinarily made in such disputes—agreeing to make the project smaller, for instance, or agreeing to reserve a certain number of apartments for the elderly. Not long ago, Frank Megaro, the North Ward councilman who introduced the resolution to give tax abatement to Kawaida Towers and later became one of its bitterest critics, suggested on television that a first step toward agreement would be for Imamu Baraka to withdraw from the project. If Kawaida Towers is seen as a confrontation rather than an apartment building, of course, the withdrawal of Imamu Baraka would leave no reason to build it.

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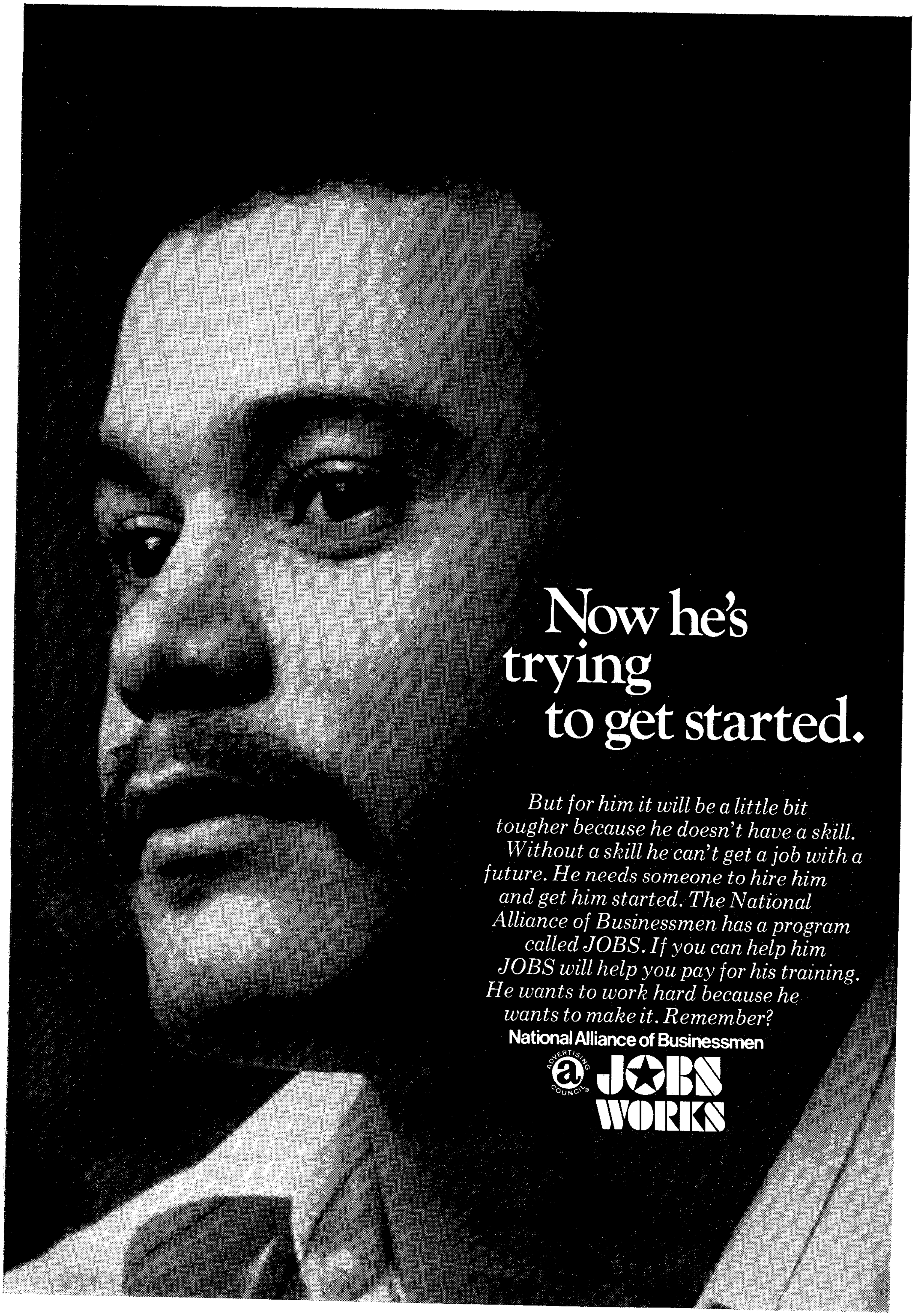

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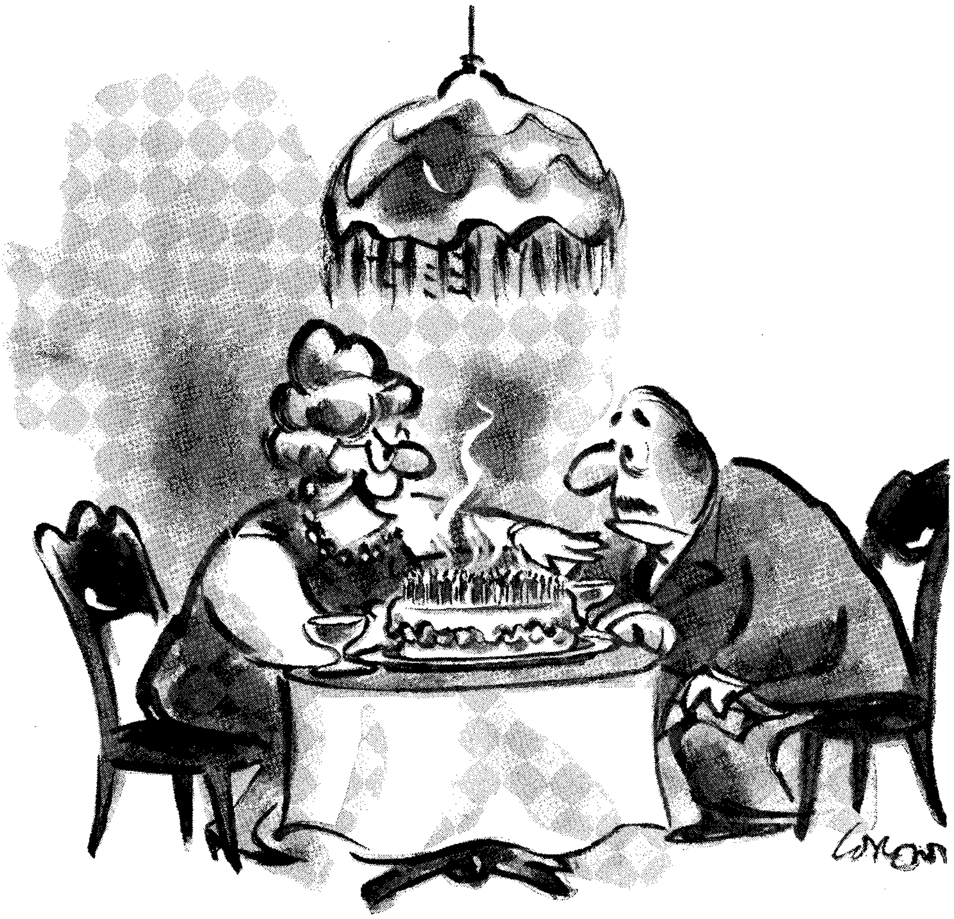
Obversities

"THE OGRE," by Michel Tournier (Doubleday), the first book ever chosen unanimously for the Prix Goncourt, is, quite simply, a great novel. (I hesitate to use that flayed term, but there are some books to which it must still inevitably apply.) "The Ogre" bears patently the marks of greatness. It relentlessly pushes individual idiosyncrasy to—and even beyond—the point of universality. It covers simultaneously the events inside one head and one continent. It uses documentary knowledge—minute and encyclopedic knowledge of photography, history, zoölogy, anthropometry, weaponry—to illuminate the otherwise undocumentable progress of a human obsession. It designs and creates a huge computer circuit board—really, a complete mythology—of touchstones and referents, all of which interlock and reinforce a single message. And, not least, it tells a compelling story of mingled familiarity and utter mystic strangeness which at last we recognize to be our own. In attempting to convey its multifarious essence, I am defeated at the start by the rich, complex, totally realized plan of the book. Any summary must scant its resonances and therefore be misleading. But I can begin to define its nature by saying that it is a study of what might be called obversities—of the fact that the two interdependent but mutually exclusive sides of a coin are united forever but never seen together at one time. To oversimplify, the two sides of the coin in "The Ogre" are called love and power. The paradox by which they are linked, obversely and immutably, is that love leads to selfless service, which in turn leads to selfish power. The book is driven by a gyroscopic metaphor: the idea of "phoria," of service by carrying—of, specifically, a giant man carrying a little child.

The giant is Abel Tiffauges, a Parisian garage owner who discovers, in the year before the Second World War, a hidden obversity in himself: his right wrist sprained by an engine he attempts to crank, he learns that he can write, clearly and effortlessly, with his left. Out of that theretofore neglected hand flows a spate of what he calls "Sinister Writings," a subconscious autobiography of his emotional life. In it is revealed his early preoccupation with "phoria," inculcated, at his boarding school in Beauvais, by the story of the name-saint of the school, St. Christopher—that is, the "Christ-bearer," for the saint was a wandering giant who sought the most powerful being in the world to serve and found him, finally, in the person of a little boy he carried on his shoulders across a river, nearly drowning under the weight. The boy was Jesus; as a sign of His divinity and as a reward to Christopher for his service, He caused the saint's staff, planted in the ground, to leaf and bear fruit like a date palm. And this is only the first of the visions of phoria that come to dominate the young Tiffauges: he himself is carried piggyback, in a savage game of knights-and-horses among the schoolboys of St. Christopher's, by Nestor, the fat and preternaturally wise janitor's son, who afterward says, emblematically, "I never knew, pretty Fauges, that to carry a child was such a wonderful thing."

Twenty years later, on the eve of war, Tiffauges—his life already consecrated to pursuing this goal, in emulation of Nestor, who has died in a fire at school—himself knows the joy of carrying a child, a helper injured in his garage; moreover, he has begun to make recordings of the unscored orchestra of cries of children in a playground, as well as photographs—positives, negatives, obverses, reverses—of their games and their faces. He makes the acquaintance of one child, Martine, who unjustly accuses him of rape; on September 3, 1939, the judge offers him the choice between prison and the Army. First an incompetent signaller on the Rhine, he transfers to the pigeon corps and becomes a master pigeon trainer during the phony war; then he is captured, in June of 1940, and taken to a desolate prison camp in East Prussia. Here his mechanic's training wins him a post as a trusty, driving a heavy German truck through the countryside to pick up supplies, and he experiences a mystical union with the cold, flat, black-and-white landscape, so different from the rolling, colored Impressionism of France. At one with the region of Courland and the sandy, Baltic Masurian Lakes, he encounters allegorical reminders of their history: a blind elk who comes to a forester's hut, begging for food; an ancient corpse (exhumed in a state of perfect preservation from an alder swamp, along

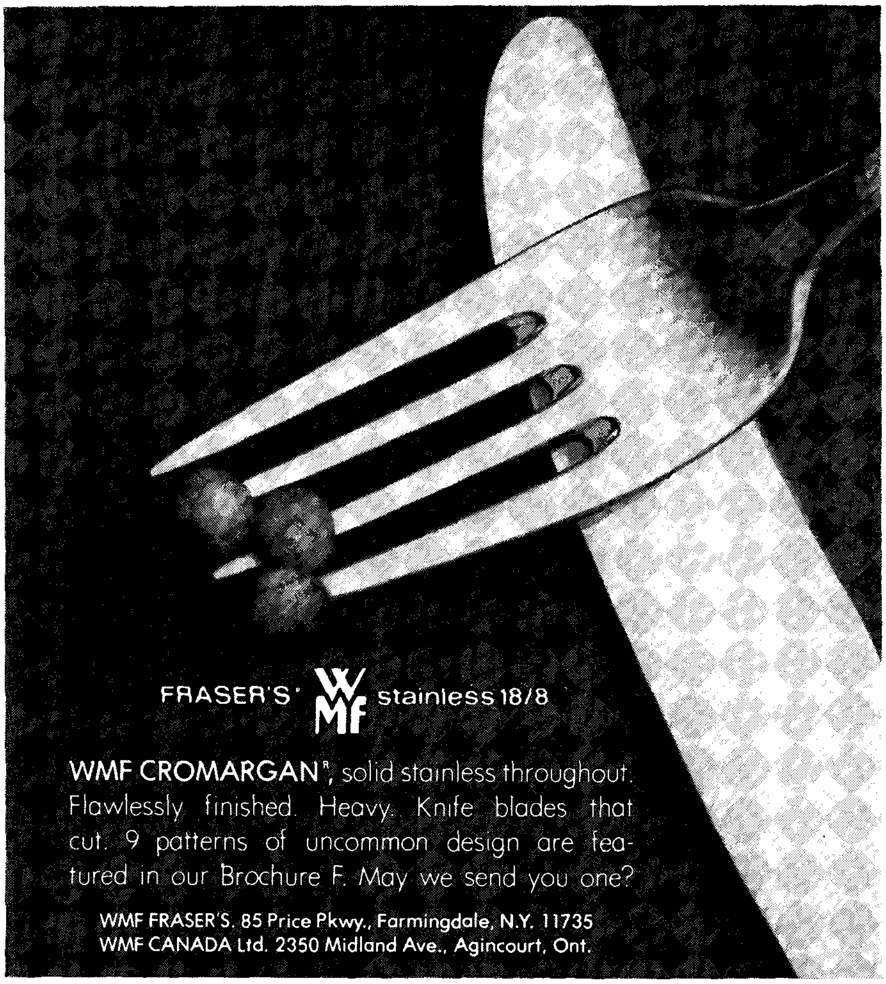


"O.K., kid, so you had a rotten first half. The game's not over yet. There's still time to pull up your socks, go for the long bomb, and snatch victory from the jaws of defeat."

with the disembodied head of a woman or a boy), which is thought, because of the gold, six-pointed star on the forehead, to have been an early ruler of the fens who died in a ritual of human sacrifice, or even the original of Goethe's Erl-King—the elf of the alder bogs who spirited a young son away from his father as they rode on horseback across the moor.

Tiffauges moves on, to become an assistant to the head forester of Rominten, the old imperial game preserve, of which Hermann Göring is now master, and there is introduced to more of the symbolic fauna of East Prussia (fauna that were the largest stags in all Europe) in the armorial bearings of the Junkers, themselves descended from the Livonian and Teutonic Knights who subdued and Christianized the province. From Rominten—now mounted, in another act of phoria, on a big horse, Bluebeard—Tiffauges is seconded to the essential heart of the region, of Germanness in all its incarnations, including Nazism: the ancient (but overrestored by Kaiser Wilhelm II) castle of Kaltenborn, now a "Napola," or training school for Hitler Jugend. Here Tiffauges meets the castellan of the fortress—General Count Herbert von Kaltenborn, an aged mystagogue who, like von Rauffenstein, the commandant of Wintersborn, in "The Grand Illusion," upholds antique ideals of honor in a world of bloody expediency. He meets, too, the S.S. commandant, Major Stefan Raufeisen, a lower-middle-class Friesian whose disaffection with the Weimar establishment had led him to join the Wandervögel movement—a nomadic *Luftjugend*, astonishingly like our beats of the late fifties—which was later subsumed by the Nazis' own version of the movement and, eventually, the sinister Schutzstaffeln. And he meets Major Professor Doctor Otto Blaettchen, a fanatic anthropometer of Aryanness on detachment from the Institute for Research into Heredity.

At Kaltenborn, Tiffauges, the gentle giant, loses his passivity and, entering into the characters of these three men, is translated into a full-fledged ogre. His euphoria—the phoria of carrying a child out of love—becomes its obverse, the dysphoria of carrying a helpless victim to destruction. The four hundred Hitler Youth at Kaltenborn become his private playthings, as the German people at last became Hitler's; Tiffauges becomes notorious in the neighborhood for his forays on horseback, bringing back to the Napola the young boys of the district who are the most nearly perfect ethnic



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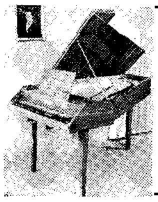

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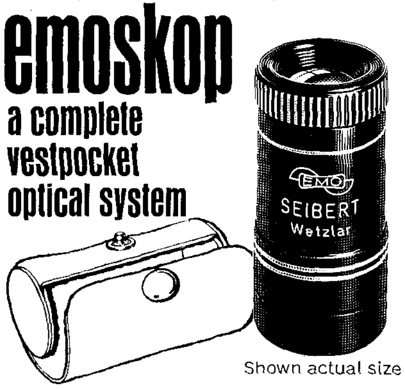

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specimens, and he enacts the role of Erl-King to a frightened subject people. At last, on the twentieth of July, 1944, he is shot at by an outraged peasant who wishes to assassinate him; he has, in short, become Adolf Hitler.

But the obverse and the reverse are united in a last epiphany. On a road, Tiffauges picks up a starveling Jewish child refugee from a death camp and nurses him to health; like the disembodied head found beside the corpse of the putative ancient Prussian king in the alder swamp, the child is wearing a crude three-piece cap. The wheel of twenty centuries has come full circle. A regiment of Russian tanks reduces Kaltenborn, and Tiffauges, though handicapped by the loss of his thick spectacles, carries the boy on his shoulders out of the fortress. Like the Erl-King, he transports him into the fastness of the swamps—there to sink and die, with his burden, in quicksand.

This sketch of an astonishing novel is not enough; the book must be read and reread. The translation, by Barbara Bray, is a marvellously skillful one, with only a most occasional false note (the German military rank "Major" is rendered "Commander" throughout, probably because the French equivalent of "Major" is "Commandant"). Thanks to her, "The Ogre" is brought to us with its forcefulness and originality virtually intact.

An obversity of a different order—Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Enemies, a Love Story" (Farrar, Straus, Giroux)—shifts the scene to America and the aftermath of the Jewish holocaust in the postwar lives of its survivors. Surprisingly, this tight-knit novel is not a solemn requiem but, at least in the beginning, almost a Feydeau farce. It is a measure of its author's art that we are carried along by the vigor of the plot for scores of pages before we realize that this is to be a tragicomedy, in which the opposing elements are delicately balanced.

Herman Broder is saved from the Gestapo by his family's Polish servant girl, Yadwiga, who shelters him in a hayloft for most of the war. By 1949, he is living in Coney Island, married to Yadwiga (his first wife, Tamara, vanished into the death camps) and leading a double life. Yadwiga, a trusting naïve, thinks he is a book salesman whose job calls for frequent road trips to his territory, but his real work is Talmudic ghostwriting for Rabbi Milton Lampert, who "had neither the time nor the patience to study or write," who "was in demand for lectures at community centers," and who "had amassed a fortune from real estate." In addition to engaging in this demeaning but reasonably well-paid work, Herman is involved with a mistress—Masha Tortshiner, the estranged wife of a small-time con man. She, something of a beauty, supports herself and her old mother by cashiering at a cafeteria in the Bronx; during his absences from Coney Island, Herman lives in her small apartment. This uneasy balance is threatened when Herman's first wife turns up from Europe, and his duplicity becomes triplicity.

At first, Herman—with this set of human moons in orbit around him—seems a common, garden nebbish, a simple dupe of his own desires who drifts fecklessly, and helplessly, through life. But it is soon apparent that his character and circumstances are formed by something sterner than the mere ground rules of farce. He is, after all (as much as Tamara, Masha, and Yadwiga), a survivor of years of the daily likelihood of an insane and unjust death. He, like his lovers, has been cast away in a country in which death is casual, unorganized, infrequent—a land of which Masha says, "Where are the Nazis? What kind of a world is this without Nazis? A backward country, this America." It is a land of gross plenty—in an upstate resort, Herman can stomach neither the "chopped liver and onions, the kreplach, the fatty piece of beef, nor the stuffed derma," nor the gossip and twaddle of his fellow-holiday makers, nor the Yiddish poet who "gave a speech lauding Stalin," nor the Yiddish vaudeville actor who tells bawdy jokes. A guest recently arrived in America sends back her dinner, because she cannot eat it; her young waiter asks, "By Hitler you ate better?" And when Herman goes to bed, he remains awake: "First he waged his usual war with the Nazis, bombed them with atomic bombs, blasted their armies with mysterious missiles, lifted their fleet out of the ocean and placed it on land near Hitler's villa in Berchtesgaden."

All the people in this book are suffering from, are under the unrelenting influence of, the ineradicable experience of the holocaust. In America, where all things are suddenly inverse, where peace and plenty are at hand, these people no longer have the strength to manipulate their destinies. One death in a life is enough; two are one too many. And so this cunning novel, with its funny confrontations, its comic turns of fate, its multiplication of conjugal beds, becomes at last—in a slow, artful modulation—a tragedy. Herman, who in his sleep has dreamed of "an eclipse of the sun and funeral processions," becomes part of a drama in which, like the people of the cortege in his dream, he is "both the dead and the mourners," of whom he asks, "Can a condemned tribe lead itself to its own burial?"

"Enemies, a Love Story" likewise presents a problem: its dénouement cannot be described without doing violence to the delicacy of this progress from life, with all its coarse and comic promptings of the body, into death—the final solution in America, as in Germany. I leave you to read this book, too, for yourself.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

HARRY S. TRUMAN, by Margaret Truman (Morrow). If Franklin Roosevelt represented what remained in his time of an American squirearchy, Harry Truman exemplified the American yeomanry—cultivated (in his case, especially knowledgeable in music and history), direct, detesting both flamboyance and servility, self-confident by nature, and egalitarian by training. The President's daughter writes with pride and devotion that surpass partisanship, and relates not only the personal life of a Missouri family that came to the White House but public affairs as well, taking us through galleries of dead ogres (Joseph McCarthy, Stalin) and heroes (George C. Marshall). Her recollections of America's tumultuous recent history—depression, war, reconversion, war again—as it affected a senator, a Vice-President, and a President are lively. Still, the work's greatest interest lies in its revelation of a personality who, one recognizes, was what the republic's founders and early well-wishers (Jefferson, de Tocqueville) imagined the American would turn out to be.

REQUIEM FOR A SPANISH VILLAGE, by Barbara Norman (Stein & Day). From 1961 to 1971, the author and her husband, a concert violinist, lived (on and off, one assumes, although she does not say) in the tiny, isolated Catalonian village of Las Casas del Torrente. When they first got there, the villagers were still pressing their own olive oil, drinking their own wine, growing their own produce—barely scratching out a living—and learning about the outside world from a town crier. By 1971, however, thanks to an unprecedented tourist boom, the vineyards had been sold to developers,

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the young were all leaving for larger towns and cities, and the rooftops bristled with TV antennas. In just a decade, Miss Norman observes with sadness, the "old harmonious ways of living, working, and celebrating together" had all but vanished. This is a well-reported, often interesting book, whose main flaw is its somewhat offhand treatment of the real hardships of the villagers' former, almost medieval way of life—the backbreaking labor, the lack of opportunity for the young, the tyranny of the old.

The Mirror of Souls and Other Essays, by Félix Martí-Ibáñez (Clarkson N. Potter). A chubby volume of wide-ranging, thoughtful, and diverting pieces that originally appeared in the magazine *MD.* The author, a Spanish psychiatrist who left his native land upon Franco's victory and lived in New York (which he loved) until his death, last May, seems to know all about everything. The lay reader may be attracted by the Doctor's exceptionally readable excursions into the history of medicine, if only because few authors have written so well on this unfamiliar subject. But Dr. Martí-Ibáñez is also an engaging critic of art and literature, and a vivid travel writer (there's a wonderful piece about Andorra), and his biographical essays on such diverse figures as Casanova and Goya blend the insights of a psychiatrist with the good sense of a man of the world.

For Those I Loved, by Martin Gray, with Max Gallo, translated from the French by Anthony White (Little, Brown). When the Germans invaded Poland, in September, 1939, Mr. Gray, né Graevsky-Grynberg, was fourteen years old, and, like most middle-class Jewish children in Warsaw, was leading a fairly sheltered, pleasant life. During the next six years, everyone he knew and loved died or disappeared, and he became "a sort of cat," fighting, begging, stealing, and bribing his way around his country for the duration of the war. Before he was nineteen, he had lost the sight of his left eye; he had been betrayed by his friends; he had killed several men; he had been tortured by the Gestapo; and he had even escaped, miraculously, from Treblinka, where Jews were looked upon as "stones, objects, nothing." He was determined to stay alive, and he did. Mr. Gray, who now lives in the South of France, takes us through those years step by step, to show how it was possible to survive—by smuggling grain (tons of it) into the ghetto in coffins, by hiding in the Warsaw sewers, and, toward the end of the war, by fighting with the patriotic but anti-Semitic Polish underground. He and Mr. Gallo have written a remarkably honest and, considering the subject, restrained journal about the true face of war. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Homage to Daniel Shays: Collected Essays 1952-72, by Gore Vidal (Random House). The forty-four articles and reviews in this book concern themselves with a wide range of political and cultural topics, and show a consistently liberal point of view. Mr. Vidal opposes intolerance, rebukes cruelty, and ridicules inflated rhetoric. If he has an obvious fault, it is a habit of tossing off generalizations on no clear basis. In one review he writes, "Luckily, United Statesmen [i.e., Americans] have no great interest in language, preferring to wrestle with Moral Problems, and so one may entirely ignore the quality of the line (which is all that a writer has of his own) in order to deal with his Ideas, which are of course the property of all, and usually the least interesting thing about him." The book is full of pronouncements like this, and a reader can either accept them or not, according to his mood.

Fanny Kemble and the Lovely Land, by Constance Wright (Dodd, Mead). Miss Wright's biography of Fanny Kemble (1809-93) is not a career biography. It concentrates on telling the story of the British actress's domestic life and her life as a liberated woman rather than the story of her theatrical triumphs in London and America. She crossed the Atlantic in 1832, married a Southern planter in 1834, bore him two daughters, and was divorced by him in 1849. For a while, she lived on her husband's Georgia plantation and poured out her hatred of slavery in passionate letters and journals. Miss Wright has drawn much of her material from these, and she admirably conveys to us what it must have been like to be in a mid-twentieth-century woman's skin a hundred years ago.

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Editorial in the Times*]

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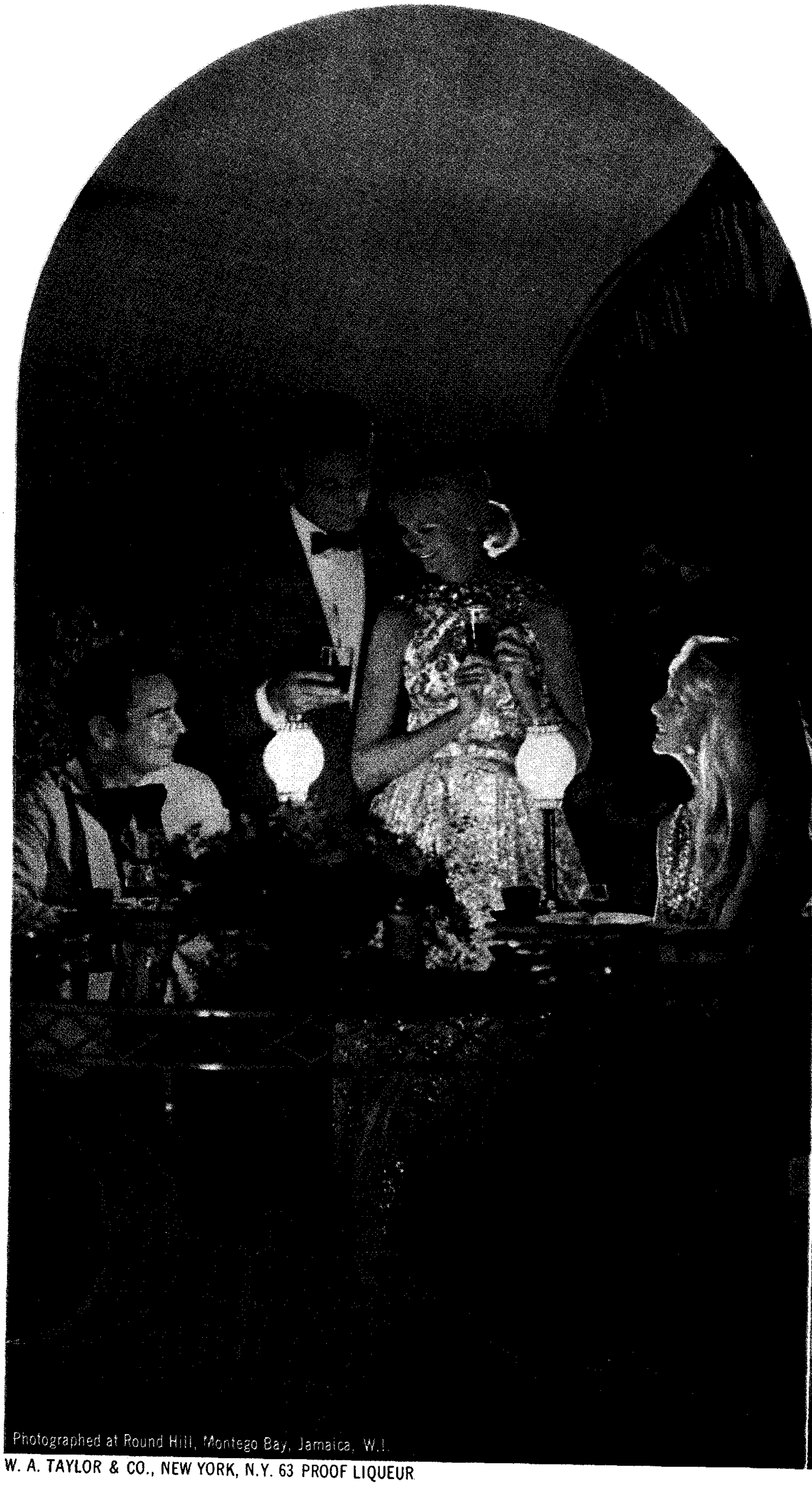

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